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PREFACE.

As a great Part of the Intercourse of Mankind has ever been transacted by Letter, it is a just Reslection upon any Man, especially in this more refined Age, not to be able to acquit himself handsomely in this Respect. The Occasions to do this are so very numerous, and the Shame of doing it ill, so great, in low as well as in high Life, that every Endeavour to render them more perfect in this Accomplishment, is at least intitled to a candid Reception.

There have been many Attempts towards a Work of this Sort; and tho' it were unkind to detract from the Merit of such Labours, yet this we must observe, that those which have hitherto reached our Notice, fall very short of the End proposed. It would be a disagreeable Task, to single out the Impersections in other Personnances of this Kind; therefore we shall only observe, that some of them, however, are here supplied.

In the first Place, the Persons for whose Use this Collection is intended, are presented with A very plain and compendious Grammar of the English Language: To which are added, Directions how to address Persons of all Ranks either in Writing or Discourse. This, we presume, is laying the Foundation of our Design well and

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as it ought to be. The Rudiments of a Tongue once obtained, we proceed easy to raise our Superstructure; without this we do nothing.

Next is an Introduction, containing Directions for inditing proper Letters on most Occasions, and the Sentiments of several eminent Authors

on Epistolary Writing.

But the chief Branch of this Design, and which indeed composes the main Body of the Work, is a proper Collection of Letters, (with fome Originals) by eminent Authors, upon Subjects very various in their Nature, and therefore not easily thrown under regular Classes. Bufiness, Duty, Amusement, Affection, Courtship, Friend-(bip, and a Multiplicity of other Affairs that may require a Latter, are here made the Subject. of ours; fo that on most Occasions no Person can be at a Loss for a Pattern to direct him. And it is from this great Variety of Examples. for Stile and Manner, a Grammar for writing true English, and other necessary Directions, that we prefume to call this Performance by the Name of The Complete Letter-Writer; Such a Number of Letters being inferted as to answer the Purpose almost of every Individual; from the Boy at School to the Secretary of State. Nor let it offend the Delicacy of any Reader, that he will here meet with many Epistles of the lower Class: These could not be omitted without deviating from the grand Point in View, namely, General Utility.

C (N	T	E	N	T	S.
A Plain Tong The INTRO ons for wi	and comp	endious , containers, and	GRAM	MAR o	of the	English Page I Directi-
Some farthe Correspondences	r Directio	ns and	Observ	ations		oistolary
Some neces correctly, not						writing d when
MISCELLAI			n the		ulefu	49. 1 and
LETTER	·	mon C	ccanon		5.2	2.7
1. From a 1	Brother at	Home	to hi	s Sifter	abro	ad on a
Visit, com						60
II. His Sifter				# no n	1.4	510
III. A youn by a School	Fellow			o his I	apa,	
IV. Another	on the fa	me Subje	eA .			52
V. To a Frie	nd against	Wafte	of Tin	16 **		ib.
VI. In Answ	er to a Fri	end	10 10	erentaria. Part		53 ib.
VII. To a yo						
VIII. From had receive vere in the	ed from h	er Mam	ma, a	dvifing	her to	perfe-
IX. From a y	young Lad	ly to he	r Mar	nma, 1	equell	ing a
X. From a you he may lear	n to dance	e*	Trains.			g that
XI. From a barked for but detained	young La	dy to h Indies,	in the	Compa	ny's S	y em
XII. From a	voune We	man in	t cone	to Se	rvice-	to bee
Mother at 1	Iome		8 1			50
XIII. Her Me	other's An	fwer -	nt, frie	disk.		ib d;
XIV. The Da	ughter to	her Mot	her		11.113	61
XV. The Mo	ther's Anfi	wer and	Advice	4 13		63
Clark When the		A 3	11		X	VI. A.

CONTENTS.

Lerrisa T	
XVI. A Son's Letter at School to his Father	65
XVII. A Letter of Excuse to a Father or Mother	ib.
XVIII. To Mr.	ib,
XIX. From a young Apprentice to his Father, to	let
him know how he likes his Place and goes on	67
XX. From a Daughter to her Mother, by Way of	Ex-
cuse for having neglected to write to her	68
XXI. From Robin Redbreast in the Garden, to Ma	Her
Billy Careless abroad at School	ib,
XXII. From one Sifter to another	70
XXIII. In answer to the foregoing	71
XXIV. From Lady Goodford to her Daughter, a Gir	1.01
fourteen Years old, then under the Care of her Gra	
mother in the Country XXV. To a young Lady, cautioning her against keep	72
Company with a Gentleman of a bad Character	
YXVI A Letter of Thanks &c	74
XXVI. A Letter of Thanks, &c. XXVII. From an Apprentice to his Friends	75
XVIII. From an elder Brother to a younger	ib,
XXIX. A Letter from a Nephew to an Uncle, who wi	
to him a Letter of Rebuke	77
XXX. Letter from a Niece to her Aunt	ib.
XXXI. Letter from a Youth at School to his Parents	78
XXXII. Letter from an Apprentice in Town, to	his
Friends in the Country	ib,
XXXIII. From an elder Brother in the Country, to	his
younger Brother, put an Apprentice in London	79
XXXIV. A Letter of Excuse for Silence, and Affura	
that twas not out of Diffespect	80
	his
Malter in the Country	ib.
XXXVI. From a Father to his Son just beginning	the 8
XXXVII. To an intimate Acquaintance to borr	4.70
Money	83.
XVIII. To an Acquaintance, to borrow a Sum of A	10-
ney for a little Time	ibi
CXXIX: An Answer to the foregoing	ib,
Mis in answer to Mrs making	an
A pology for not answering her Letter somer	84
	lus
	Santake will do

XLI. Miss J—— to Miss Levelace, on the present Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well-wrote Letter
XLII. To Miss L. in Answer to her Description of Windsor
XLIII. Miss J. to Miss L. from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of her Journey 87 XLIV. To Miss L. on the Expressions and Compliments commonly made Use of in Letters 88
XLV. From Miss Jones to Lady —— 80
XLVI. From a Tradefman to his Correspondent, requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money
XLVII. The Answer.
XLVIII. To a Lady, inviting her into the Country for the Summer ib.
XLIX. From a young Person in Trade to a Wholesale Dealer, who had suddenly made a Demand on him of
L The Wholefale Dealer's Answer
LI. From a young Person just out of his Apprentice-
I.I. From a young Person just out of his Apprentice- ship, to a Relation, requesting him to lend him a Sum of Money PART II.
LETTERS OF COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.
1. From a young Person in Business to a Gentleman desiring Leave to wait on his Daughter
II. From a Young Lady to her Father, acquainting him
with a Proposal of Marriage made to her
III From a Daughter to a Mother upon the lame Occession
IV. The Mother's Answer to the foregoing
V. A Young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letters who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forges of Courtship
VI. The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the fame Gentleman, wherein he more explicitly areas his Passion
VII. From to Aunt to her Nephew, who had entered of ill Success in his Addresses
VIII. From a Daughter to a Father, wherein the
tifully expostulates against a Match he had proposed to
her, with a Gentleman much older than herfelf

W From a wayne Lady to a Contiamon that saysta
IX. From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courte
her, whom she could not like, but was forced by he
Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none ell
for her Husband
X. From a young Lady to a Gentleman who court
her, and whom the suspects of Infidelity
XI. From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had
been feen talking to another, in Answer to the fore-
going
XII. From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuse
: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
XIII. From a Lady to her Lover, who suspected her o
receiving the Addresses of another. In Answer to the
above
XIV. From a young Tradesman to a Lady he had seen
in Public 106
XV. From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer to the
above
XVI. From a Lover who had Caufe of Displeasure,
and determines never to see the Lady again ib
XVII. From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting
him with the Addresses of a young Tradesman 108
XVIII. Her Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he
does not approve of the young Man's Address 100 XIX. The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he
Air. The rather's Answer, on a supportion that he
does approve of the young Man's Addresses
XX. A modest Lover desiring an Aunt's Favour to him
for her Niece ib.
XXI. The Aunt's Answer, supposing the Gentleman
deferves Encouragement.
XXII. From a respectful Lover to his Mistress 112
XXIII. The Answer
XXIV: A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Aver-
fion to the tedious Formality in Courtship ib,
XXV. The Lady's Answer, encouraging a farther
Declaration 114
XXVI. The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring
his Passion ib.
XXVII. The Lady's Answer to his Reply, putting the
Matter on a fudden Iffue
XXVIII. A facetious young Lady to her Aunt, ridiculing
her ferious Lover.
XXIX. Her

CONTENTS

1 = 1 5 +1

wars et . A A . Co
XXIX. Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking her ludicrous
Turn of Mind
XXX. A Sailor to his Sweetheart
XXXI. Her Answer
XXXII. Miss Molly Smith to her Cousin, giving her an
Account of a very remarkable Instance of Envy, in
one of her Acquaintance who lived in the City of
York 121
XXXIII. From an unknown Lady to a young Gen-
tleman, on whom the had unfortunately fixed her Af-
feelions
XXXIV. From the same Lady to the same Gentleman,
on his exposing and making public the foregoing 114
XXXV. Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married, 125
XXXVI. Harriot's Answer to the above
XXXVII. To my Lady Lucy Sidney, upon the Marriage
of my Lady Dorothy to my Lord Spencer 118
XXXVIII A Letter from Lady Wortley Montague against
a Maxim of Monf. Rochefaucault's, "That Marri-
ages are convenient, but never delightful."
PART III.
FAMILIAR LETTERS of ADVICE and INSTRUCTION,
&c in many Concerns in Life.
I. A Letter from Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of
England, to his Children; on the ferious Observance of
the Lord's Day, (commonly called Sunday) when he
was on a Journey
II. Earl of Strafford to his Son, just before his Lordship's
Execution 437
III. From a Gentleman at Lisbon, immediately after the
Earthquake, to his Son in London
IV. To Amelia, with a Gold Thimble
V. On the Viciffitudes of human Life
VI. From a Father to his Son, on his Admillion into the
University and the second of the second of 142
VII, To Demetrius, with a Present of Fruit, on early
seriling to a mend the or delice policed medials of 1144
VIII. To Lucinda, on the Happiness of a domestic Ma-
trimonial Life
IX, To Cleanthes, on Friendship, Age, and Death 148
AIX of Long of Confidence up the Dealer of a few sign
The contract of the contract o

X. A Letter from Bishop Atterbury to his Son Obadian at Christchurch College, in Oxford IS XI. From a young Lady in one of the Canary Islands, ther Sister in England, whom she had never seen; containing a pressing Invitation to her to come over, and describing the Beauties of the Place in order to prevait on her
XII. From Mis Middleton to Mis Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sister's Death 15. XIII. Mis Middleton's Letter to her Sister, wrote a few Hours before her Death, advising her not to defer making the necessary Preparations for Futurity 156 XIV. A Letter to Mis W——, advising her to take
Care of her House, &c. XV. From a sensible Lady, with a never-failing Receip for a Beauty-Wash XVI. Domestic Rule, the Province of the Wife
XVII. From a Lady to her Acquaintance on growing old XVIII. To a Lady who had lost her Beauty by the
PART IV. ELEGANT LETTERS on various Subjects, to improve the Still and entertain the Mind, from eminent
Authors. I. From Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightening
A most charming and affectionate Letter, universally admired, written by Mr. Pope, to the Bishop of Rochester, about a Month before his Banishment 169 III. To Lady ———, from Mr. Pope, on witty and serious Letters
IV. From Mr. Pope to the Hon. Mrs. H— V. From Mr. Pope, to Mr. Steel, on Sickness and dy- ing young 173 VI The Parlour Looking-Glass to the beautiful Ange-
VII. From Hortensius to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Account of his Happiness in Retirement 1784
IX. From

CONTENTS.

IX. From a Gentleman to his Son, just arrived from Paris, against servile Complaisance and Talkativeness with some Directions for behaving politely in Com
X. A Letter written to the Dean of Waterford by Widower, the Father of fix Children, under the fictious Name of Elzevir
XI. From *** to Cleora, on the Pleasures of Retire
XII. By Mr. Pope in the Stile of a Lady XIII. To Mrs. Rowe, on the Vanity of all fublunar Enjoyments
XIV. Mr. Locke to Anthony Collins, Efq: 18; XV. Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville
XVI. Earl of Rochester to the same XVII. To Cleora
XVIII. To Colonel R***s, in Spain, from his Lady in England
XIX. Laura to Aurelia
XX. From Polydore to Alonzo; giving an Account of his accidentally meeting Aurelia, and of her Falsehood to him.
XXI. From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to his Friend in England; giving him an Account of
XXII. From to his Sifter; demonstrating the Unreasonableness of her Grief, on Account of his studen Death, since 'twas an immediate Transition to a State of Immortality and endless Bliss
XXIII. A Letter from Aristus, giving his Friend a Re- lation of the sudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were per- forming
XXIV. From Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison XXV. Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to her Husband
XXVI. Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to his Lady 207 XXVII. From a Person in Town to his Brother in the Country, describing a public Execution at Tyburn ib. XXVIII. Miss Paget to Miss Charlotte Vokes 210
XXIX. Mifs

CONTENTS.

XXIX. Miss Vokes to Miss Paget XXX. Miss Paget to Miss Vokes, with a Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the
Birth, Parentage and Execution, Life, Character and
Behaviour of the Dancers XXXI. From Mils Vokes to Mils Paget, not quite in
the usual Strain 220
XXXII. Mils Evelyn to Lady Evelyn, giving her an
Account of Mrs. Macnamara's Grandeur 221 XXXIII. The celebrated Mrs. Rowe to the Counters of
Hertford 223
XXXIV. To Clitander, a melancholy Valetudinarian 224
XXXV. To Ariftodemus 226
To the Editor of the Complete Letter-Writer 227
XXXVI. Mr. Pope to Dean Swift 229
XXXVII. To Lord Treasurer Oxford, on the Death of
his Daughter the Marchioness of Carmarthen, by D. Swift
XXXVIII. From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, on the Death
of his Father, to his Friend Euphronius 234
XXXIX. From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to Philotes, on
the Lois of a Friend
KL. From the same to Palamedes, against Visitors by
Profession. 237
KLI. Lady Jane Douglas to Lady Mary Menzies 238 KLII Miss Paget to Miss Vokes, her Counsel to her
Friend, upon the Subject of unequal Matrimony 241
XLIII. Mils Vokes to Mils Paget 242
POETICAL EPISTLES.
An Epiftle to Philander, an eminent Tutor in the
Capital 244
An Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman, to the Ob-
jed of his Defires, after his Condemnation for attempt-
ing a Rape
Forms of Messages for Cards and Billets, &c. 249
s with restording an arrest of so retained and Arthrey
A Property of the property of
oscial territoria de la propincia de la contrata de la A. Punista

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GRAMMAR

OF THE

ENGLISH TONGUE.

Of GRAMMAR.

* S RAMMAR is the Art of Speaking and Writing and Writing and Tanguage right and properly, and it has four Parts, and these are called Otthography. * S & Etymology, Syntax, and Projedy.

Orthography teaches how to spell and write every Word with proper Letters; as Nation, not Nashun; Oration, not Orashun; did, not dud; Foot, not Fut; Tomb, not Toom, &c

Etymology teaches the Explanation or Kinds of Words, their Derivation, Change, Analogy or Likeness to one another in any Language.

Syntax teaches the right placing or joining of Words to-

gether in Sentences.

Prosody teaches the Accent and Quantities of Syllables, Pronunciation, and Art of making Verses.

Of Orthography and the Power of Letters.

A Letter is a Mark or Character of a fingle Sound in Speech. There are twenty-fix Letters in the English Language, viz. abcdefgbijklmnopqrfstuwwyz, called Vowels and Confonants.

A Vowel is a Letter which makes a full and perfect Sound of itself, without adjoining any other Letter to it. There are five Marks for Vowels in the English Tongue? they are, a, e, i, o, u, and (y) at the End of Words for ie. Y is also a Vowel in the Middle of Words, but all such Words as have (y) in the Middle are of Greek Origin, and each of these Vowels have two general Sounds, that is, a long and a short Sound; the short Sound made long, by adding sinal or silent (e) at the End, as bab, babe; ber, bere; Fir, Fire; Rob, Robe; Tun, Tune. So when these Vowels end a Syllable they are usually long, but generally short in all other Positions.

Of the fingle Confonants.

A Consonant is a Letter which cannot make a perfect Sound without adding some single or double Vowel either before or after it; ib, or be; eat, or Tea; and therefore derives its Name from consounding or sounding together with the Vowels. Nevertheless it may be defined, a Letter shewing the several Motions and Configurations of the Parts of the Mouth, by which the Sounds of

the Vowels are variously determinated.

The fingle Confonants are twenty-one in Number, be alf g bj h l m n p q r f t w w x y z; and are divided into Mutes (by which is meant Letters that are not pronounced, though wrote) and Half Vowels; four of the Half Vowels are called Liquids. A Mute is a Letter which cannot make a Sound without a Vowel, as, be d f g k p q t. A Half Vowel is a Letter which makes an imperfect Sound without any Letter added; as (1) is expressed by Hissing, (r) by a Quivering of the Tongue; these are l m n r f w x z. H is an Aspiration or Breathing; and (j) and (w) are Neutrals, having both articulate Sounds, especially (w), which sounds every where (w), and should be so pronounced.

Of the double Consonants.

WHEN two or three Confonants meet together, we call them double Confonants; and of these some are fit to begin Words or Syllables, others to end only; call the

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first initial, or beginning, the second final or ending, double Consonants.

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There are forty-one in Number, and are necessary to be understood, for the better Knowledge of the Division of Syllables; these are, Bl, br, cb, cl, cr, dr, dw, fl, fr, gl, gn, gr, kn, pb, pl, pr, rb, sc, sb, sk, sl, sm, sn, sp, sq, st, sw, tb, tr, tw, wb, wr, pbr, scb, scr, shr, spl, spr, str, tbr, tbw.

Rules for true Spilling and right Division of the Syllables of long Words.

A Syllable is a complete Sound uttered in one distinct Breath; as, fo, of, in, which, good, earth, &c. Letters serve to make Syllables, and Syllables Words, &c. One single or one double Vowel only, or any one of the single or double Consonants will make a Syllable. No Number of Consonants can make a Syllable without a Vowel; as Strngth can make no Syllable without a Vowel; as Strngth can make no Syllable of themselves, but if I put in (e) betwixt (r) and (n) thus, Strength, it makes a Syllable and a proper Word; and therefore as many Vowels, single, or double, as are found in a Word, of so many Syllables does that Word consist, which are never above seven or eight, and sew Words have so many; as good, one; seem-by, two: lasser er, three; per-pe-tu ate, sour; de-po-pu-la-ted, sive; So-lem ni-za-ti-on, six; Tran-sub stan-ti-a-ti-on, seven; In-com-pre-ben-si-bi-li-ty, sight.

A Monofyllable, is a Word of one Syllable.

A Difyllable, is a Word of two Syllables.

A Trifyllable, is a Word of three Syllables.

A Polyfyllable, is a Word of many Syllables.

There are five general Rules for the true Division of Syllables.

Rule 1. When a fingle Confonant comes between two Vowels, it goes with the last Vowel in dividing the Syllables: as, a-bate, ca-bal, de-cay, Glo-ry, E-vent, Women, a-bove, a-mong, di-vide, &c.

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Rule 22

Rule 2. When two Consonants meet in the Middle of a Word, between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, they are parted in dividing the Syllables: Wed-ding, Ac-cent, Vir-gin, Mut-ton, But-ter, Trumpet, Bar-gain, &c.

Rule 3. When two or three Consonants meet between two Vowels that are proper to begin a Word, then they go with the last Syllable in the Division: as de-prive, re-splen-dent, Bro-ther, re-prieve, a-bridge, Ta-bret, re strict, &c.

Rule 4. When three or four Confonants meet between two Vowels which are not proper to begin a Word, the first Confonant is always kept with the first Syllable in the Division: as fub firact, ag gra-vate, affiel, Con-gru-i-ty, con-struct, in-scribe, &c.

Rule 5. When two Vowels of different Sounds meet in the Middle of Words they are parted in the Dividing Syllables, as Li-ar, re-al, Ri-ot, Tri-al, Li-on, Being, Vow-el, &c.

Compound Words are always spelt as their simple, thus, Crofts-men, Gold-smith, Gazing-stock, Ship wreck, trans-act, dis-u-nite, un e-qual, &c.

Derivative Words are always spelt as their Primitive, thus, tempt, tempt-ed; second, second-ary; covet, covet-our; form, form-ed, &cc.

But when the Primitve ends with a Vowel, and the Syllable which is added begins also with a Vowel, then the first Vowel is always dropt, and the Sound of the preceding Consonant is softened by the subsequent Vowel, as Ape, a-pish; Fame, fa-mous; Love, Loved; give, giver; move, moving; bate, bating; dance, dancing; triste, tri-sting; bubble, bubbl-ing, &c.

Observe that all derivative Words ending in (ing) are active Participles, formed of Verbs which are their Primitives; and where the leaving out (e) in this Participle would cause any Confusion in the Sense, it is better to retain it; as from the Verb singe, write singe-

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ing, and finge-eth, to distinguish it from finging and fingeth. But it is to be observed that this (e) is not dropt before (able,) as advife, advife able; defire, defire-able;

agree, agree-able; change, change-able, &c.

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If the additional Syllable, which makes it a Derivative, begins with a Confonant, then the Vowel in the Primitive is always retained, according to the Rule of derivative Words: as love, love-ly; like, Like-nefs; fine, fine-ly; Time, time-ly; &c.

And when the primitive Word ends with () it is changed into (i) in the Derivative; as Duty, duti-ful; crafty, Crafti-ness; angry, Angri-ness; Envy, envi-ous; &c. But (9) is retained before the Vowel (i,) as teftify, teftifying; multiply, multiply-ing; Envy, envy-ing;

deny, deny-ing; apply, apply-ing; &cc.

And when a Word of one or more Syllables ends with a fingle Confonant, and no Dipthong goes before it, and the Accent lies on the last Syllable, then that Confenant is always doubled in the Derivative; as man, manned; pen, pen-ned; fan, fan-ned; flir, flir-red, tin, tinned; fin, fin-ned; ftop, ftop-ping; drop, drop-ping; tun, tun-ned, &cc.

Of primitive anarderivative Words.

A LL Words are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Words is not formed of any other, as Man, Good, Hope, Kind, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or fimple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables to the fame; fuch as able, al, ance, ary, ate, ed, en, or, off, eth, ing, ifh, ism, ift, ice, less, ly, ness, ous, y

A compound Word is formed of two or more fimple Words; 25 Wheel-wright, Ship-wreck, School-mafter; or: of a simple Word and Syllable called a Preposition, set:

before it = as dis-please, un-fit, con-found, Sc.

Of the Prepositions that are used in the Composition of English Words, their Signification and Ufe.

HE English Prepositions used in the Composition. of Anglish Words are A, be, for, fore, mis, overout, run, up, with.

B 3

A Signifies

A. Signifies as much as on, or, in; as a-foot, a-shore, tor on Foot, on Shore.

Be. Signifies about, as in be-sprinkle, that is to sprinkle

about, to be-fir, i. e. to fir about.

For. Denies, or deprives, as forbid, i. e. bid it not to

be done; for fake, i. c. not to feek it any more.

Fore. Signifies as much as before, as to forefee, i. e. to fee it before it comes to pals; to fore-bode, i. e. to tell before it bappens.

Mis. is always used in a bad Sense and denotes Defect or Error; as Mis-deed, i. e. an ill Deed; to mistaste, that is, to take it wrong; to mis-use, that is, to use

11.

Over. Signifies Superiority, as to over-come, to over-

Out. Signifies also Superiority or Excellency in any

Thing, as, to out-da, to out-run, to out-go, &c.

Un. Denotes Negation, and signifies not, as un-pleafant, that is, not pleasant; un-worthy, that is, not sworthy, &c.

Up. Always denotes Motion upwards, as Up-land, that is, the Land that is high in Respect of some other Land; Up-

side, that is, the Side that is highest.

With. Signifies against, as withstand, that is, to stand a-gainst; it sometimes signifies as much as from or back, as to with-hold, that is, to hold from one; to with-draw, that

is, to draw from or back, &c.

The following are Latin Prepositions used in the Composition of the English Words, viz. Ab or abs, ad, ante, circum, con from cum, contra, de, dis, di, e or ex, enter, extra, in, inter, intro, ob, per, post, pre, pro, preter,

re, retro, fe, fub, fubter, Super, trans.

Ab, or abs. Signifies from, and denotes Separation or Parting, as to ab-flain, to a-bolish, to ab-dicate, &c.

Ad. Signifies to or at, as Advocate, Adverb, Advent,

adjacent, &cc.

Ante. Signifies before, as Ante-cedent, that is, the fore-

Circum. Signifies about, as Circum-locution, that is, a round about Way of Speaking; Circum-vallation, that is, a Direbing about, &c.

Con, from cum. Signifies with or together as Con-

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English GRAMMAR.

vocation, i. e. a calling or meeting together; Colloquy, i. e.

a Talking with or together.

Contra. Denotes Opposition and Contrarity, and signifies against, as to contradict, i. e. to gainsay or speak against, or contrary to a Person, &c.

De. Signifies a Kind of Motion from, as de-file, that is, a filing off or from; to de-camp, that is, to move the Camp

off or from, &c.

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Dis. Signifies Difference, Separation or Diversity, and every where gives a Signification contrary to the Word it is compounded with; as dif-agree, that is, not to agree; dif-believe, that is, not to believe; Dif-advantage, that is, no Advantage, &c.

Di. Has hardly any other Use than the extending or stretching out the Sense of the Word it is compound.

ed with; as, to di-red, to di-minifo, &c.

E. or ex. Signifies out, as E-vent, that is, the Falling out; to e-jett, that is, to cast out; to ex-clude, that is, to sout out; to ex-tinguish, that is, to put out, &cc.

Enter. Comes from the French entre, and that from the

Latin inter, that is, between.

Extra. Signifies beyond, over and above, as extra vagant, that is, beyond Bounds; Extra-ordinary, that is, beyond what is ordinary, &c.

Inter. Signifies between, as to inter-vene, that is, to come

between; Inter-val, that is, the Space between.

Intro. Signifies within, as to intro-duce, that is, to lead or bring into, &c.

Ob. Signifies: against, as Obstacle, that is, what stands in

the Way or againft, &c.

Per. Signifies through, and denotes Excellency or Excess, as per-fect, that is, thoroughly done; per-forate, that is, to pierce through, &c.

Post. Signifies after, as Post-script, that is, written after; a post-humous Work, that is, a Work published after the

Author's Death.

Pre. Signifies before, as to pre-medital, that is, to think of or meditate before, &c.

Pro. Signifies for or forth; but it has also a great many

other Senles; as to profes, protect, pronounce, &c.

Preter. Signifies against, as preter-natural, that is, a-

Re. Signifies

Re. Signifies again, and generally implies a repeated Action; as to repeat, that is, to fay over again; to relapse, that is, to fall ill again; to re-turn, that is, to come again, &c.

Retro. Backwards, as retro-grade Motion, that is, a Go-

ing Backward.

Se. Signifies without, as fecure, that is, without Care,

Sub. Signifies under, as to subscribe, that is, to write under; to sub-fract, that is, to draw under, &c.

Subten. Signifies under, at Subter-fluous, that is, flowing

under, &c.

Super. Signifies upon, over or above, as Super-Scription, that is, the Writing upon a Letter; Super-fluous, that is,

over and above what it might be.

Trans. Signifies over or beyond, as to trans-port, that is, to carry over; to trans-gress; that is, to go beyond: And it fignifies in a great many Words, the moving from one Place to another, as to trans-plant, to trans-pose, Trans-migration, &c. In other Words it denotes the changing of one Thing into another, as to trans-form, to trans-figure, Trans-substantiation, &c.

There are several Greek Prepositions used in the Composition of English Words, as A, ampbi, anti, byper, bypo-

meta, peri, fyn.

A. Signifies not, as Anonymous, that is, without or not baving a Name; Anarchy, that is, without Government.

Ambbi. Signifies on every Side.

Anti. Signifies against, as Anti-Christ, that is, one who is in Opposition to or against Chirst; Anta-gonist, that is, one who is against you.

Hyper. Signifies over and above.

Hypo. Signifies under.

Meta. Signifies the same as trans, that is, beyond: or elfe denotes the Changing one Thing into another; as Meta-phor; Meta-morphofis, that is, Transformation.

Peri. Signifies about.

Syn. Signifies with or together, as Synod, that is, a Con-Convocation or Meeting together; Syntax, that is, Confiruction, Or the right placing of Words together in Senten-

N. B. The Preposition con has often (n) les out;

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as co-eternal for con-eternal; and fometimes the (n) is changed into (1), as Col-loquy, for Con-loquy.

Further Rules for true Spelling, in which observe there are some Letters that must be wrote in Words, according to the right Spelling, and yet are not pronounced in Speaking.

HERE are several Letters in Words which are not pronounced, and yet must be wrote, because most of these Words are of foreign Derivation: As, 1. a is written but not pronounced, in Pharaob, Marriage, Parliament. 2. i is written but not pronounced, in Evil, Devil, Venison, Salisbury. 3. o is written, but not pronounced, in Nicholas, Carrion, Chariot. 4. u is written, but not pronounced, in intituled, Guild, Guile, Guide, Gueft, difguise, guard, Guardian, Plague, League, Catalogue, Decalogue, Synagogue, Epilogue, &c. 5. b is written, but not pronounced, in Debtor, doubt, dumb, Plumb, Lamb, Thumb, Comb, Womb, Tomb, Bomb, 6. c is written, but not pronounced, in Victuals, Indictment, perfect, Schism. 7. d is written, but not pronounced, in Wednesday. 8. g is written, but not prenounced, in deign, reign, feign, foreign, fign, Sovereign, affign, defign, refizn, consign, Ensign, Campaign, &c. 9. b is written, but not pronounced, in Honour, Hour, Herb, Heir, boneft, Humour, Hoft, Afthma, John, Thomas, Scholar, School, Scholastic, Scheme, Gherkins, Ghost, Rhodes, Rhine, Rhone, Rhapfody, Rheum, rheumatic, Rheumatism, exhaust, exhort, Rhadamanthus, Rhetoric, Rhetorician, rhetorical, rhetoricate, Rhetorians, Rhetorications, Rhinoceros, Rhubart, Rhypticks, Rhyparographer, Sepulobre, Character, Chemistry, Chemist, Chemical, Chrysoftom, Chrysom, Chronology, Chronologies, chronological, Chronologist, Chronologer, Chronogram, Chronicles, chronical, Chromaticks, Chromatism, Chroam, Christopher, Christ, Christian, Christmas, Christianity, Christianism, Christendom, Chimera, Chimerical, Chirurgeon, Chirurgery, Chaos, Catarrh, Catechism, Catechize, Catechiff, and others of Greek Origin; as also at the End of all Hebrew Words, as Jeremiah, Hezekiah, Nehemiab, &c. 19. 1 is written, but not pronounced, in Briftol,

Bristol, Lincoln, Holborne. 11. n is written, but not pronounced, in the Words Autumn, Column, condemn, Hymn, damn, contemn, solemn, Miln, Kiln. 12. p is written, but not pronounced, in Psalm, Receipt, Symptom, Sumptuous. 13. p should not be wrote in these Words, Redemption, Assumption, Presumption, there being no such Letter in the Original, and therefore, it is to be wondered how it came to be first put in. The Word Accompt is read Account. 14. f is written, but not pronounced, in Isle, Island, Lisse, Garlisse, Viscount.

Rule 2. All Words should be spelt according to their Original; as complete, replete, extreme, not complete, &c. Restexion, Connexion Dessurion, Complexion, Instexion, not Restession, &c.

Rule 3. All Words that end with the Sound of the Half Vowel (1), though they might feem to be expressed by (1), yet they are always to be mark'd with (1e), as damnable, stumble, bumble, acceptable, Pickle, sickle, idle, bridle, scuffle, truffle, bogle, ogle, inveigle, ample, trample, little, bottle, &c. not damnabil, stumbil, &c. Except from this Rule, Evil, Devil, until, instil, Council, Anvil, Peril, fulfil.

Rule 4. All Words which end with the hard Sound of (g), have always (u) mark'd after it: as Hague, Plague, Rogue, League, Vogue, Prague, Colleague, Catalogue, Decalogue Prologue, Fatigue, Synagogue, &c. Except a few Monofyllables, as dig, Dog, dug, Bag, beg, big, bog, Bug, Wig, Pig, Twig, Plug, bag, bog, bug, drug, Stag, Wag, Frog, tug, Mug: All which are eafily diftinguished; as are also these Words which end with the ringing Sound of ang, ing, ong, ung; though (g) at the End of such Words is not hard, for we pronounce accordin, affirmin, for according, affirming; so dancin, playin, singin, sightin, for dancing, &c. But although Tongue, and Harangue, end with a ringing Sound, they have (ue) after (g).

Rule 5. When the Sound of (j) or foft (g) comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by (g)

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or (dge) as Page, rage, Baggage, Knowledge, Pledge, Wedge, Hedge, &c. though the (d) in Pledge, &c. is superfluous, and seems to have been put in to shorten the Sound.

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Rule 6. These Words mark'd with (que) at the End, as Barque, Pique, antique, publique, oblique, Relique, is the French Way of Writing, who use (qu) because they have not (k); but the Genius of our Language requires them to be marked with (ck) if Monosyllables, as Bark, Pick, and with (c) only, if more than one Syllable, as antic, Republic, public, &cc. K is a very useless and superfluous Letter after (c), and should not be wrote at the End of Words exceeding one Syllable, (c) being always hard when it ends either a Syllable or Word; as Arithmetic, Logic, Mathematics, Frederic, Physic, scholastic, prophetic, rushic, Music, &cc.

Rule 7. The Letter (1) is always doubled at the End of Monofyllables, as Ball, Bell, Bill, Bell, Bell, Bell, fell, tell, well, &c. But if a Dipthong goes before it, it is not doubled, as Soul, feel, fool, &c. Nor is it ever doubled in Words of more than one Syllable, as faithful, fulfil, plentiful, excel, &c.

Rule 8. When a Word of the fingular Number ends with (y), it is changed into (ies) in the plural; as Sky, Skies; Cry, Cries; Ly, Lies; Py, Pies; Herefy, Herefies; Cherry, Cherries; Entry, Entries; City, Cities, &c. and not Skys, Crys, Citys.

Rule 9. When Words of the singular Number end in (f) or (fe) the (f) or (fe) are changed into (ves) in the plural Number; as Calf, Calves; Half, Halves; Knife, Knives; Leaf, Leaves; Shelf, Shelves; Self, Selves; Thief, Thieves; Wife, Wives; Welf, Woives; except Hoof, Roof, Grief, Dwarf, Mischief, Handkerchief, Relief, are Words which end with (f) whose Plurals are made by adding only (s) to the Singular; as Hoof, Hoofs; Roof, Roofs, Grief, Griefs; Muff, Muffs; Ruff, Ruffs, &c. But Staff, although it ends with (ff) makes Staves in the Plural.

Rule 10.

Rule 10. All Words which end with the Sound of ance, ence, ince, unce, though they might feem to be wrote with (nse) yet are always to be wrote (nce); as Countenance, Abundance, Defence, Audience, Prince, convince, trounce, Dunce, &cc. Except only Sense, dense, dispense, immense, intense, propense, incense.

Rule 11. The Sound of (se) at the End of Words is always marked (cy) as, Advertency, Contingency, Democracy, Delicacy, Despondency, Excellency, Exigency, Obstinacy, &c. Except from this Rule Controversy, Apastaly, Courtely, Thesy, Pally, Gipley, Epilepsy Heresy, Hypocrify, Jealousy, to prophely, though the Noun is written Prophecy.

Rule 12. The Sound of (soun), after the Vowels, a, e, i, o, u, and the Consonants, c, p, r, is written tion, as Oration, Petition, Devotion, Dissolution, Instruction, Subscription, Extortion, &c. But after any other Consonant it is marked son, except Contention, Invention, Attention, Dissertion, Intention, and Condescention.

But when to write ti and si is one of the difficultest Tasks to lay down a Rule for. Nothing but diligent Observation of the above Rule and Practice can remove it: For most Words ending in tion and sion, are Latin Verbals, and are formed of the first Supine, which, if it ends in tum, then we write ti, if in sum, then si.

Observe farther, that the long and short Sounds of the Vowels are marked with their simple Characters, a, e, i, o, u, in all the additional Beginnings and Endings; but that these single Vowels never end Words with their simple nor naked Character, a, e, i, o, u. As

- 1. A never ends an English Word; for when a Word ends with its long Sound, it is expressed by ay, as Day, may, say, Delay, &c. And if a Word ends with its broad Sound, it is marked with aw, as saw, law, draw, &c.
- 2. E is never founded at the End of an English
 Word except in the Article (the), which is written
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with a fingle (e) to distinguish it from the Pronoun (thee); for when its Sound comes at the End of a Word, it is always expressed by ea, as Sea, Plea, Tea &c. or by ee, as free, Tree, agree, &c.

3. I ends no English Word, without (e) after it, as busie, Heresie, &c. not busi, Heresie, &c. But all such Words are better spelt with (y), thus busy, Heresy, &c.

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- 4. O never ends an English Word, except these few, go, lo, fo, to, no, two, who, wo, do, undo, whose, also; the Sound of (o) at the End of Words being generally expressed by ow. as know, follow, below, Snow, &c. except in Foe, Toe, Doe, Roe, Sloe.
- 5. No English Word ends with (u), except thou, you, lieu, and adieu; the Sound of (u) being generally expressed by ew, or ue, as Nephew, few, Dew, &c. Ague, erue, Avenue, &c. Y, as a Vowel, ends Words for ie; as for Herese, busie, &c. write Heresy, busy.

No English Word ends with (a); for when a Word ends with this long Sound, it is expressed by ay, as may, fay, delay, &c. But if a Word ends with the broad Sound of (a), it is always expressed by aw, as faw, Law, draw, &c. And so the Question may be repeated after the same Manner with Respect to the rest of the Vowels.

Of Dipthongs

- THE Dipthongs ai, oi, ui, au, eu, ou, observe are never wrote at the End of Words. As
- 1. Ay is always wrote at the end of Words for ai, as Day, pay, Delay, &c.
- 2. Ey is always wrote at the End of Words for ei, as Whey, grey, they, &c.
- 3. Oy is always wrote for oi, as Boy, Toy, Troy, Joy, &c.
 - 4. Uy is always wrote for ui, as buy, Guy, &c.

- 5. Aw is always wrote for au, as faw, gnaw, with-
 - 6. Ew for eu, as Dew, few, new, knew, &c.
 - 7. Ow for ou, as know, bow, flow, blow, &c.

Now as for the Consonants, their Sounds may be said to be invariable in all Words, except (c) and (g) which are treated of already. All to be observed is, that when the Stress of the Pronunciation lies on the Consonants b, c, d, f, g, l, m, m, p, r, s, t, z, that they are always to be doubled; as Scabbard, where the Stress lies upon the (b): So likewise commit, where the Stress of the Voice lies upon (m). But another Way to know when these Consonants should be doubled, is to observe if the Vowel be short before it, and if so, then it must be doubled; as in Scabbard, where the (a) before (b) is short; and in commit, where (e) is short before (m): For if I hear the Sound of the Vowel to be too long, then I put in but one Consonant. And this is a general Rule, that a Vowel before two Consonants is short.

And now I think by the above Rules, any Difficulty in spelling the Generality of Words that has occurred to me, is removed; for the Scholar being truly taught the various Sounds of Vowels and Confonants, both fingle and double, nothing being a greater Help to true Spelling, will not fail by Pronunciation of any Number of Letters to the Ear, to give their proper Characters in Writing.

Of Stops or Points, and Marks or Notes.

As in Speech or Discourse there are often several Motions made by different Parts of the Body, in order to excite Attention, and transmit a more clear and perfect Idea to the Hearer, of the Meaning and Intention of the Speaker: So Writing being the very Image of Speech, there are several Points or Marks made Use of in it, not only to mark the Distance of Time in pronouncing, but also to prevent any Confusion or Obscurity in the Sense of the Writer, whereby it may the more readily be distinguished and comprehended by the Reader.

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There are four Points or Stops confidered as Invervals in Reading, viz. Comma, Semicolon, Colon, Period, or Full Point.

The Comma, marked thus, (,) is the shortest Pause, and distinguishes the conjunct Members of Sentences; as, O fing unto the Lord, for he is merciful, long suffering, slow to Wrath, abounding in Goodness and Truth. It also distinguishes Nouns, Verbs, and Adverbs; as, The Enemy fought with Guns, Swards, Spears, &c. That Rogue swears, lies, steals, &c. sooner or later he must be banged.

A Semicolon, marked thus (;) is a Paule somewhat longer than a Comma. This Point ought to be made in the Subdivision of the Members of a Sentence; As the Shadow moves, and we do not perceive it; or, as the Tree grows, and we do not apprehend it; so Man, &cc. It is also used in distinguishing Nouns of a contrary Signification; as, Things public; Things private; Things facred, and prophane.

A Colon, marked thus (:) is used when the Sense is perfect, but the Sentence not ended; as, If the Enemy advances, I command you to give Battle: If not, march strait to the City. It is generally used before a comparative Conjunction in a Similitude; and also if the Period runs out pretty long.

A Periad, marked thus (,) is the greatest Pause, and is made when the Sentence is compleatly ended; as Learning makes Life fiveet, and produces Pleasure, Tranquility, Glory, and Praise.

An Erotesis, or Point of Interrogation, marked thus (?) is made when a Question is asked; as, Does be still continue obstinute? Will be never repent?

Ecphonesis, or Point of Exclamation, Admiration, or Wonder, marked thus (!) is a Direction for raising the Tone or Voice upon some vehement Passion being expressed; as, O that Villian! O wretched Man!

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The Marks or Notes to bet met with in Reading are,

- 1. An Apostrophe, marked thus (') used to abbreviate or shorten a Word.
- 2. A Caret, thus (a) placed where some Word is lest out in Writing and put over it. This is also called a Circumstex, when placed over some Vowel of a Word to denote a long Syllable; as, Eupbrâtes.
- 3. An Hyphen, thus (-) used in joining the Syllables of Words, and compound Words together.
- 4. An Accent thus (a) being placed over a Vowel, notes that the Tone or Stress of the Voice in pronouncing is upon that Syllable.
- 5. Breve, (v) is a crooked Mark over a Vowel, and denotes that it is founded quick.
- 6. Diarefis, thus (") is two Points placed over two Vowels that would otherwise make a Dipthong, and parts them into two Syllables.
- 7. Parenthefis, thus () ferves to illustrate a Sentence, and may be left out, and yet the Sense remain persect.
- 8. A Paragraph, thus (¶) placed at the Beginning of a new Discourse, and denotes what is contained in a Sentence or Period.
- 9. A Quotation, thus (") to fignify the Words for marked are transcribed from the Writings of another in his own Words.
- 10. An Index, (13) ferves to point out fomething remarkable.
- or Chapter, into lesser Parts or Portions.
- 12. An Afterism, thus (*), an Obelisk (†), and Parellels (||), with Letters of the Alphabet, Figures, &c. refer to the Margin or Bottom of the Page.

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- I. L ET proper Names of Persons, Places, Seas, Rivers, Ships, Winds, Months, &c. be distinguished by beginning with Capital Letters.
- 2. It is become customary to be begin any Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears some considerable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable.
- 3. Let the first Word of every Epistle, Book, Note. Verse, Bill, &c. begin with a Capital.
- 4. If any notable Saying, or Passage of an Author, be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though it be not immediately after a Full Stop.
- 5. Write not a Capital in the Middle of a Word among small Letters, except in Anagrams.
- 6. Sometimes Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, when something extraordinary great is expressed; as, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. BABYLON IS FALLEN.

Of Etymology.

E TYMOLOGY, as before observed, treats of the Kinds of Words, also their Derivation, Change Analogy, or Likeness to one another.

Of the eight Parts of Speech.

EVERY Word being confidered as a Part of our Speech or Discourse, we reckon up eight Sorts of Words of a different Nature, which we call eight Parts of Speech. Their Names are, Noun, Pronoun, Verb, Participle, Adverb, Conjunction, Preposition, Interjection.

Speech is Speaking, or Discourse. By eight Parts of

Speech is Speaking, or Discourse. By eight Parts of Speech are meant eight Sorts of Words which are used in Discourse. And the there are Thousands of Words in the English Language, yet there are but eight Sorts;

for .

for every Word we use in Speaking, is either a Noun or an Adjective, which is a Word that fignifies the Quality or Manner of a Noun or Pronoun, or a Verb, er a Participle, or an Adverb, or a Conjunction, or a Preposition, or an Interjection.

The Parts of Speech are the same in English as in Latin; and in all other Languages as well as Latin: For that which is a Noun in English, is a Noun in the La-

tin, Greek, Hebrew, French, &c. Languages.

Of a Noun.

A Noun is the Name of a Thing that may be perceived either by the Senses or Understanding which conveying some certain Idea or Image to the Mind, they want not the Help of any other Word to make us understand them; and it is either Substantive or Adjective. So that whatever can be heard, feen, fmelt, tasted, felt, or understood, is a Noun. And a Noun Substantive is the Thing itself; as, a Man, a Boy, a Dog. And the Adjective is a Word that expresses the Qualities or Properties of a Thing; as rich, poor, wife, foolish, great, small, &c. For if any one says, I fee a rich, I fee a poor, I fee a wife, I fee a fooligh, in these Sayings there is no Sense, nor do I understand the Meaning of them; but it requires that a Substantive be added to each Adjective to make Sense; as, I fee a rich Man, I fee a poor Boy, I fee a wife Dog, I fee a foolish Woman.

Of Numbers.

to be the first of the There are two Numbers, the Singular and the Plural: The fingular Number is used when we speak of one fingle Thing; as, a Boy, a Dog, a Tree. The plural Number is used when we speak of more Things than one; as, Boys, Dogs, Trees. The plural Number is commonly made by adding (s) to the fingular; as, Boy, Boys, Dog, Dogs, Tree, Trees. But when the fingular Number ends in ch, fh, fs, or x, then the Pronunciation requires that (es) be added to the fingular; as Church, Churches; Brush, Brushes; Witness, Witnesses;

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Box, Boxes. But if the fingular Number ends in fe, ze, ce, or in ge, pronounced foft; then the (s) that is added cannot be heard in the Sound except it makes another entire Syllable; as Horse in the Singular has but one Syllable, Horses in the Plural two; Breeze one, Breezes two; Face one, Faces two; Age one, Ages two. Words that end in (f) or (fe) do, for their better Sounding make their plural by changing (f) and (fe) into (ves), as,

Sing.	Plur.	Sing.	Plur.
Calf)	f Calves	Self 7	[Selves
Half	Halves	Thirf	Thieves
Knife	Knives	Wife & make	es Wives
Leaf ? ma	Leaves	Shelf	Shelves
Loaf	Loaves	Wolf	Wolves
Sheaf	Sheaves		

Tho' not always; for these Words following with several others, sollow the general Rule of (1); as Hoof, Hoofs; Roof, Roofs; Grief, Griefs; Dwarf, Dwarfs; so likewise Mischief, Handkerchief, Relief, make their plural by adding (1) and also Words edding in (ff) as Muff, Ruff, Cuff, Snuff, Stuff, Puff, but Staff, although it ends in (ff), makes Stawes in the Plural. Some Words make their Plural by adding en, as Child, Children; Brother, Brother, or Brothers; Man, Men; Wo-man, Wo-men; Ox, Oxen; Chicken is not Plural, for we say Chickens, not Chicks; Singular Chicken. Some Words form their Plural no otherwise than by adding 1, 21, or en to the Singular and are therefore irregular; as,

Sing.	Plur.	Sing.	Plù.
Die	(Dice	Penny	(Pence
Moule (Mice	Tootb m	Jeetb
Mouje makes	5 Lice	Foot C'm	Kes S Feet
Goofe)	(Giefe	Sow)	(Swine

And some Words are used alike in both Numbers, as Deer, Hose, Sheep, Fern, &c. And some Words have no Singular Number, as Aspes, Bowels, Bellows, Breeches, Entrails, Lungs, Scissars, Snuffers, Shanks, Tongs, Wages.

And

And many Words have no Plural Number, as the Names of Men and Women, Cities, Countries, Mountains, Rivers, &c. The Names of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Corns, except Bean, which make Beans; and Pea, Peas. The Names of most Herbs; and also the Words Ale, Beer, Bread, Butter, Honey, Milk, with many others, want the Plural Number. Note that the Adjectives have no Difference of Numbers; for as we say a good Man in the Singular, so we say good Men in the Plural.

Of the Genitive Cafe.

nitive, which ends in the Singular and Plural in (s) or (es) if the Pronunciation requires it; as Virgil's Eneid, or the Eneid of Virgil; Milton's Poems, or the Poems of Milton; Buchanan's Psalms, or the Psalms of Buehanan; Man's Breath, or the Breath of Man; the Church's Peace, or the Peace of the Church.

Of Gender.

THE English properly have no Genders; and as we have one great Advantage above all others, in being freed from the Troubles of Variety of Cases, by the Reason that the Nouns have no Diversity of Endings; so likewise our having no Difference of Genders is an Advantage full as great as the former: All Languages, both antient and modern, admitting of Difference in Gender in their Nouns, except the English and Chinese Languages.

By Gender is meant the Distinction of Sex, or the Difference between Male and Female. We have four Ways of distinguishing two Genders of the Male and Female Sex. 1. When we would express the Difference of Sex, we do it (after the same Manner as we distinguish the Ages and other Accidents) by different

Words.

M Barc Boar Boy, Bride Brot Buck Bull. Bulle Cock Dog Drak Droi Fath Friar Gan Horf Hon

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So in Relation of Persons.

			CONTRACT TO SERVICE
Male.	Pemale.		Female.
Barchelor,	Maid, Virgin.	King,	Queen.
Boar,	Sow.		Lafs.
Boy,	Girl. Cirl.	Lord.	Lady.
Bridegroom	, Bride, de la	Man.	Woman.
Brother,	Sifter.	Mafter.	Dame.
Buck,	Doe.	Malter,	Spawner.
Bull,	Cow.	Nephew,	Niece.
Bullock,	Heifer.	Ram,	Ewe.
Cock.	Hen.	Sloven	Slut.
Dog.	Bitch.	Sòn,	Daughter.
Drake.	Duck! browl	Stag,	Hind.
Drone,	Bee, one	Uncle,	Aunt.
Father,	Mother.	Widower,	Widow.
Friar,	Non,	Wizzard,	Witch.
Gander,	Goofe.		- Whore, or
Horfe,	Mare.	ger,	Strumpet.
Hofband,	Wife,	• •	

2. But when there are not two different Words to express both Sexes, or when both Sexes are comprehended under one Word, then we add another Word to it to distinguish the Sex; as, a Mais Child, a Female.

Child, a He Goat for the Male, a She Goat for the Female.

CIE K Stalled all olds he work was dismik

- Word to distinguish the Sex; as a Man Servant, a Maid Servant, a Gock Sparrow, a Hen Sparrow.
- 4. There are likewise several Words which distinguish the Female from the Male Sex by ending (esi); as-

Female.	Male.	Female.
Abbefs.	Heir,	Heirefs.
Actress.	Hunter,	Huntrefs.
Adultress.	Jew,	Jewess.
, Ambaffadress.	Lien,	Lioness
Baroness.	Marquis,	Marchioness.
Governess,	Mafter,	Mistress.
		Patron
	Actress. Adultress. , Ambassadress.	Abbess. Actress. Adultress. Ambassadress. Baroness. Heir, Hunter, Jew, Lion, Marquiss,

Male.	Female.	Male. Female.
Patron,	Patroness.	Prior, Priorefs.
Count,	Countefs.	Poet. Poetes.
Deacon,	Deaconess.	Prophet, Prophetels.
Duke,		Shepherd, Shepherdess.
Elector,	Electrefs.	Tutor, Tutress.
Emperor,	Empress.	Viscount, Viscountes.
Prince,	Princess,	all of the field was seen

There are two Words in (ix), Administrator, Administrator; Executor, Executor. Note, that the common and ordinary Words we use to express the Difference of Sex by, are He and She. When we speak of the Male Sex, we use the Word He; and when we speak of the Female Sex, we use the Word She: But when we speak of a Thing that is neither of the Male nor Female Sex, without Life, we use the Word it.

Of the Articles.

N Article is a Word or Syllable fet before a Subfantive, for the more particular expressing of it; as a Book, that is some Book or other; the Mun, that is, Some certain Man Spoken of before. There are only two Articles in the English Language, (a) and (the) and are really Adjectives, and are used almost in the same Manner as other Adjectives. (a) is wrote before Word beginning with a Confonant; but when the Substantive begins with a Vowel, or (b); if the (b) be not founded, then we write (an) instead of (a); as, an As, an Eye, an Hour, an Hoft, an Heir; but a Hare, a Hand, &c. because the (b) is sounded. A is an Article of Number, and fignifies as much as one, and is put for it; as, a Man; i. e. one Man; an Hour, i. e. one Hour: Or (an) denotes or fignifies the applying a general Word to some one particular Person or Thing, in a large Sense, not telling what particular Person or Thing you mean; as Idleness is a Shame; Diligence is a Praise: And it is therefore set only before Words of the Singular Number, (the) is a demonstrative Article; because it shews what particular Person or Thing you mean in Speaking or Writing ber that Na Na par Her mou or free Sub That was Riv

by a th they encr Com Supe felf bard Pofit leffer Note of C gethe twe para Sylla ter (wife, (more more fitive Conf an (

Signs

ing. (the) is wrote before the fingular and plural Number; as the Man, the Men, the Ass, the Ass. Note, that the Articles are not wrote before the proper Names of Men, Women, Kingdoms, Cities, nor the particular Name of Virtues, Vices, Metals, Coins, Herbs, except for Distinction's Sake: as, he is a Seymour, or he is a Sydney; i. e. one whose Name is Seymour, or Sidney. Proper Names of Ships, Rivers, &c. have frequently the Article (the) before them, when some Substantive is understood; as, the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Terrible; i. e. the Ship called Terrible. He was drowned in the Thames, in the Rhine; i. e. in the River Thames, in the River Rhine.

Of the Comparison of Adjectives.

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OMPARISON is the altering the Significa-tion of a Word into more or less Degrees, whereby we see that one Thing is bright another brighter, and a third is brightest. And only Adjectives are compared; they being only capable of having their Significations encreased or diminished. There are three Degrees of Compasion; the Positive, the Comparative, and the Superlative. The Positive Degree is the Adjective itfelf fimply without any Likeness or Comparison, as foft, bard, great. The Comparative heightens or lessens the Positive in Signification. The Superlative heightens or lessens the Quality to a very high or very low Degree. Note, The Positive, properly speaking, is no Degree of Comparison; for it doth not compare Things together; however it is accounted one, because the other two are founded upon, and formed from it. The Comparative Degree is formed of the Politive, by adding the Syllable (er), if it ends with a Consonant, or the Letter (r) only, if the Politive ends in (e); as foft, fofier; wife, wifer: And it is likewise known by the Sign (more) before the Politive, as fofter or more foft; wifer or more wife. The Superlative Degree is formed of the Pofitive, by adding the Syllable (eft), if it ends with a Confonant, or the Letters (A), if the Politive ends with an (e); as brightest, wif.st. It is likewise known by the Signs moft, very, or exceeding. There

There are some Adjectives which are not compared according to the foregoing Rules, and therefore irregular; as

· Com. Pof. Pof. Super. Com. Super. S less or good better beit. Lleast. little. 2 worft or 3 worft. leffer, bad or evil, Sworfer. much or more most. former, first. before,

Note, That some Adverbs are also compared; as, up, upper, uppermost; above, over, overmost; behind, hinder, hindermost; beneath, nether, nethermost; oft, oftner, oftenest, &c. All Adjectives cannot be compared, be cause their Signification does not admit of Increase; as, all, every, one, any, each, some, &c. And it would not begood English to say, more wiser, and most wises; for we ought to say, wiser, or more wise; wises, or most wise; For more wiser would signify as much as more more wise;

and most wifest; as much as most most wife.

Fair, fairer, fairest, are the three Degrees of Comparison; fair is of the Positive Degree, because it signifies the Person to be simply so, without comparing him to any other Person: For if I say, Ann is fair, that does not gainsay but that Sarah may be as sair; fairer or more fair, are of the Comparative Degree; because when I make a Comparison between Ann and Sarah, I find that Ann is fair, but that Sarah is fairer or more fair; that is exceeding Ann in Beauty: Fairest or most sair, are of the Superlative; because when I make a Comparison between Ann, Sarah, and Mary, I perceive that Ann is fair, but that Sarah is sairer or more fair, and that Mary is fairest or most fair of either Anne or Sarah; that is, Mary exceeds them both in the highest Degree of Beauty.

Of the Derivation of the Parts of Speech.

A L L Words whatsoever are either primitive or derivative, simple or compound. A primitive or simple Word is such as is not formed of any other; as, Man, good, hope, kind, &c. A derivative Word is a primitive or simple Word, with the Addition of a Syllable or Syllables, to the same; such as, ple con

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able; agree, agree-able, ed; Love, loved, al; Herb, Herb-al, en; bard, bard-en, and; perform, Perform ance er; give, Giver, ary; Tribute, tribu-tary, ef; County Gaunt-efs, ate; Fortune, fortu-nate, ef; read, read-off, etb; bear, bear-etb, lefs; Blame, blame-lefs, ing; spend, spend-ing, ly; bold, bold-ly; ifb; Pool, fool-ifb, nef; cold, Cold-nefs, ifm; Atbeift, Arbeiffm, ous; Fame, fam-ous; if; Art; Art-ift. ty; Craft, crafty, inc; civil, civil-ine.

A compound Word is formed of two or more simple Words; as Silver-smith, Wheel-wright, &c. or of a simple Word, and a Preposition set before it; as, displease con-form, un-sit, ad-apt, &c.

We have in the foregoing Chapters treated of the Kinds of Words, and have distributed them into certain a Ranks and Classes, called Parts of Speech: Now come we to speak of their Derivation, Ending, Change, Analogy, or Affinity, or Likeness to one another.

Note 1: From any Substantive, or Adjective put for a Substantive, (in the singular Number) is formed they Genitive Case by adding (1).

Note 2. Substantives, and sometimes Adjectives, and alfo the other Parts of Speech, become Verbs; the Vowel
being always sounded long, and the Consonant softened;
as from House comes to house; from Grass, to graze; from
Brass, to braze; from Breath, to breathe, &c. Verbs are
derived from Adjectives by adding (en), as from rid
comes ridden, from white, whiten; from fast, fasten;
from black, blacken, &c.

Note 3. That from Verbs are derived the active Participle, that ends always in ing, and the passive that ends in ed or en; as loving, loved; giving, given; from which Verbs, by adding (er) to the present Tense, comes a Substantive signifying the Agent; as from love; comes Lover; from bear comes the Noun Hearer; from Play comes Player, &c. and these Sort of Nouns are called Verbal Nouns.

Nete,

Note 4. By adding (y) to Substantives, are formed Adjectives of Plenty; as from Wealth comes the Adjective wealthy; from Filth comes filthy; from Loufe comes loufy, &c. By adding the Termination ful to Substantives, are also formed Adjectives denoting Fulness; as from Joy comes joyful; Fruit, fruitful; Health, healthful, &c. So also by adding fome to Substantives, are formed Adjectives fignifying Fullness; as Burden, burdensome; Whole, wholesome, &c. So from Substantives come al-To Adjectives denoting Likeness, by adding the Ending ly; as from Earth comes earthly; Man, manly; Heaven, beavenly, &c.

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Note 5. By adding the Termination less to Substantives, are formed Adjectives fignifying Want; as Care, careles; Wit, witles; Worth, worthless, &c. Some Adjectives, which fignify the Matter out of which any Thing is made, are formed by adding en to the Substantive; as Earth, earthen; Braft, braken; Gold, golden; Afh, afben; Oak, oaken, &c. or affect, or Labrach to be capital to

Of Words borrowed from the Latin and French.

7 E have fo very many Words derived from the Latin (and French) that almost all that are not Words of one Syllable, or that do not come from Words of one Syllable, are Latin. Nouns Substantives, as well as Adjectives, do come from the Latin, by some small Mutation or Change; as, adjust the same and money

E 19 80	Latin.	in the continue	dimonta	Latin.	North.
Nature,	[Natura.	Infant,	THE RESERVE AND THE PARTY OF TH	fant.	W15F
Grace,	Gratia.	Ornament,	1 Or	namentum.	
Honour,	Honor.	Synod,	Sy Sy	nodus.	MIC II
Vices 13	Vitium.	ingenious,	(B) in	eniosus:	16
Scene,	Scena.	ingenuous,	(vi in	enuns.	9130
School, J	L Schola.	Scepter,	J J Sa	eptrum.	Pag 1
LA PRINCIP	ents I ame	STOREST OF		ibbs 'yd .s	613
English.	ने मंत्राचे स	Latin	The state of the s	ench visiti	10.1
Charity	d a more stable	Charitas :		harité n	aun 1
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Unity		Unitas		nipe uoli is	day i
Sobriety		Sobrietas	Se Se	brieté	
	The second	45 - TO 11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1		Secur	ity

Security Securitas Securité
Humility Humilitas Humilité
Liberality Liberalitas Liberalité

English Words ending in (nee) or (g) are derived from Latin Words ending in (tin); as,

Eng. and Fr. Latin.
Patience Patientia
Diligence Diligentia
Abundance Abundantia
Temperance Temperantia

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Impudence Impudentia Imprudence Imprudentia Clemency Clementia, &c.

Though the French have derived their Language in general from the Latin, and we again from them, as is evident by the Analogy in the Spelling; yet we have brought into our Tongue many Nouns and Verbs that are purely French, and which are not derived from the Latin; as, Garden, Garter, Buckler, to advacce, to cry, to plead, &c. which come from the French Jardin, Jartiere, Bouclier, advancer, crier, pleader, &c.

Of English Words derived from the Greek.

OBSERVE that generally all Words that have (y) in the Middle, or that have (eu) or (ph) at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have (cb) pronounced hard at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that have (th) at the Beginning, Middle, or End; that end in asm, ism, osm, cal, ic, or ick, is, gy, gm, gue, &c. are derived from the Greek.

EXAMPLES.

Y, as tyrannical, Physic, Phthisic, &c.
Eu, as Encharist, Eunuch, Eulogy, Pleurist, &c.
Ph, as Philosophy, Geography, Physiognomy, &c.
Ch, as Chronology, Anarchy, Characteristic, &c.
Th, as Theology, Mathematics, opthalmic, &c.
Asm, as Phantasm, Cataplasm, &c.
Ism, as Syllogism, Catechism, &c.
Osm, as Microcosm, &c.

D z

Cal, as evangelical, Ecclefiaftical, &c.
Ic, as plaftic, &c.
It, as Ellipfis, &c.
Gy, as Etymology, &c.
Gm, as Apathegm, &c.
Gue, as Epilogue, Synapogue, &c.

1. English Words ending in (cal) or (ick) now wrote (ic) are generally derived from Greek Words ending in (kes); as,

Greek. Greek. Practical, Mathematical, ? mathemapraktikos. Practice. Mathematic, tikos. Emetical. Epidemical, epedemiemetikos. Emetic. kos. Epidemic. Empharical, Enthusiastical, ? enthusiaemphatikos. Emphatic. Enthusiaftic, stikos. Pathetical, Mechanical. Pathetimecanikos. Mechanic, Pathetic.

2. Inglish Words ending in (gy) come from the Greek Words ending in (gia); as,

Greek.

Doxology, Doxologia | Apology, Apologia.
Chronology, Chronologia. | Etymology, Etymologia.
Tautology, Tautologia. | Genealogy, Genealogia.

3. English Words ending in (my) are derived from Greek Words ending in (mia); as,

Greek.

Phlebotomy, Phlebotomia.
Monogamy, Monogamia, Metonomy Metonomia.
Mifogamy, Mifogamia.
Eurhythmy, Eurhythmia.

Greek.

Greek.

Greek.

Euchymy Euchymia.
PhyfiognoPhyfiognomia.
Eunomy, Eunomia.

4. English Words ending in (4) are formed from Greek Words ending in (dia); as,

Melody,

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Apl Par An

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Me

Em Dia Me

Bigles

Melody, Melodia. Rhapfody, Rhapfodja. Profody, Profodia. Comedy, Komodia. Pfalmody, Pfalmodia. Tragedy, Tragodia.

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5. English Words ending in (phy) come from the Greek Words ending in (phia); as,

Greek. Greek. Chirographia. Philosophy, Philosophia. Chirography, Geography, Geographia. Ichnography, Ichnographia. Cosmogra-Chorogra-Kolmogra-Chorographia. phy, phia. phy Atrophy, Orthogra-Orthogra-Atrophia, &c. phy, phia.

6. English Words ending in (ogu i. e. og) come from the Greek Words ending in (ogos); as,

Epilogue, Epilogos.
Catalogue, Katylogos.
Prologue, Prologos.
Prologue, Prologos.

Apologue, Apologos.

&c.

7. Several English Words ending in (ism) are formed from Greek Words ending in (ismos) as,

Aphorism Aphorismos. Paralogism, Paralogismos. Syllogism, Syllogismos. Anatocism, Anatokismos. Barbarism, Barbarismos.

8. English Words ending in (is) are taken generally without any Variation from the Greek; as,

Metamorphosis, Metaphrasis, Metasynerisis, Metaphrasis, Metaphrasis, Metathesis, Metashasis, Metashasi

D 3:

Explanation of common Abbreviations on Contraction of Words.

Note, A Point, or Full Stop, is always to be written after a Word thus abbreviated.

Answ. Answer A. D. Anno Domini, or the Year of our Lord Acct. for Account Abt. about Ag. Against B. A. Batchelor of Arts Bp. Bishop B. D. Batchelor in Diwinity. Bart. Baroutt Chap. Chapter D. D. Doctor in Divinity Dr. Doger Efq; Efquire i. e. id eft, that is Empr. Emperor Hond. Honourable Kt. Knight L. L. D. Doffer of Laws M. D. Dollor of Phyfic Mr. Mafter

Mrs. Miftrels Mty. Majefty Obj. Objection Rev. Reverend S T P. Professor of, or Doctor in Divinity Sr. Sir St. Saint Sol. Solution ye, the yt. that yo. you yn. then yr. pour ym. them & and Viz. Videlicet, to wit, OF that is to Jay

&c. et catera, and the

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But one ought to avoid those Contractions of Words as much as possible; unless it be for one's own private Use, and where it would be ridiculous to write them in Letters at Length; as, &c. for and so forth, or the rest, Mr. Masten, Mrs. for Mistress, &c. It argues likewise a Disrespect and Slighting to use Contractions to your Betters, and is often puzzling to others, except in such Cases as above mentioned.



THE

INTRODUCTION.

CONTAINING

Some General DIRECTIONS for writing LETTERS, and how to address Persons of Distinction in Writing or Discourse, &c.

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SO PISTOLARY Writing, by which a great Part of the Commerce of human Life is carfried on, was esteemed by the Romans a liberal and polite Accomplishment; and Cice-* To, the Father of Eloquence and Mafter of Stile, speaks with great Pleasure in his Epistles to Atticus, of his Son's Genius in this Particular. Among them, it was undoubtedly a Part of their Education, and, inthe Opinion of Mr. Locke, it well deserves a Share in ours, "The writing Letters (fays this great Genius) enters fo much into all the Occasions of Life, that no "Gentleman can avoid thewing himself in Compositions " of this Kind. Occurrences will daily force him to " make this Use of his Pen, which lays open his Breed-" ing, his Sense, and his Abilities, to a severer Ex-" amination than any oral Discourse."

"It was a quaine Difference," fays Mr. Howel, in one of his Epiftles, "that the Ancients made betwirt a Letter and an Oration; the one should be attired. like a Woman, and the other like a Man: The Oration is allowed large Side-Robes, as long Periods, Parenthesis, Similies, Examples, and other Parts of rhetorical Flourishes; but a Letter should be short coated, and closely couched: In short, we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar Letter which expresses our Meaning the same as if we were discoursing with the Barty to whom we write, in succine and easy Terms. The Tongue and Pen

are both Interpreters of the Mind; but the Pen the most faithful of the two, and as it has all the Ad-

vantage of Premeditation, is not fo apt to err, and

" leave Things behind on a more authentic as well as

" lafting Record."

When you fit down to write a Letter, remember that this Sort of Writing should be like Conversation; obferve this, and you will be no more at a Loss to write, than you will be to speak to the Person were he present; and this is Nature without Affectation, which, generally speaking, always pleases. As to Subjects, you are allowed in writing Letters the utmost Liberty; whatfoever has been done, or feen, or heard, or thought of, your own Observations on what you know, your Enquiries about what you do not know, the Time, the Place, the Weather, every Thing about you stands ready for a Subject; and the more Variety you intermix, fo as not rudely thrown together, the better. Set Difcourses require a Dignity or Formality of Stile, suitable to the Subject; whereas Letter-writing rejects all Pomp of Words, and is most agreeable when most familiar. But though lofty Phrases are here improper, the Stile should not be low and mean; and to avoid it, let an eafy Complaifance, an open Sincerity, and unaffected. Good-nature appear in all you fay, for a fine Letter does not confift in faying fine Things, but in expressing ordinary ones with Elegance and Propriety; fo as to please while it informs, and charm even in giving Advice.

It should also wear an honest chearful Countenance, like one who truly esteems, and is glad to see his Friend; and not like a Fop, admiring his own Dress,

and feemingly pleafed with nothing but himfelf.

Express your Meaning as freely as possible; long Periods may please the Ear, but they perplex the Understanding; a short Stile and plain, strikes the Mind, and fixes an Impression; a tedious one is seldom clearly understood, and never long remembered. But there is still something requisite beyond all this, towards the writing of a polite and agreeable Letter, and that is, an Air of good Breeding, and Humanity, which ought constantly to appear in every Expression,

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and that will give a Beauty to the Whole. By this I would not be supposed to mean, overstrained or affected Compliments, or any Thing that Way tending, but an easy, genteel and obliging Manner of Address, in a Choice of Words that bear the most civil Meanings, with a thorough generous and good-natured Disposition.

But in familiar Letters of the common Concerns of Life, Elegance is not required, nor is it the Thing we ought to aim at; for when attempted, the Labour is often seen, and the End perverted by the very Means. Ease and Clearness are the only Beauties we need to study.

Never be in Pain about Familiarity in the Stile to those with whom you are acquainted; for that very Pain will make it aukward and shiff in Spite of all

your Endeavours to the contrary.

Write freely, but not hastily; let your Words drop from your Pen, as they would from your Tongue when speaking deliberately on a Subject of which you are Master, and to a Person with whom you are intimate.

Accustom yourself to think justly, and you will not be at a Loss to write clearly; for while there is Confusion at the Fountain Head, the Brook will never be

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Before you begin to write, think what you are going to write: However unnecessary this Caution may feem, I will venture to fay, that ten appear tidiculous on Paper through Hurry and Want of Thought, for one that is so through Want of Understand-

ing.

A Man that begins a Speech before he is determined what to fay, will undoubtedly find himself bewildered before he gets to the End; not in Sentiment only, but in Grammar. To avoid this, before you begin a Sentence, have the Whole of it in your Head, and make Use of the first Words that offer themselves to express your Meaning; for be assured, they are the most natural, and will, generally speaking, (I can't say always) best answer your Purpose; for to stand searching after Expressions, breaks in upon

upon the natural Diction; and for a Word that perhaps is not a Jot more expressive, you make the whole Sentence stiff and aukward. But of all Things learn to be correct; and never omit a careful Perusal of what you have written; which, whoever neglects, must have many Inaccuracies; and these are not only a Restection on the Writer, but a Rudeness to the Person to whom they are written. Never be assumed of having found something amis, which you confess that you did, by mending it; for in that Confession you cancel the Fault, and if you have not Time to transcribe it, let it pass; for a Blot is by no Means so bad as a Blunder; and by accustoming yourself to correct what is amis, you will be less liable to future Mistakes.

So much for Letters in general; as for those in Trade in particular, I shall quote a reputable Author on the Subject, who, I think, has said every Thing that need be said upon it, and given Examples, whereby we can't err, if we don't excel, viz.

the Beauty and Excellence of Speech, fo antreasy of writing is the best Stile for Tradefmen. He that affects a rumbling bombast Stile,
and fills his Letters with Compliments and Flou-

" rishes, makes a very ridiculous Figure in Trade; for Instance of the following detter, which a young

"Tradesman in the Country writes up to an Whole-

SIR, The Destinies having so appointed it, and my dark Stars concurring, that I, who by Nature was formed for better Things, should be put out to a Trade, and the Time of my Serwitude being at length expired, I am now launched forth into the great Ocean of Business. I thought sit to acquaint you, that last Month I received my Fortune, which, by my Father's Will, had been due two Years past, at which Time I arrived to Man's Estate, and became major; whereupon I have taken a House in one of the principal Streets of this Town, where I am entered upon my Business, and hereby let you know that I shall have Occasion for the Goods bereafter mentioned, which you may send to me by the Carrier.

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Thi dreft done, Laugh Goods quire

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This fine Flourish, which the young Shopkeeper drest up with much Application, and thought it well done, put his Correspondent in London into a Fit of Laughing; who instead of sending him directly the Goods he wrote for, sent down into the Country to enquire his Character.

The same Tradesman in London, by the next Post, received the following Letter from another young Shop-keeper in the Country, on his beginning Business for

himself.

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SIR, Being obliged, by my late Moster's Decease, to enter immediately upon Business, and consequently open my Shop without going to Town to furnish myself with such Goods as at present I want, I have sent you a small Order, as under-written. I hope you will use me well, and let the Goods be good of the Sorts, tho' I cannot be in London to look them out myself. I have inclosed a Bill of Exchange of 751. on Mess. A and B and Company, payable to you or to your Order, at one and twenty Days. Sight: Be pleased to get it accepted; and if the Goods amount to more than that Sum, I shall, when I have your Bill of Parcels, send you the Remainder. I repeat my Desire, that you will send me the Goods well sorted and well chosen, and as cheap as possible, that I may be encouraged to a further Correspondence.

I am your humble Servant,

This was writing like a Man that understood what he was doing, and such a Letter could not want its proper Effect upon such a Correspondent in London.

In short, a Tradesman's Letter should be plain and concise, and to the Purpose; no quaint Expressions, no Book Phrases, no Flourishes; and yet they must be sull and sufficient to express what he means, so as not to be doubtful, much less unintelligible. I can by no Means approve of studied Abbreviations, and leaving out the needful Copulatives of Speech in trading Letters; they are affected to the last Degree: For, in a Word, 'iis affecting to be thought a Man of more than ordinary Sense, by writing extraordinary Nonsense; affecting

affecting to be a Man of Business, by giving Orders, and expressing your Meaning in Terms which a Man

of Bufiness may not think himself bound by.

the business of the extraction of the

When a Tradesman takes an Apprentice, the first Thing he does for him, after he lets him into the Compting-House and his Books, and after trusting him with his more private Bufiness, is, to let him write Letters to his Dealers, and correspond with his Friends; and this he does in his Master's Name, subscribing his I am. Letter thus;

For my Master, A. B. and Company, Your bumble Serwant,

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And beginning thus: SIR, I am ordered by my Master, A. B. to advise you,

Or thus:

SIR, Thefe are, by my Master's Order, to give you Notice -

Orders for Goods ought to be very explicit and particular, that the Dealer may not mistake; especially if it be Orders from a Tradelman to a Manufacturer, to make or buy Goods, either of fuch a Quality or Pat-tern; in which, if the Goods are made to the Colours, and of a marketable Goodness, and within the Time limited, the Person ordering them cannot refuse to receive them, and to make himself Debtor to the Maker. On the contrary, if the Goods are not of a marketable Goodness, or not to the Patterns, or not sent within the Time, the Maker ought not to expect they should be received.

In Regard to the Form and Superscription of Letters, especially of the politer Sort, it may be necessary

to observe,

That when you write to a Person of Distinction, or Gentleman, let it be on gilt Paper, and without fealing the Letter itself, inclose it in a Cover, which you are to feal over it, and write the Superfcription thereon. was a mild best quality of his later the consect was posses grain as

Begin

Begin your Letter about two Inches below the Top of your Paper, and leave about an Inch Margin on the Left-Hand, and what Compliments, or Services, you fend in the Letter, insert them rather in the Body or Conclusion of it than by Way of Postscript, as is too often done, but is neither fo affectionate or polite, for it not only favours of Levity to your Friends, but has the Appearance of your having almost forgot them.

It is usual among the Polite to fign their Names at a confiderable Distance below the Conclusion of the Letter, and thereby leave a large vacant Space over their Names, which, tho' customary, I would by all Means advise you to avoid; because 'tis putting it in the Power of any one who has your Letter, to write what he pleases over your Name, and to make you in all Appearance have finged a Writing that you would by no means have fet your Hand to.

In directing your Letters to Persons who are well known, 'tis best not to be too particular, because 'tis lessening the Person you direct to, by supposing him to

be obscure, and not easily found.

Whenever you direct to Persons who are Honourable, either by Family or Office, 'tis more proper, as well as polite, to direct without the Title of Esq; than with it, for Inftance,

To the Honourable Mr. Arundel, not to the Honourable Peter Arundel, Esq; which would be ridicu-

lous.

SOME FARTHER DIRECTIONS and OBSERVATIONS mergania (N. Olad etc. carein a

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

And Subscribing and Directing LETTERS WHEN you are writing to your Superior, be not prolix, but let your Letter be as there as the Subject, or Occasion you write on, will permit; especially such, wherein Favours are requested: And be particularly careful in not omitting any Letter belonging to the Words you write, as I've, can't, don't, Thou'd,

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should, would, &c. instead of I have, cannot, do not, should, would, &c. for such Contractious not only appear disrespectful, and too familiar; but discover (those almost inseparable Companions) Ignorance and Impudence. Neither be over pompous in your Stile, but convey your Thoughts with Ease and Perspicuity, that they may appear as from Nature, rather than a vain Conceit to shew your Learning; the former shews your

Humility; the latter your Pride.

2. When you write to your Superior, never make a Postscript: And (if possible) avoid it in Letters to your Equals; especially complimentary Possscripts to any of the Person's Family or Relations, to whom you write; as it shews Disrespect in your neglecting such Persons in the Body of your Letter: Wherefore it is best to keep up to Form if you write to the Antient, the Grave, or the Proud: Such Persons being most commonly jealous of Disrespect, and expect to be treated with Deference.

3. When you write to your Inferiors, you are at Liberty to act as you think proper as to the last Caution; and take Care that you are not too familiar, or free in your Stile, lest it should make you contemptible; always having the Proverb in your Mind, viz.

400 much Familiarity commonly breeds Contempt.

4. If your Letter consists of several Paragraphs, begin every fresh or new one, at the same Distance from the Lest-hand Margin of the Paper, as when you began the Subject of your Letter; always remembering, as you write on, to make your proper Stops; otherwise no Person will be able to come at the Sense or Meaning of your Letter; which Neglect very often causes Mistakes and Misunderstandings: And be careful to put a Period or Full Stop at the End of every Paragraph, thus.

5. When the Subject of your Letter is finished, conclude it with the same Address as at first, as Sir; Madam; or May it please your Grace; Lordship; Ladyship; &c. &c. and always subscribe your Name in a larger Hand than you wrote your Letter in.

6. Letters should be wrote on Quarto fine gilt Post Paper to Superiors; if to your Equals or Inseriors, you are

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at your own Option to use what Sort or Size you please: But take Care never to feal your Letter with a Wafer, unless to the Latter.

7. When your Letter is sealed, you must write the Superscription (if it be to your Superior or Equal) in the following Manner, wir. Write the Word To by itfelf, as nigh the Left-hand upper Angle, or Corner of your Letter, as is convenient: Then begin the Title, or Name of the Person, about an Inch lower, and almost in the Middle or Center of it, according to the Length of the Person's Name or Title; and write the Place of his Abode in a Line by itself at the Bottom, in a larger Character than the other Part, thus

To

The Right Hon. the Earl of PEMBROKE. At WILTON-House,

WILTS.

The Rank and Order of PRECEDENCE, according to the feveral Degrees of Honour in Great Britain, as fettled by Act of Parliament.

HE Degrees of Honour observed in this Kingdom are perfinently distinguished under two Heads; First the Nobility or Peers, under the several. Titles. of

Dukes Indiana and and the Viscounts Marquisses Bishops and Earls Barons

The second Order confists of that of the Garter, (if not always otherwise dignified) viz.

Knight Banners Knights Batchelors Efquires

Knights of the Bath Gentlemen

As to the Rank or Precedency of the first Order of Men amongst us, viz. Peers, they take Place according to their Creation or Date of their Patents, unless of the Blood-Royal, then they precede all others of the fame Degree, viz. E.2.

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The Sons, Grandsons, and Brothers of King or Queen; the Great Officers of State do likewise break through this general Rule, and claim Precedency of the other Nobility, viz. Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper, the Archbishop of York, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord President, and Ld. Privy-Seal.

Another Degree of Precedence is claimed by the Great

Officers at Court, viz.

Ld. Chamberlain of England Lord High Admiral Ld. High Conft. of England Lord Steward Earl Marshal

Lord Chamberlain of the Houshold. M

to

These take Place of all others of the same Degree: So a Secretary of State, if he is only a Baron, procedes all other Barons; and if an Earl, he precedes all other Earls, provided those Earls are not superior Officers of After which they follow in their several Orders,

Witi-RottallW Dukes Marquisses

Dukes eldeft Sons

Earls

Marquisses eldest Sons Dukes youngest Sons

Viscounts.

Earls eldeft Sons.

Marquiffes younger Sons

be and a mo

Bifhops Barons.

Viscounts eldest Sons

Earls younger Sons Barons eldeft Sons

Privy Counfellors

Chancellor of the Exche-

Chief Justice of the King's

Beach

Mafter of the Rolls.

Chief Justice of the Com-

mon Pleas

Chief Baron of the Exchequer

Justices and Barons of the

faid Courts

Masters in Chancery Viscounts younger Sons

Barons younger Sons

Knights of the Garter, if not otherwise dignify'd

Baronets

Knights of the Bath

Field and Flag Officers

Knights Batchelors

Colonels

Serjeants at Law

Doctors:

Esquires Justices of the Peace

Barrifters at Law Lieutenant-Colonels

Majors, And Atons of the

Captains identament na Gentlemen, 10 1 101

Citizens

Yeomen Come Burgeffes

the Habould sad:

All Ladies have Precedency according to the Dignity of their Husbands.

All Colonels are Honourable, and by the Law of Arms, precede Knights: So do all Field Officers, Masters of the Ordnance, and Quarter-Masters General, Sc.

Pow to address Persons of Distinction either in Writing or Discourse,

HAVING frequently observed, that young Perfons, for Want of proper Instructions, are liable to great Mistakes in the Stile and Title due to their Superiors, or to such as are of high Rank and Dignity, I shall in this Place give them suitable Directions of Address to all Persons of Distinction, the Chief of which being once known, the rest will soon be attained.

To the Royal Family.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, Sire, or, May, it please your Majesty.

To his Royall Highners George Prince of Wales,

Sir, or, May it please your Royal Highness.

In the same Manner to the rest of the Royal Family, altering the Addresses according to the different. Ranks and Degrees of Dignity.

To the Pobility.

To his Grace A. Duke of S. My Lord Duke, or, ... May it please your Grace, or, your Grace.

To the most noble G. Lord Marquis of H. My Lord

Marquis, your Lordship.

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To the Right Hon A. Earl of B. My Lord, your Lordship.

To the Right Hon. C. Lord Viscount D. My Lord, your Lordship.

To the Right Hon. E. Lord F. My Lord, your Lord-

The Ladies are addressed according to the Rank of their Husbands.

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The.

The Sons of Dukes, Marquisses, and the eldest Sons of Earls, have, by Courtesy of England, the Title of Lord, and Right Honourable: And the Title of Lady is given to their Daughters.

The younger Sons of Earls, the Sons of Vifcounts and Barons, are stiled Honourable, and all their Daugh-

ters Honourable.

The Title of Right Honourable is given to no Commoner, except those who are Members of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, and the three Lord-Mayors of London, York, and Dublin, and the Lord-Provost of Edinburgh, during their Office.

To the Parliament.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, My Lords, or, May it please your Lordships.

To the Right Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses in Parliament assembled, Gentlemen, or May it

please your Honours.

To the Right Honourable H. C. Esq; Speaker of the House of Commons, who is generally one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, Sin.

Ca the Clergy.

To the most Reverend Father in God W. Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, My Lord, or your Grace.

To the Right Reverend Father in God W. Lord

Bishop of S. My Lord.

To the Right Reverend Father in God T. Lord Bishop

of G. Lord Almoner to his Majesty, My Lord.

To the Reverend A. B. D. Da Dean of C. or Archdeacon or Chancellor of D. or Prebendary, &c. Reverendi Doctor, Mr. Dean, Reverend Sir, &c.

All Rectors, Vicars, Curates, Lecturers, and Cler-

werend.

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To the Officers of his Pajettp's Bouthold.

They are for most Part addressed according to their Rank and Quality, though fometimes agreeable to the Nature of their Office; as, My Lord Stoward, my Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Vice Chamberlain, &c. and in all Superscriptions of Letters, which relate to Gentlemens Employments, their Stile or Office should never be emitted; and if they have more Offices than one, you need mention only the highest.

To the Commissioners and Officers of the Civil List.

To the Right Honourable R, Earl of G. Lord Privy Seal, or Lord President of the Council, or Lord Great Chamberlain; Earl Marshal of England, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, &c. My. Lord, your Lordship.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners, of the Admiralty, or of the Treasury, or of Trade and Plantations, &c. My Lords, your Lordships.

The Commissioners of the Customs, Excise, Stamp-Office, Salt-Duty, Navy, &c. must be stiled Honourable; and if any of them are Privy Counsellors, its usual to stile them collectively, Most Honourable, Sir, your Honour.

To the Soldiers and Naby.

In the Army all Noblemen are stiled according to their Rank, to which is added their Employ.

To the Honourable A. B. Riq: Lieutenant-General, Major-General, Brigadier-General of his Majesty's. Forces, Sir, your Honour.

To the Right Honourable J. Earl of S. Captain of his Majesty's first Troop of Horse-Guards, Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, Band of Yeomen of the Guards, &c. My Lord, your Lordship.

The INTRODUCTION 44

All Colonels are siled Honourable; all inferior Officers should have the Name of their Employment let first; as for Example, to Major W. C. to Captain

In the Navy all Admirals are filled Honourable, and Noblemen according to Quality and Office. The other Officers according to their Rank in the Army. e and is the winds which relate

Co the Amballabors, Serretartes, and Confulfich only the highlind

All Ambassadors have the Title of Excellency added to their Qualities; as have also all Plenipotentiaries, foreign Governors, and the Lords Julices of Ireland.

To his Excellency Sir B. C. Baronet, his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to

the Ottoman Port, Sir, your Excellence brod to des To his Excellency E. F. Efq; Ambaffador to his

most Christian Majesty, Sir, your Excellency.

To his Excellency the Baron d'A. his Prussian Majesty's Resident at the Court of Great-Britain, Sir,

To Seignior W. G. Secretary from the Republic of

ne. Commillieners of the Cuftones, Excite vie volle To G. H. Efq; his Britannio Majesty's Consul. at Smyrna, Sir. file them collectively.

To the Judges and Lawpers."

All Judges, if Privy Counsellors, are filed Right Homourable; as for Instance,

To the Right Honourable A. B. Lord High Chan-

cellor of Great-Britain, My Lord, your Lordship.

To the Right Honourable P. V. Master of the

Rolls, Sir, your Honour. To the Right Honourable Sir G. L. Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, or of the Common Pleas, My Lord, your Lordflip. 10 com?

To the Honourable A. B. Lord Chief Baron, Sir, your Lord feit.

Or May it please you, Sir.

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To the Right Honourable A. D. Esq; one of the Justices, or to Judge T. Sir, or May it please you, Sir.

To Sir R. H. his Majesty's Attorney, Solicitor, or Advocate General, Sir.

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To

All others in the Law, according to their Offices and Rank they bear, every Basrifter having the Title of Efg; given him. Exchange ourse from the water

To the Lieutenants and Magiftracp.

To the Right Honourable G. Earl of C. Lord Lieutenant and Cuftos Rotulorum of the County of Durbam, My Lord, your Lordship.

To the Right Honourable D. C. Knight, Lord May-

or of the City of London, My Lord, your Lordfloip.

All Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace. have the Title of Efg; and Worlbipful, as have all Sheriffs and Recorders.

The Aldermen and Recorder of London, are fliled Right Worshipful, as are all Mayors of Corporations, except Lord Mayors.

To P. S. E/q; High Sheriff of the County of Y:

Sir, your Worfbip.

To the Right Worshipful F. F. E/q; Alderman of Tower Ward, London, Sir, your Worfrip.

To the Right Worthipful C. D. Recorder of the

City of London, Sir, your Worship.

The Governors of Hospitals, Colleges, &c. which confift of Magistrates, or have any such among them. are stiled Right Worshipful, or Worshipful, as their Titles, allow-

To the Governors under the Crown. enderble for anource and a cont

tot require and huther Exam

To his Excellency, G. Lord S. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, My Lord, your Excellency

To the Right Honourable C. Earl of D. Governor

of Dover-Caftle, &c. My Lord, your Lordsbip.

The fecond Governors of Colonies appointed by the King, are called Lieutenant-Governors.

Thele

Those appointed by Proprietors, as the East India Company, &c. are stiled Deputy Governors.

To Incorporate Bodies.

Incorporate Bodies are called Honourable; as, To the Honourable Court of Directors of the united Company of Merchants trading to the East-Indies, Your Honours.

To the Honourable the Sub-Governor, Deputy Governor, and Directors of the South-Sea Company, Your

Honours.

To the Honourable the Governor, Deputy, Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England, Your Honours.

To the Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Com-

pany of Mercers. () and) and

Tis vival to call a Baronet and a Knight, Henourable, and their Wives Ladies.

To the Honourable C. D. Baronet at B. near F.

Sir, your However.

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To the Honourable W. H. Knight at G. Surry, Sir, your Hanour.

To T. Y. Efq; at Wickbam, or to Mr. Y. ditto Sir.

To Den of Trade and Profesions.

To Doctor M. R. in Bloom bury-Square, London, Sir, or Deller.

To Mr. G. D. Merchant, in Tower-Street, London,

But the Method of addressing Men of Trade and Business, is so common and so well known, that it does not require any further Examples.

Proper DIRECTIONS for addressing Persons of every Rank or Denomination, at the Beginnings of Letters, and the Superfcriptions.

Beginning of Letters. Sire; or Sir; or, Most gracious Sout-To the King. reign; or, May it please your Majesty, bolles at To

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To the QUEEN. Madam; or, Moft, &c. To the PRINCE of WALES. Sir; or, May it please your Royal Highness.

To the PRINCESS of WALES. Madam; or, May it

please your Royal Highness.

To the PRINCESS DOWAGER. Ditto.

Note. All Sovereigns Sons and Daughters, and Brothers and Sifters, are intitled to Royal Highness. And to the rest of the Royal Family. Highness.

To a DUKE. May it please your Grace.

To a DUTCHESS, Ditto.

To a MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, LORD. To a Marchioness; an Earl's Wife, Viscountes; or a Lord's Wife.

it please your Lordsbip. May it please your Lady bip.

My Lord; or, May

To the Archbishops. May it please your Grace; or, My Lord.

To the rest of the Bishops, My Lord; or, May it

please your Lordsbip.

To the rest of the Clergy. Reverend Sir.

Note. All younger Sons of a Marquis, Earl, Vifcount, and Lords Sons, are stiled Honourable, and are Esquires.

To either of these. Sir; Honeured Sir; or, May it

please your Honour.

Also the Title of Lady is given to the Daughters of Marquisses, &c. Madam; or, May it please your Lady hip.

To a Member of Parliament. May it please your Hos.

nour.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London. My Lord; or, May it please your Lordsbip.

Note. That Generals, Admirals, and Colonels, and all

Field-Officers, are Honourable.
All other Officers, either in the Army, or Navy, have only the Title of the Commission they bear, fet first on the Superscription of the Letters; and at the Beginning, Sir; or, Honoured Sir; or, May it please your Honour.

An Ambassador, May it please your Excellency; or, Sir.

All

All Privy Counsellors, and Judges that are Privy Counsellors, are Right Honourable; and the whole Privy Council, taken together, are stiled most Honourable.

Baronets are Honourable.

Justices of the Prace, and Mayors, are stilled Right Worshipful.

Likewise Sheriffs of Counties, &c.

All Governors under his Majesty are stiled, Excellenty.
Superscriptions of Letters.

To bis most facred Majesty; or, to the King's most Excellent Majesty.

To her most sacred Majesty; or, To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

To bis Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

To ber Royal Highnels the Princess, &cc.

To ber Royal Highness the Princess Downger of Wales. Sovereigns Sons, Daughters, Brothers, and Sisters.

To bis, or her Royal Highness.

To the rest of the Royal Family. Highness.

To ber Grace the Dutchess of N-

To a Marquis Earl, Viscount, Lord,

HA

To the Right Honourable the Marquis of; Earl of; Lord Viscount F-h, The Lord H-w.

To a Marchionels. To the Right Honourable the Marchionels of, &c An Earl, or Viscount's Wife, To the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountels of, &c. To a Lord's Wife. To the Right Honourable the Lady, &c. To the Daughter of a Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or

Lord. To the Right Honourable the Lady Ann F-h. Note, The Wives of Lieutenant-Generals, Major-Generals, and Brigadier-Generals are Honourable.

Also the Wives of Vice and Rear Admirals; Ambasfadors, &c. To the Right Honograble Mrs.

To an Archbishop. To bis Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

To other Bishops. To the Right Reverend Father in God John Lord Bishop of, &c.

and the thought May it place new Excellence; or, Sir.

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Some necessary Orthographical Directions for Writing correally, and when to use capital Letters and when not.

1. Direction. T E T the first Word of every Book, Epiftle, Note, Bill, Verse, (whether it be in Prose, Rhyme, or Blank Verse) begin with a Capital.

2. Direction. Let proper Names of Persons, Places, Ships, Rivers, Mountains, &c. begin with a Capital; also all appellative Names of Professions, Callings, &c.

3. Direction. 'Tis esteemed ornamental to begin every Substantive in a Sentence with a Capital, if it bears fome confiderable Stress of the Author's Sense upon it, to make it the more remarkable and conspicuous.

4. Direction. None but Substantives, whether common, proper, or personal, may begin with a Capital, except in the Beginning, or immediately after a Full Stop.

5. Direction. Qualities, Affirmation, or Participles, must not begin with a Capital, unless such Words begin, or come immediately after a Period; then they never fail to begin with a Capital.

6. Direction. If any notable Saying or Passage of an Author be quoted in his own Words, it begins with a Capital, though not immediately after a Period.

7. Direction. Let not a Capital be written in the Mid-

dle of a Word among small Letters.

8. Direction. Where Capitals are used in whole Words and Sentences, fomething is expressed extraordinary great. They are also used in Titles of Books for Ornament's Sake.

9. Direction. The Pronoun I, and the Exclamative O, must be written with a Capital.

10. Direction. The Imer q is never used without

the Letter a next following.

11. Direction. The long f must never be inferted immediately after the short s, nor at the End of a Out out Refereds to Mir. and Mis. H.



The COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART I.

Miscellaneous LETTERS on the most useful and common Occasions.

LETTER I.

From a Brother at Home, to his Sifter Abroad on a Visit, complaining of her not writing.

Dear Sifter,

I Must acquaint you how unkind 'tis taken by every Body here, that we so seldom hear from you; my Mother, in particular, is not a little displeased, and says, you are a very idle Girl; my Aunt is of the same Opinion, and none but myself endeavour to find Excuses for you; but I beg you will give me that Trouble no more, and, for the suture, take Care to deserve no Rebuke, which you may easily do by writing soon and often. You are very sensible how dear you are to us all, think then with yourself, whether it be right to omit giving us the only Satisfaction that Absence affords to real Friends, which is often to hear from one another.

Our best Respects to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and

Compliments to all Friends,

From your very affectionate Brother,

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LETTER II.

The Sifter's Answer.

Dear Brother,

I'LL not fet about finding Excuses, but own my Fault, and thank you for your kind Reproof; and, in Return, I promise you never to be guilty of the like again. I write this immediately on the Receipt of yours, to beg my Mamma's Pardon, which you, I know, can procure; as also my Aunt's, on this my Promise of Amendment. I hope you will continue to excuse all my little Omissions, and be affured, I am never so forgetful of myself, as to neglect my Duty designedly. I shall certainly write to Mamma by next Post; this is just going, which obliges me to conclude with my Duty to dear Mamma, and fincere Respects to all Friends,

Your ever affectionate Sifter.

M. C.

LETTER III.

A young Gentleman's Letter to his Pappa, written by School- Fellow ...

Dear Pappa,

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CCORDING to your Commands, when you left me at School, I hereby obey them; and not only inform you that I am well; but also, that I am happy in being placed under the Tuition of fo good a Master, who is the best natured Man in the World; and, I am fure, was I inclinable to be an idle Boy, his Goodness to me would prompt me to be diligent at my Study, that I might please him: Besides, I see a great Difference made between those that are idle and those that are diligent; idle Boys being punished as they deserve, and diligent Boys being encouraged; But you know, Pappa, that I always loved my Book; for you have often told me, if I intended ever to be a great Man, I must learn to be a good Scholar, left, when I am grown up, I should be a Laughing-Stock or Make Game to others, for my Ignorance: But I am resolved to be a Scholar. Pray

F 2.

Pray give my Duty to my Mamma, and my Love to I am, dear Pappa, my Sifter. Your most dutiful Son.

LETTER IV.

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Another on the Same Subject.

Dear Pappa.

A SI know you will be glad to hear from your little A Boy, I should be very naughty if I did not acquaint you that I am in good Health, and that I am very well pleased with my Master; for he is very kind to me, and tells me, that he will always love young Gentlemen that mind their Learning: Therefore, I am fure, he will still love me; because you know, Pappa, I always loved my Book: For you have told me, that Boys who do not mind their Learning, will never become Gentlemen, and will be laughed at for their Ignorance, though they have ever so much Money: And as I am sure you always speak Truth, and I would willingly be a Gentleman, like you, I am resolved to be a good Scholar, which, I know, will be a Pleasure to you and my Mamma, and gain me the Love of every Body.

Pray give my Duty to my Mamma, my Uncle, and

my Aunt, and my Love to my Sifter and Coulins.

I am, dear Pappa, Your most dutiful Son. the sign and they share

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To a Friend against Waste of Time.

Dear SIR,

ONVERSE often with yourself, and neither la-vish your Time, nor suffer others to rob you of it. Wany of our Hours are stolen from us, and others pas intentibly away; but of both these Losses, the most fhameful is that which happens thro' our own Neglect. If we take the Trouble to observe, we shall find that one confiderable Part of our Life is spent in doing evil, and the other in doing nothing, or in doing what we should not do. We don't feem to know the Value of Time, nor how precious a Day is; nor do we confider, that every Moment brings us nearer to our End. Reto

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flect upon this, I entreat you, and keep a ftrict Account of Time. Procrastination is the most dangerous Thing in Life. Nothing is properly ours but the Instant we breathe in, and all the Rest is nothing; it is the only Good we posses; but then it is sleeting, and the first Comer robs us of it. Men are so weak, that they think they oblige by giving of Trisles, and yet reckon that Time as nothing, for which the most grateful Person in the World can never make amends. I am &c.

LETTER VI.

In Answer to a Friend.

Prosperity, is, that I take it to be more dangerous to our Virtue than Adversity. It is apt to make us vain and insolent; regardless of others, and forgetful of God, ambitious in our Pursuits, and intemperate in our Enjoyments. Thus it proved to the wifest Man on Earth, I mean Solomon. But I much admire what you say of Silence, and wish I could practise that passive Virtue, which is the first Step of Wisdom, the Nurse of Peace, and the Guardian of Virtue. Words do but ruffle and discompose the Mind, betraying the Soul to a thousand Vanities. I hope you will in our next Meeting, find me greatly improved in what you so much recommended to me. I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

To a young Gentleman ...

Dare venture to affirm that Learning, properly cultivated and applied, is what truly makes the Gentleman, and that a wife Man is as much superior to an ignorant Person, as a Man is above the Level of a Brute. Wherefore you cannot do better than to apply yourself seriously to the Cultivation of your Mind; to which Purpose nothing will contribute more, than your prescribing yourself a regular Method of Study. The Morning is undoubtedly more proper for Reading than any other Part of the Day; because the Mind is

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then free and disengaged, and unclouded by those Vapours which we generally find after a full Meal. Nevertheless I would not affect to read over a Multitude of
Volumes, nor read with Greediness; I would rather
chuse to read a little and digest it. Neither would I regard the Number, so much as the Choice of my Books,
&c.

LETTER VIII.

From a young Lady, in Answer to a Letter she had received from her Mamma, admising her to persevere in the Christian Duties she had been instructed in.

Most honoured Madam,

I AM at a Loss for Words to express the Joy I felt at the Receipt of your Letter; wherein you are pleased to acquaint me, that nothing ever gave my dear Mamma greater Pleasure, and Satisfaction, than the Account I have given her in the Conduct I observe in my Spiritual Affairs; and that I may still add to that Comfort (which shall ever be my Study) when an Opportunity offers it-

felf, I prefume to continue the Information.

When I have properly discharged my Duty to that Divine Being, to whom I am indebted for my Existence, I repair to my Toilet; but not with an Intent to cloath my Body (which I know must sooner or later fall into Gorruption) with vain Attire, but with such as is decent and innocent; regarding fine Robes as the Badges of Pride and Vanity; keeping those Enemies, to our Sex in particular, at too great a Distance, ever to dare an Attempt upon my Mind

When public Prayers and Breakfast are over, I apply my Thoughts to the Duties of the School; and divide the Time appointed for them as equal as possibly I can, between the several Branches of Education I am engag-

ed in, both before and after Dinner. and attendable to

When School is finished for the Day, I, accompanied by a young Lady, who is my Bedfellow, and of a like Disposition, retire to our Room, where we improve ourfelves by Reading. Books of Piety are our most common Choice: These warm our Wills, and enlighten our Understandings: They instruct us in the Cause of our Missonduct, and prescribe to us a Remedy: They neither flatter.

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flatter a dignified Title, nor infult the Peasant who tills the Ground; but, like painted Bustos, look upon every one alike. In fine, they refresh the Memory, enlarge the Understanding, and inflame the Will; and, in a delightful Manner, cultivate both Virtue and Wisdom.

Having finished our Reading, either of Piety or History, which we prefer next, (especially such as relates to our own Country) and Supper and Prayers are over, I retire alone to my Room, to take an impartial View of the Actions of the Day. If my Conscience does not accuse me of having committed any Thing criminal, I give Glory to God; and with bended Knees, and an humble Heart, return him unseigned Thanks for protecting me against those Temptations which the Enemy to Mankind is ready to allure us with: For, I am persuaded, it was not my Strength of Virtue that withstood the Temptations, but his assisting Grace that enabled me to overcome them; and if I am conscious to have done amiss, I sure for Pardon, and lay not my Body to rest, till I

have procured Peace to my Soul.

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If at any Time I am permitted to pay a Visit, (which Liberty your Indulgence has allowed) I take care to time it properly; for there are certain Times when Vifits become rather troublesome than friendly: Wherefore I avoid it when much Company is expected; or when I am certain that Family Affairs will not admit of sufficient Leisure to receive them: The sormer on my Account, the latter on my Friends: That is, much Company affembled together, serves rather to confut our Ideas, than enliven them. Wherefore, when ain fo unfortunate to ill-time a Vifit, I withdraw as Civility and Ceremony will permit me; for, in my week Opinion, Madam, long Convertations grow dull, as few of our Sex are furnished with a fafficient Fund of Materials for long Discourses, unless it be to comment upon the Frailties of the Absent, and turn their Misfortunes into a Subject for our most cruel Diverti

This, Madam, is a Vice you have often cautioned me against, and I shall be particularly careful to avoid it; being both an unchristian and disengenuous Princi-

ple, to feaft ourselves at another's Expence.

This.

This is all I have to offer at present; and am, with great Humility,

Most honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to ber Mamma, requesting a Favour.

Dear Mamma,

Affection, leave me no Room to believe that the Favour I presume to ask will be displeasing: Was I in the least doubtful of it, I hope my dear Mamma has too good an Opinion of my Conduct, to imagine I would ever advance any Thing that might give her the least Distatisfaction.

The Holidays are nigh at Hand, when all of us young Ladies are to pay our several personal Respects and Duties to our Parents, except one; whose Friends (her Parents being dead) reside at too great a Distance, for her to expect their Indulgence in sending for her: Besides, were they to do so, the Expence attending her Journey would be placed to her Accompt, and deducted out of the small Fortune left her by her Parents.

This young Lady's Affability, Sense, and good Nature, have gained her the Friendship and Esteem of the whole School; each of us contending to render her Retirement (as I may justly call it) from her native Home and Friends, as comfortable and agreeable as we

posibly can.

How happy should I think myself above the rest of our young Ladies, if you will give me Leave to engage her to spend the Holidays with me at Home! And I doubt not but her Address and Behaviour will attract your Esteem, among the rest of those she has already acquired.

Your Compliance to this Request, will greatly add to the Happiness I already enjoy from the repeated Intencies and Favours conferred on her, who will always

to merit the Continuance of them.

I am, with my Duty to Pappa.

Dear Mamma,

Your most dutiful Daughter.

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From a young Gentleman to bis Pappa, desiring that be may learn to dance.

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YOUR affectionate and paternal Behaviour conno Cost in any Branch of Education that is essentially necessary in the Employment you purpose I shall hereafter follow: And though I am certain you intend that Dancing shall have a Share in my Studies, nevertheless, permit me to put you in mind of it, and also to defire you will no longer, on Account of the Strength of my Limbs, (which I am fensible is the Motive that retards me from beginning) delay your Orders to my Master; for I am persuaded, from an Instance I am Witness of in our School of a young Master, who is much weaker in his Limbs than ever I was, that Dancing will rather strengthen than weaken my Joints.

It is not my Emulation for dancing a Minuet, that is the Motive that induces me to be thus pressing; for, I prefume, there are other Things more necessary belonging to this Qualification than that; such as to walk well; to make a Bow; how to come properly into a Room, and to go out of it; how to falute a Friend or Acquaintance in the Street, whether a Superior, Equal, or Inferior; and several other Points of Behaviour, which

are more effential than dancing a Minuet.

These Points of Behaviour I often blush to be ignorant of; and have several Times been the Ridicule of those young Chaps, who are advanced in the Knowledge of this Accomplishment: And as I am persuaded you would not chuse I should be a Make-Game to any of my School-Fellows, doubt not but you will fend your immediate Orders for my beginning; which Favour, added to the many others you have already con-ferred, will greatly oblige, Dear Pappa, Your most dutiful Son.

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LETTER XL

From a young Lady to her Pappa, who lately embarked for the East-Indies, in the Company's Service, but detained at Portsmouth by contrary Winds.

Dear Pappa,

I Flatter myself you are too well convinced of my steady Adherence to my Duty and Affection, ever to imagine I will omit the least Opportunity that offers, to

pay you my most humble Duty.

I beg my dear Pappa may not be offended if I say, that it gives me a secret Satisfaction to hear you are still within the Reach of a Post Letter: And though I cannot have the Pleasure of a paternal Embrace, yet I rejoice in the Expectation of receiving the wished for Account of your Health's Continuance; which to me, my dear Mamma, and Brother, is the greatest Blessing that Providence can possibly bestow upon us.

Oh! Sir, though short to some the Interval of Time since I received your Blessing, ere your Departure from us, to me it seems an Age! And when I reslect how many such I am doomed to bear in the Absence of the best of Parents, I am inconsolable! And if it were possible that Nature could subsist on Sleep alone, I could with Pleasure renounce every Amusement whatever, and

make the filent Pillow my Retreat.

And Mirelia instruction

Oh! may the Divine Being be your Protector against the many Dangers of that boisterous Element you are obliged to traverse! May he direct such gentle and favourable Breezes that may conduct you to your destined Port! May he add to this a happy and successful Voyage! and to crown all my Wishes, grant you a speedy and safe Return.

I have nothing worthy Notice to advise you of, but that we are all (God be praised) in the same good Health you lest us, and are in great Expectation of the same comfortable Account in your Answer to this, from

Your most dutiful Daughter.

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LETTER XIL

From a young Woman just gone to Service, to ber Mother at Home.

Dear Mother.

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at Mr. Johnson's; and I thank God, I begin to find myself a little easier than I have been: But, indeed, I have suffered a great deal since I parted from you, and all the rest of our Friends. At our first coming hither, I thought every Thing looked so strange about me: And when John got upon his Horse, and rode out of the Yard, methought every Thing looked stranger and stranger; so I got up to the Window, and looked after him, till he turned into the London Road, (for you know we live a Quarter of a Mile on the farther Side of it) and then I sat down and cried; and that always gives me some Relief. Many a Time have I cried since; but I do my best to dry up my Tears, and to appear as chearful as I can.

Dearest Mother, I return you a thousand Thanks for all the kind Advice you were so good as to give me at parting; and I think it over often and often: But yet, methinks, it would be better if I had it in Writing; that would be what I would value above all Things: But I am afraid to ask for what would give you so much Trouble. So, with my Duty to you and my Father,

and kind Love to all Friends, I remain ever

Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XIII.

Her Mother's Answer.

My dear Child,

I AM very forry that you have fuffered so much fince we parted: But 'tis always so at first, and will wear away in Time. I have had my Share too, but I bear it now pretty well; and hope you will endeavour to follow my Example in this, as you used to say you loved to do in every Thing. You must consider, that we never should have parted with you, had it not been for your Good. If you continue virtuous and obliging, all the Family

Family will love and efteem you. You will get new Friends there; and I think I can affure you, that you will lose no Love here; for we all talk of you every Evening; and every Body speaks of you as fondly or rather more fondly than ever they did. In the mean Time, keep yourself employed as much as you can, which is the best Way of wearing off any Concern. Do all the Business of your Place; and be always ready to affift your Fellow-Servants where you can in their Business. This will both fill up your Time, and help to endear you to them: And then you will soon have as many Friends about you there, as you used to have here. I don't caution you against speaking ill of any Body living, for I know you never used to do it: But if you hear a bad Story of any Body, try to fosten it all you can; and never tell it again, but rather let it slip out of your Mind as foon as possible. I am in great Hopes that all the Family are kind to you already, from the good Character I have heard of them; but I should be glad to see it confirmed by your next, and the more particular you are in it the better. If you have any Time to spare from your Business, I hope you will give a good Share of it to your Devotions: That's an Exercife which gives Comfort and Spirits without tiring one. My Prayers you have daily. I might have faid hourly: And there is nothing that I pray for with more Earnestness, than that my dearest Child may do well. You did not mention any Thing of your Health in your last; but I had the Pleasure of hearing you was well, by Mr. Cooper's young Man, who faid he called upon you in his Way from London, and that you looked as fresh as a Rose, and as bonny as a Blackbird. - You know James's Way of talking. - However, I was glad to hear you was well, and defire you will not forget to men-tion your Health yourself in your next Letter. Your Father defires his Bleffing, and your Brothers their kind Love to you. Heaven bless you my dear Child! and continue you to be a Comfort to us all, and more particularly to

Your affectionate Mother.

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LETTER XIV.

The Daughter to the Mother.

Dear Mother, HO' we begin to have fuch cold Weather, I am got up into my Chamber to write to you. God be thanked I am grown almost quite easy, which is owing to my following your good Advice, and the Kindness that is already shewn me in the Family. Betty and I are Bed-fellows; and fhe, and Robin, and Thomas, are all so kind to me, that I can scarcely say which is the kindest. My Master is sixty-five Years of Age next April; but by his Looks you would hardly take him to be fifty. He has always an easy smiling Countehance; and is very good to all his Servants. When he has happened to pass by me, as I have been dusting out the Chambers, or in the Passage, he generally says something to encourage me; and that makes one's Work go on more pleasantly. My Mistress is as thin as my Mafter is plump: Not much thort of him in Age; and more apt to be a little peevish. Indeed that may easily be borne; for I have never heard my Master say a fingle Word of any of us, but what was kind and encouraging. My Master, they say, is vastly rich; for he is a prudent Man, and laid up a greal deal of Money while he was in Bufiness, with which he purchased this Estate here, and another in Sussex, some Time before he left off. And they have, I find, a very good House in London, as well as this here; but my Master and Mistress both love the Country best, and so they fometimes stay here for a whole Winter, and all the Summer constantly; of which I am very glad, because I am so much the nearer you: And I have heard so much of the Wickedness of London, that I don't at all defire to go there. As to my Fellow-Servants, 'ris thought that Betty (who is very good-natured, and as merry as the Day is long) is to be married to the jovial Landlord over the Way; and, to fay the Truth, I am apt to believe that they are actually promised to one another. Our Coachman, Thomas, feems to be a very good, worthy Man: You may fee by his Eyes that it does his Heart good whenever he can do a kind Thing for any

of the Neighbours. He was born in the Parish, and his Father has a good Farm of his own in it, and rents another. Robin, the Footman, is good-natured too; he is always merry, and loves to laugh as much as he loves to eat; and I'm sure he has a good Stomach. But I need not talk of that, for now mine is come again, I eat almost as hearty as he does. With such Fellow Servants, and such a Master, I think, it would be my own Fault if I am not happy. Well in Health, I assure you I am, and begin to be pretty well in Spirits; only my Heart will heave a little still every Time I look towards the Road that goes to your House. Heaven bless you all there! and make me a deserving Daughter of so good a Mother.

LETTER XV.

The Mother's Answer and Advice.

Dear Child,

THE next Piece of Advice that I gave you, was, "To think often how much a Life of Virtue is to be preferred to a Life of Pleasure; and how much better, and more lasting, a good Name is than "Beauty."

If we call Things by their right Names, there is nothing that deserves the Name of Pleasure so truly as Virtue: But one must talk as People are used to talk; and, I think, by a Life of Pleasure, they generally

mean a Life of Gaiety.

Now our Gaieties, God knows, are at best very trisling, always unsatisfactory, often attended with Dissiculties in the procuring them, and Fatigue in the very Enjoyment, and too often followed by Regret and Self-condemnation. What they call a Life of Pleasure among the Great, must be a very laborious Life: They spend the greatest Part of the Night in Balls and Assemblies, and sing away the greatest Part of their Days in Sleep, Their Life is too much opposed to Nature, to be capable of Happiness: 'Tis all a Hurry of Visits, twenty or thirty perhaps in a Day, to Persons of whom there are not above two or three that they have any real Friendship or Esteem for (supposing them to be capable of either)

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ther); a perpetual feeking after what they call Diversions; and Infipidity, and Want of Taste, when they are engaged in them, and a certain Languishing and Restlefiness when they are without them. This is not living, but a constant Endeavour to cheat themselves out of the little Time they have to live; for they generally inherit a bad Constitution, make it worse by their absurd Way of Life, and deliver a still weaker and weaker Thread down to their Children. I don't know any one: Thing more ridiculous, than the feeing their wrinkled fallow Faces all set off with Diamonds. Poor mistaken Gentlewomen! they should endeavour to avoid People's. Eyes as much as possible, and not to attract them; for they are really a quite deplorable Sight, and their very Faces are a standing Lesson against the strange Lives. they lead.

People in a lower Life, 'tis true, do not act fo ridiculously as those in a higher, but even among them too there's vast Difference between the People that live well, and the People that live ill: The former are more healthy, in better Spirits, fitter for Business, and more attentive to it; the latter are more negligent, more unea-

fy, more contemptible, and more diseased.

In Truth, either in high or low Life, Virtue is only another Name for Happiness, and Debauchery is the High-Road to Misery; and this, to me, appears just as true and evident, as that Moderation is always

good for us, and Excess always hurtful.

But is it not a charming Thing to have Youth and Beauty,—to be follow'd and admir'd,—to have Presents offer'd from all Sides to one,—to be invited to all Diversions, and to be distinguished by the Men from all the rest of the Company?—Yes, my dear Child. All this would be charming, if we had nothing to do but to dance, and receive Presents, and if this Distinction of you was to last always: But the Mischief of it is, that these Things cannot be enjoyed without encreasing your Vanity every Time you enjoy them, and swelling up a Passion in you, that must soon be baulked and disappointed. How long is this Beauty to last? There are but sew Faces that can keep it to the other Side of sive and twenty; and how would you bear it, after having been

been used to be thus distinguished and admired for some Time, to fink out of the Notice of People, and to be neglected, and perhaps affronted, by the very Persons

who used to pay the greatest Adoration to you.

Do you remember the Gentleman that was with us last Autumn, and his presenting you with that pretty Flower one Day, on his coming out of the Garden. I don't know whether you understood him or not; but I could read it in his Looks, that he meant it for a Lesson to you. 'Tis true, the Flower was quite a pretty one; but though you put it in Water, you know it saded, and grew disagreeable in four or five Days; and had it not been cropped, but suffered to grow on in the Garden, it would have done the same in nine or ten. Now a Year is to a Beauty, what a Day was to that Flower; and who would value themselves much on the Possessian of a Thing, which they are sure to lose in so short a Time.

Nine or ten Years is, what one may call the natural Term of Life for Beauty in a young Woman: But by Accidents, or Misbehaviour, it may die long before its Time. The greater Part of what People call Beauty in your Face, for Instance, is owing to that Air of Innocence and Modesty, that is in it; if once you should suffer yourself to be ruined by any base Man, all that would soon vanish, and Assurances and Ugliness would

come in the Room of it.

And if other bad Consequences should follow (for other bad ones there are, of more Sorts than one) you would lose your Bloom too, and then all's gone! But keep your Reputation, as you have hitherto kept it, and that will be a Beauty which shall last to the End of your Days; for it will be only the more confirmed and brightened by Time: That will secure your Esteem, when all the present Form of your Face is vanished away, and will be always mellowing into greater and greater Charms. These my Sentiments you'll take as a Blessing, and remember they come from the Hart of a tender and affectionate Mother.

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LETTER XVI.

A Son's Letter at School to bis Father.

Honoured Sir.

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AM greatly obliged to you for all your Favours; all I have to hope is, that the Progress I make in my Learning will be no disagreeable Return for the fame. Gratitude, Duty, and a View of future Advantages, all contribute to make me thoroughly fensible how much I ought to labour for my own Improvement and your Satisfaction, and to shew myself, upon all Oc-

Your most obedient, and ever dutiful Son, ROBERT MOLESWORTH

LETTER XVII.

A Letter of Excuse to a Father or Mother.

Honoured Sir, or Madam,

A M informed, and it gives me great Concern, that you have heard an ill Report of me, which, I suppose, was raised by some of my School-Fellows; who either envy my Esteem, or by aggravating my Faults, would endeavour to lessen their own; though, I must own, I have been a little too remis in my School-Bufiness, and am now sensible I have lost in some Meafure my Time and Credit thereby; but by my future Diligence, I hope to recover both, and to convince you that I pay a first Regard to all your Commands, which I am bound to, as well in Gratitude as Duty; and hope I shall ever have Leave, and with great Truth, to subscribe myself,

Your most dutiful Son, PHILIP COLLINS.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. -

Tunbridge. Think I promised you a Letter from this Place; yet I have nothing more material to write than that I got fafe hither. To any other Man I should make

an Apology for troubling you with an Information fo trivial; but among true Friends there is nothing indifferent, and what would feem of no Confequence to others, has, in Intercourses of this Nature, its Weight and Value. A Bystander, unacquainted with Play, may fancy, perhaps, that the Counters are of no more worth than they appear; but those who are engaged in the Game, know they are to be considered at a higher Rate. You see I draw my Allusions from the Scene before me: A Propriety which the Critics, I think, upon some Occasions recommend. I have often wondered what odd Whim could first induce the healthy to follow the fick into Places of this Sort, and lay the Scene of their Diversions amidst the most wretched Part of our Species: One should imagine an Hospital the last Spot in the World to which those in Pursuit of Pleasure would think of resorting. However, so it is; and by this Means the Company here, furnish out a Tragi-Comedy of the most fingular Kind. While fome are literally dying, others are expiring in Metaphor; and in one Scene you are presented with the real, and in another with the fantastical Pains of Mankind. An ignorant Spectator might be apt to suspect that each Party was endeavouring to qualify itself for acting in the opposite Character; for the Infirm cannot labour more earnestly to recover the Strength they have loft, than the Robust to destroy that which they posses. Thus the Diseased pass not more anxious Nights in their Beds, than the Healthy at the Hazard-Tables; and I frequently see a Game at Quadrille occasion as severe Disquietudes as a Fit of the Gout. As for myself, I perform a Sort of middle Part in this. motly Drama, and am fometimes disposed to join with the Invalids in envying the Healthy, and fometimes have Spirits enough to mix with the Gay in pitying the

The Truth is, I have found fome Benefit by the Waters; but I shall not be so sanguine as to pronounce with Certainty of their Effects, till I see how they enable me to pass thro the approaching Winter. That Season, you know, is the Time of Trial with me; and if I get over the next with more Ease than the last. I

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city, Mo shall think myself obliged to celebrate the Nymph of

these Springs in grateful Sonnets.

But let Time and Seasons operate as they may, there is one Part of me, over which they will have no Power; and in all the Changes of this uncertain Constitution. my Heart will ever continue fixed and firmly yours.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIX.

From a young Apprentice to his Father to let him know how he likes bis Place, and goes on.

Honoured Sir.

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Know it will be a great Satisfaction to you, and my dear Mother, to hear that I go on very happy in my Bufiness; and my Master seeing my Diligence, puts me forward, and encourages me in such a Manner, that I have great Delight in it; and hope I shall answer in Time your good Wishes and Expectations, and the Indulgence which you have always shewn me. There is fuch good Order in the Family, as well on my Mistress's Part as my Master's, that every Servant, as well as I, knows his Duty, and does it with Pleafure. So much Evenness, Sedateness, and Regularity, is observed in all they injoin or expect, that it is impossible but it should be so. My Master is an honest, worthy Man; every Body speaks well of him. My Mistress is a chearful sweet-tempered Woman, and rather heals Breaches than widens them, And the Children, after fuch Examples, behave to us all like one's own Brothers and Sifters. Who can but love fuch a Family? I wish, when it shall please God to put me in such a: Station, that I may carry myself just as my Master does; and if I should ever marry, have just such a Wife as my Mistres: And then, by God's Blessing, I shall be as happy as they are, and as you, Sir, and my dear Mo-ther, have always been. If any Thing can make me-happier than I am, or continue to me my present Felicity, it will be the Continuance of your's, and my good Mother's Prayers, for, honoured Sir, Your eyer dutiful Son.

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LETTER XX.

From a Daughter to her Mother, by Way of Excuse for having neglected to write to her.

Honoured Madam,

HO' the agreeable News of your Health and Welfare, which was brought me last Night by the Hands of my Uncle's Man Robin, gives me an inexpressible Pleasure; yet I am very much concerned that my too long Silence should have given you so much Uneafiness as I understand it has. I can affure you, Madam, that my Neglect in that Particular was no Ways owing to any Want of filial Duty or Respect, but to a Hurry of Business, (if I may be allowed to call it fo) occasioned by the Honour of a Visit from my Lady Betty Brilliant, and her pretty Niece Miss Charlotte, who are exceeding good Company, and whom our Family are proud of entertaining in the most elegant Manner. I am not insensible, however, that neither this Plea, nor any real Business, of what Importance soever, can justly acquit me for not writing oftener to a Parent for tender and indulgent as yourself: But as the Case now stands, I know no other Way of making Attonement, than by a fincere Promise of a more strict Observance of my Duty for the future. If therefore, Madam, you will favour me so far as to forgive this first Transgression of the Kind, you may depend on my Word, it shall never be repeated by, Honoured Madam. Your dutiful Daughter.

LETTER XXI.

From Robin Redbreast in the Garden, to Master BILLY CARELESS Abroad at School.

Dear Master Billy,

As I was looking into your Pappa's Library Window, last Wednesday, I saw a letter lie open, sign'd William Careless, which led my Curiosity to read it; but was forry to find there was not that Duty and Respect in it, which every good Boy should shew to his Pappa; and this I was the more surprised at, when I found 'twas to ask a Favour of him. Give me Leave,

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therefore, dear Billy, to acquaint you, that no one should ever write to his Pappa, or Mamma, without beginning his Letter with Honoured Sir, or Honoured Madam, and at the same Time, not forget to observe, thro' his whole Epistle, the most perfect Obedience, in a very obliging, respectful Manner. By these Means, you may not only increase your Pappa's Affection, but obtain almost any Thing from him, that you can reasonably ask, provided it be proper, and in his Power to grant; what can any good Boy defire more? But here you must permit me, dear Billy, to whistle an unplease ing but very useful Song in your Ear; which is, "That " you will never get fo much as an Answer to any Let-"ter that is not also wrote bandsome, fair, and large; "which, as I know you are very capable of, am fur-prifed you will ever neglect it." And this you may depend on, for I know your Pappa extremely well, having frequently fet for Hours at his Study Window, hearing him deliver his Sentiments to your Sifters, and advising them, in the most good-natured affectionate Manner, always to behave obedient to their Parents, and pretty and agreeable to every Body elfe, as well Abroad as at Home; and I must say it, his Advice and Commands, together with your Mamma's Care and Instruction, have had so charming an Effect, that they are beloved and admired where-ever they go; and at Home every Servant is extremely fond of them, and always ready to oblige and please them in every Thing, which I fee daily, when I hop down into the Court to breakfast on the Crumbs from the Kitchen. How easy then it is for you, my dear Billy, who are so much older and wifer than your Sifters, to behave and write in the most dutiful and engaging Manner. And further let me advise you, never to lose Sight of the Love and Esteem of your Mamma, to whom you are all particularly obliged, for her constant Care to supply your continual Wants, which your Pappa, you are sensible, has not Leifure even to think of; besides, her good Sense and amiable Conduct, have so gained the Ascendant of your Pappa, that he does nothing relating to any of you without her Consent and Approbation; so that in gaining her Esteem, you are almost certain of his: But this

you are very sensible of already, and I only just chirp it in your Ear, to remind you of good Conduct, as well as

filial Duty.

But the Morning draws on, and my Fellow Songfters are Abroad to whiftle in the Day; so I must take my Leave on the Wing, and for the present bid you farewell; but beg I may never have Occasion again to write to you an unpleasing Letter of Rebuke; and that you will always remember, however distant you are, or however secret you may think yourself from your fiends and Relations, you will never be able to conceal your Faults; for some of our prying tattling Tribe, will be continually carrying them Home, to be whistled in a melancholy Strain, in the Ears of your Pappa, much to your Shame and Discredit as well as his Dislike, and my great Concern, who am, dearest Billy, your ever watchful and most affectionate Friend,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

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From my Hole in the Wall, Sun-rifing, the 1st of June, 1767.

P. S However neglectful you may be of your Duty, I know you have too much good Sense, as well as Good-nature, to take any Thing amiss that I have said in this Letter, which is wrote with the Freedom and Concern of a Friend, and to which I was prompted both by Love and Gratitude, in Return for the Plenty of Crumbs I have received at your Hands, and the kind Protection you have always shewn me, both in the Court and in the Garden, from some of your idle Companions, who, with Sticks and Stones, have often, in your Absence, aimed at my Life.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

LETTER XXII.

From one Sister to another.

Dear Sifter,

E VER fince you went to London, your favourite Acquaintance Mrs. Friendly, and myself, have thought our Rural Amusements dull and insipid, not-withstanding we have the Players in Town, and an Assembly once a Week. At your Departure, if you remember,

member, you passed your Word to return in a Month's Time, but instead of that, it is now almost a Quarter of a Year. How can you serve us so? In short, if you keep us in Suspence much longer, we are determined to sollow you, and find you out, let the Expence and Length of the Journey be what it will. We live in Hopes, however, that upon the Receipt of this Notice, you'll return without any farther Delay, and prevent our taking such an unmerciful Jaunt. Your Compliance with this our joint Request, will highly oblige, not only your most sincere and affectionate Friends, but

Your ever loving Sifter.

LETTER XXIII.

In Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sifter,

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Received your Summons, and can affure Mrs. Friendly, as well as yourfelf, that my long Stay in Town, notwithstanding all the good Company I have met with, and all the Diversions with which I have been indulged, has been quite contrary to my Inclinations; and nothing but my Lady Townly's absolute Commands not to leave her, should have prevented my Return to you within the Time proposed. You are sensible I have infinite Obligations to her, and it would be Ingratitude to the last Degree not to comply with her Injuctions. In order, however, to make you both ample Amends for that Uneafiness which my long Absence has given you, I shall use my utmost Endeavour to prevail with her Ladyship to join with me in a Visit to you both in the Spring, and to stay with you for a Month at least, if not longer. I would advise you therefore to save an unnecessary Expence, as well as Fatigue, and rest contented where you are, till you fee,

Your ever loving, And affectionate Sifter.

LETTER XXIV.

From Lady Goodford to ber Daughter, a Girl of fourteen Years old, then under the Care of her Grandmother in the Country!

My dear Child.

THOUGH I know you want no Precepts under my Mother's Care to inftruct you in all moral and religious Duties, yet there are some Things the may possibly forget to remind you of, which are highly necessary for the forming your Mind, so as to make that Figure in the World, I could wish you to do:

I am certain you will be kept up to your Music, Singing, and Dancing, by the best Masters the Country affords; and need not doubt, but you will very often be told, that good Housewifry is a most commendable Qua-____I would have you, indeed, neglect none of these Branches of Education; but, my Dear, I should be grieved to hear you were fo much attached to them, as not to be able to devote two Hours, at leaft, every Day to Reading --- My Father left a Collection of very excellent Books in all Languages behind him, which are yet in Being, and as you are tolerably well acquainted with the French and Italian, would have you not be altogether a Stranger to their Authors. Poetry, if it be good, (as in that Library you will find none that is not (o) very much elevates the Ideas, and harmonizes the Soul; and well wrote Novels are an Amusement, in which fometimes you may indulge yourfelf: But Hiftory is what I would chiefly recommend; without some Knowledge of this, you will be accounted at best but an agreeable Trifler; --- I would have you gay, lively, and entertaining; but then I would have you able to improve, as well as to divert the Company you may happen to fall into.

But, my dear Child, I must warn you to beware with what Disposition you fit down to read Books of this Nature; for if you flightly skim them over, and merely to gratify your Curiolity with the amazing Events delivered in them, the Research will afford you little Advantage.—You must, therefore, consider what you want, mark well the Chain of Accidents which

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bring on any great Catastrophe; and this will shew you that nothing happens by Chance, but all is entirely governed by the Directions of an over-ruling Power: -- In distinguishing the true Causes of the Rise and Fall of Empires, and those strange Revolutions that have happened in most Kingdoms of the World, you will atmire Divine Justice, and be far from accusing I wovidence of Partiality, when you find, as frequently you will, the good dethroned, all Rights both human and Divine facrilegiously trampled upon, a mock Authority established in the Place of a real one, and lawless Usurpation prosper; because at the same Time, you will see that this does not happen till a People grown bold in Iniquity, and ripe for Destruction, have drawn down upon themselves the severest Vengeance of offended Heaven, which is Tyranny and Oppression; and though innocent Individuals may fuffer in the general Calamity, yet it is for the Good of the Whole, in order to bring them to a just Sense of their Transgressions, and turn them from their evil Ways ! - This the Historical Part of the Bible makes manifest in numberless Instances; and this, the Calamities which at different Times have befallen every Kingdom and Commonwealth, evidently confirm.

I am the more particular in giving you these Cautions, because, without observing them, you may be liable to imbibe Prejudices which will pervert your Judgment, and render you guilty of Injustice, without knowing you are so. As you regard therefore my Commands, which will always be for your Improvement and

Emolument, never be remiss in this Point.

Next to History, I should be glad to see you have some Smattering in Natural Philosophy: For which Purpose let me recommend to your Perusal a Work intitled, Speacele de là Nature; or Nature delineated, from the French of Abbe Le Pluche; being very entertaining Philosophical Conversations, wherein the wonderful Works of Providence, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral Creation are laid open, in sour Pocket Volumes; in which are interspersed, a great Variety of useful and explanatory Cuts.——Believe me, Child, the wide Creation presents nothing that affords not infinite

Matter for a delightful Speculation; and the more you examine the Works of Nature, the more you will learn to love and adore the great God of Nature, the Fountain of all Pleasure.

Learning I would have you versed in,——I flatter my-felf with seeing my Commands obeyed, and that no Part of what I have said will be lost upon you, which a little more Time and Knowledge of the Work in Time and Knowledge of the World will shew you the Value of, and prove to you more than any Indulgence I could treat you with, how very much I am Your affectionate Mother, Sophronia,

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LETTER XXV.

To a young Lady, cautioning her against keeping Company with a Gentleman of a had Caracter.

Dear Niece,

THE fincere Love and Affection which I now have for your Indulgent Father, and ever had for your virtuous Mother, not long fince deceased, together with the tender Regard I have for your future Happiness and Welfare, have prevailed on me to inform you, rather by Letter than by Word of Mouth, that the Town rings of your unguarded Conduct, and the too great Freedoms that you take with Mr. Freelove. You have been feen with him (if Fame lies not) in the Side-Boxes at both Theatres; in St. James's Park on Sunday Night, and afterwards at a certain Tavern, not a Mile from thence, which is a House (as I have been tredibly informed) of no good Repute. You have both, moreover, been seen at Ranelagh Assembly, Vauxhall Gardens, and what is still more flagrant, at Cuper's Fire-Works. Don't imagine, Niece, that I am in the least prejudiced, or speak out of any private Pique; but let me tell you, your Familiarity with him gives me no small Concern, as his Character is none of the best, and as he has acted in the most ungenerous Manner by two or three very virtuous young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who entertained O

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tained too favourable an Opinion of his Honour. possible, as you have no great Expectancies from your Relations, and he has an Income, as 'tis reported, of 2001. a Year left him by his Uncle, that you may be tempted to imagine his Address an Offer to your Advantage: 'Tis much to be questioned, however, whether his Intentions are fincere; for notwithstanding all the fair Promises he may possibly make you, I have heard it whispered, that he is privately engag'd to a rich, old doting Lady not far from Hackney. Besides, admiting it to be true, that he is really entitled to the Annuity above-mentioned; yet 'tis too well known, that he's deep in Debt; that he lives beyond his Income, and has very little, if any, Regard for his Reputation. In short, not to mince the Matter, he's a perfect Libertine, and is ever boafting of Favours from our weak Sex, whose Fondness and Frailty are the constant Topics of his Raillery and Ridicule.

All Things therefore duly considered, let me prevail on you, dear Niece, to avoid his Company as you would a mad Man; for notwithstanding I still think you strictly virtuous, yet your good Name may be irreparably lost by such open Acts of Imprudence. As I have no other Motive, but an unaffected Zeal for your Interest and Welfare, I statter myself you'll put a favourable

Construction on the Liberty here taken by

Your fincere Friend, and affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXVI

Letter of Thanks, &c.

Received the Favour of yours, with a very kind Prefent; and know not indeed; at this Time, any other
Way to shew my Gratitude, than by my hearty Thanksfor the same. Every Thing you do carries a Charm
with it, your Manner of doing it is as agreeable as the
Thing done. In short, Sir, my Heart is full, and would
overflow with Gratitude, did I not stop, and subscribe
myself,
Your most obliged, and

Obedient humble Servant,

JOHN WADMAN.

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LETTER XXVII.

From an Apprentice to bis Friends,

Honoured Father and Mother.

BY these I let you know, that by your good Care and Conduct I am well settled, and pleased with my Station, and think it my Duty to return you my hear-ty Thanks, and grateful Acknowledgment of your Love and tender Care of me: I will endeavour to go through my Business chearfully: And fraving begun well, I hope I shall persevere to do so to the End, that I may be a Comfort to you hereafter, and in some Measure make a Return for your Love and Kindness to me, who am,

Your most dutiful and obedient Son and Servant, CHARLES SEDGLEY.

LETTER XXVIII.

From an elden Brother to a younger.

Dear Brother, 1810 | 181 bio's of ,22010 trest 1004 its

S you are now gone from Home, and are arrived at Years of some Diserction, I thought it not amis. to put you in mind, that your childish Affairs ought now to be entirely laid aside, and instead of them more serious Thoughts, and Things of more Consequence, should take Place; whereby we may add to the Reputation of our Family, and gain to ourselves the good Esteem of being virtuous and diligent in Life, which is of great Value, and ought to be studied beyond any trifling Amusements whatsoever, for 'twill be an Ornament in Youth, and a Comfort in old Age.

You have too much Good Nature to be offended at my Advice, especially when I assiste you, that I as sincerely wish your Happiness and Advancement in Life as I do my own. We are all, thank God, very well, and defire to be remembered to you: Pray write as often as Opportunity and Leifure will permit; and be affured a Letter from you will always give great Pleasure to all

your friends here, but to none more than

Your most affectionate Brother And fincere humble Servant,

EDWARD STANLEY.

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LETTER XXIX.

A Letter from a Nephew to an Uncle, who wrote to him a Letter of Rebuke.

Honoured Sir. Received your kind Advice, and by the Contents of your Letter perceive I have been represented to you as one of immeral Principles. I dare not write you any Excuse for the Follies and Frailties of Youth, because in some Measure, I own I have been guilty of them, but not to that Degree which you have had them reprefented; howevever your Rebuke is not unfeasonable, and it shall have the defired Effect, as well to frustrate the Defigns of my Enemies, (who aim to prejudice you against me) as to please you, and obey all your Commands and Advice; which I now fincerely thank you for giving me, and promise, for the future, I will make it my Study to reform, and regain, by adhering strictly to your Instructions, the good Opinion you was once so kind to entertain of me. I beg my Duty to my Aunt, and am,

Your most obliged and ever dutiful Nephew,
HENRY MONTAOU.

LETTER XXX.

Letter from a Niece to ber Aunti-

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THE Trouble I have already given you, really concerns me when I think of it, and yet I can't help intruding again upon your Goodness, for Necessity, that Mother of Invention, forces us to act contrary to our Inclinations; therefore, pray, dear Madam, exense me if I once more intreat your Assistance in this Assair, in any Manner that you shall think proper; and I hope at least one Time in my Life, to be able to convince you that I have a thorough Sense of the many Obligations your Goodness has conferred upon

Your most dutiful and truly obliged Niece,

And very humble Servant,

JANE PEMBERTON.

LETTER XXXI.

Letter from a Youth at School to bis Parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

YOUR kind Letter of the 24th Inst, I received in due Time, and soon after the Things you therein mentioned, by the Carrier, for which I return you my sincere Thanks. They came very opportunely for my Occasions. I hope soon to improve myself at School, though I own it seems a little hard and irksome to me as yet; but my Master gives me great Encouragement, and assures me I shall soon get the better of the little Difficulties that almost every Boy meets with at first, and then it will be a perfect Pleasure instead of a Task, and altogether as pleasant and easy as it is now disagreeable and hard.

My humble Duty to yourselves; and I beg the Favour of you to give my kind Love to my Brothers and Sisters, and remember me to all Friends and Acquaintance; and

you'll oblige

Your ever dutiful and obedient Son, CHARLES GOODENOUGH.

LETTER XXXII.

Letter from an Apprentice in Town, to his Friends in the

Honoured Father and Mother,

Night, and told me he should set out for Home the next Morning. I was not willing to let slip the Opportunity of sending you a Letter by him, to let you know that I am very well, and like both my Master and Mistress, and by what I can see of it, the Business extremely well, and do intend (please God) to sufe my utmost Endeavours to make myself Master of everyon Thing that belongs to it, in which I shall have treble satisfaction; first, in pleasing my Master, secondly in pleasing my Friends, and thirdly in benefiting myself. I have but little Leisure, nor do I want a great dealer but will take every Opportunity to let you know how I go on, and that I am, with great Gratitude,

Your ever duriful and most obedient Son, T. Rione

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LETTER XXXIII.

From an elder Brother in the Country to bis younger Bro-

Dear Brother,

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AM very glad to hear you are pleased with the new Situation into which the Care of your Friends has put you; but I would have you pleased not with the Novelty of it, but with the real Advantage. It is natural for you to be glad that you are under less Restraint than you were, for a Master neither has Occasion nor Inclination to watch a Youth, so much as his Parents: But if you are not careful, this, although it now gives you a childish Satisfaction, may, in the End, betray you into Mischief; nay, to your Ruin. Though your Father is not in Sight, dear Brother, act always as if you were in his Presence; and be assured, that what would not offend him, will never displease any Body.

You have more Sense, I have often told you so, than most Persons at your Time. Now is the Opportunity to make a good Use of it; and take this for certain. fort to you for your Life. I would have your Reason as: well as your Fancy pleafed with your new Situation, and then you will act as becomes you. Consider, Brother. that the State of Life that charms you so at this Time. will bring you to Independence and Affluence; that youwill, by behaving as you ought now, become Mafter of a House and Family, and have every Thing about yout at your own Command, and have Apprentices as well as Servants to wait upon you. The Master, with whom you are placed, was some Years ago in your. Situation; and what should hinder you from being hereafter in his? All that is required, is Patience and Induftry; and thele, mother, are very cheap Articles, with which to purchase so comfortable a Condition.

Your Master, I am told, had nothing to begin the World withat. In that he was worse than you; for if you behave well, there are those who will set you up in a handsome Manner. So you have sufficient Inducements to be good, and a Reward always follows in Brother, farewell! Obey your Master, and be civil to

all Persons; keep out of Company, for Boys have no Occasion for it, and most that you will meet with, is very bad. Be careful and honest, and God will bless you. If ever you commit a Fault confess it at once; for the Lie in denying it is worse than the Thing itself. Go to Church constantly; and write to us often. I think I need not fay more to fo good a Lad as you, to induce you to continue fo.

I am your affectionate Brother.

LETTER XXXIV.

A Letter of Excuse for Silence, and Assurance 'twas not out of Difrespect.

THERE are Times, Madam, in which it is failing in Care, not to write to one's Friends; there are others in which it is Prudence. Methinks it bet. ter becomes an unhappy Man to be filent than to speak; for he tires if he speaks of his Misery, or he is ridiculous if he attempts to be diverting. I have not done myfelf the Honour of writing to you fince my Departure, to avoid one or other of these Inconveniencies. I have too much Respect for you, Madam, to importune you with my Griefs; and I am not Fool enough to have a Mind to laugh. I know very well that there may be a Mean between these two Extremes; but, after all, the Correspondence of the unhappy are seldom pleasing to those who are in Prosperity. And yet, Madam, there are Duties with which one ought not to dispense; and it is to acquit myfelf of them, that I now affure you that no one can be with more Esteem and Respect than I am, 9 Your faithful and affectionate Servant;

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LETTER XXXV.

A Letter from a Servant in London, to his Master in the the real state Bede class Country, same al Isilian Line

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os IR, to Her old that our state they execut no A S I find you are detained longer in the Country Than you expected, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you that we are all well at Home; and to affure you. you that your Business shall be carried on with the same Care and Fidelity as if you were personally present. We all wish for your Return as soon as your Affairs will permit; and it is with Pleasure that I take this Opportunity of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obedient, and faithful Servant,

SAM. TRUSTY.

LETTER XXXVI.

From a Father to his Son, just beginning the World.

Dear Billy,

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As you are now beginning Life, as it were, and will probably have confiderable Dealings in your Business, the frequent Occasions you will have for Advice from others, will make you desirous of fingling out among your most intimate Acquaintance one or two,

whom you would view in the Light of Friends.

In the Choice of these, your utmost Care and Caution will be necessary; for by a Mistake here, you can scarcely conceive the satal Effects you may hereaster experience. Wherefore it will be proper for you to make a Judgment of those who are sit to be your Advisers by the Conduct they have observed in their own Affairs, and the Reputation they bear in the World. For he who has by his own Indiscretions undone himself, is much sitter to be set up as a Landmark for a prudent Mariner to shun his Courses, than an Example to follow.

Old Age is generally flow and heavy, Youth headfitting and precipitate; but there are old Men who are
full of Vivacity, and young Men replete with Dicretion; which makes me rather point out the Conduct
than the Age of the Persons with whom you should chuse
to affociate; though, after all, it is a never-failing goodSign to me of Prudence and Vistue in a young Man,
when his Seniors chuse his Company, and he delights

in theirs.

Let your Endeavours therefore be, at all Adventures, to confort yourself with Men of Sobriety, good Sense, and Virtue; for the Proverb is an unerring one, that says, A Man is known by the Company be keeps. If such Men you can single out, while you improve by their Conversation.

Conversation, you will benefit by their Advice; and be fure remember one Thing, that tho' you must be frank and unreserved in delivering your Sentiments, when Occasions offer, yet that you be much readier to hear than speak; for to this Purpose it has been significantly observed, that Nature has given a Man two Ears, and but one Tongue. Lay in therefore by Observation, and a modest Silence, such a Store of Ideas, that you may, at their Time of Life, make no worse Figure than they do; and endeavour to benefit yourself rather by other People's Ills than your own. How must those young Men expose themselves to the Contempt and Ridicule of their Seniors, who, having feen little or nothing of the World, are continually shutting out by open Mouths and closed Ears, all Possibility of Instruction, and making vain the principal End of Conversation, which is Improvement! A filent young Man makes generally a wife old one, and never tails of being respected by the best and most prudent Men. therefore you come among Strangers, hear every one speak before you deliver your own Sentiments; by this Means you will judge of the Merit and Capacities of your Company, and avoid exposing yourself, as I have known many do, by shooting out hasty and inconsiderate Bolts, which they would have been glad to recall; when perhaps a filent Genius in Company has burft out upon them with such Observations as have struck Consciousness and Shame into the forward Speaker, if he has not been quite insensible of inward Reproach.

I have thrown together, as they occurred, a few Thoughts, which may suffice for the present, to shew my Care and Concern for your Welfare. I hope you will constantly, from Time to Time, communicate to me whatever you may think worthy of my Notice, or in which my Advice may be of Use to you; for I have no Pleasure in this Life equal to that which the Happiness of my Children gives me. And of this you may

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Your affectionate Father.

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LETTER XXXVII.

To an intimate Acquaintance to borrow Money.

PRAY favour me, Charles, with twenty Guineas, by the Bearer, who is my Servaut. I have immediate Occasion; but will repay it again whenever you please to make a Demand. This Letter will answer all the Purposes of a Note: From your obliged humble Servant,

RICHARD ROLT.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To an Acquaintance to borrow a Sum of Money for a little Time.

Dear Sir,

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If it be quite convenient and agreeable to you, I'll beg the Favour of you to lend me fifty Pounds for the Space of three Months precisely: Any Security that you shall require, and I can give, you may freely ask. A less Time would not suit me; a longer, you may depend on it, I shall not desire. Your Answer will oblige, Sir, your very humble Servant,

LETTER XXXIX.

An Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Sir,

A NY Thing in my Power is always very much at your Service; the Sum you mention I have now by me, and can very conveniently spare it for the Time you fix, and you are most heartily welcome to it: Any Hour that you shall appoint To-morrow I'll be ready; and am, with the greatest Sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

CHARLES NUCENT. LET-

LETTER XL.

Miss J, in Answer to Mrs., making an Apo-

Madam.

"IS paying you but an ill Compliment, to let one of the most entertaining Letters I've met with for some Years, remain so long unacknowledged. But when I inform you I've had a House full of Strangers almost ever fince, who have taken up all my Time, I'm sure you'll excuse, if not pity me. "Who steals "my Purse, steals Trash; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to Thousands: But he who filches from me my precious Moments, robs me of that " which not enriches him, but makes me poor in-"Tis owing to this Want, I should not say Loss, of Time, (for the Hours have not pass'd by unimproved or unentertaining) that I have not been able to tell you sooner, how much I envy that Leisure and Retirement, of which you make fuch admirable Use. There 'tis the Mind unbends and enlarges itself; drops off the Forms and Incumbrances of this World, (which, like Garments trail'd about for State, as some Author has it, only hinder out Motion) and feizes and enjoys the Liberty it was born to. O when shall I see my little Farm! That calm Recess, low in the Vale of Obscurity, my Imagination so often paints to me! You know I am always in Raptures about the Country; but your Description of Richmond is enough to intoxicate the foundest Head.

Adieu! I am interrupted, and in Haste, so obliged to conclude,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Mis J -- to Mis Lovelace, on the present Letter-Writers, and her Opinion of a well wrote Letter.

W ANT of Time, is, I think, the general Complaint of all Letter-Writers; and Yours in Haste, concludes Wit, Business, every Thing. For my own Part my whole Life is little more than a perpetual g w is

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tual Hurry, of doing nothing; and, I think, I never had more Business of that Sort upon my Hands than now. But as I can generally find Time to do any Thing I've a Mind to do, fo can always contrive to be

at Leisure to pay my Respects to Miss L.

But the most universal Complaint among Scribblers of my Rank, is, Want of Sense. These generally begin with an Apology for their long Silence, and end with that moving Petition, Excuse this Nonsense. is modest, indeed; but though I'm excessive good-natur'd, I'm resolved for the future not to pardon it en-

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have often thought there never was a Letter wrote well, but what was wrote eafily; and, if I had not fome private Reasons for being of a contrary Opinion at this Time, should conclude this to be a Master-Piece of the Kind, both in Easiness of Thought and Facility of Expression. And in this Easiness of Writing (which Mr. Wycherly fays, is eafily wrote) methinks I excel even Mr. Pope himself; who is often too elaborate and ornamental, even in some of his best Letters; though it must be confessed he out does me in some few Trifles of another Sort, such as Spirit, Taste, and Sense. But let me tell Mr. Pope, that Letters, like Beauties, may be over-dreft. There is a becoming Negligence in both; and if Mr. Pope could only contrive to write without a Genius, I don't know any one fo likely to hit off my Manner as himfelf. But he infifts upon it, that a Genius is as necessary towards Writing. as Straw towards making Bricks; whereas, 'tis notorious that the Ifraelites made Bricks without that Material as well as with.

The Conclusion of the whole Matter is this, I never had more Inclination to write to you, and never fewer Materials at Hand to write with: Therefore have fled for Refuge to my old Companion, Dullness, who is ever at Hand to affift me; and have made Use of all those genuine Expressions of herself, which are included under the Notion of Want of Time, Want of Spirit, and, in fhort, Want of every Thing, but the most unfeigned Regard for that Lady, whose most devoted

I remain, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To Miss L. in Answer to ber Description of Windsor.

YOUR Account of the Shades of Windsor, and your Invitation to them, is equally pleasing and poetical. The first puts me in mind of the Elysian Groves, where the great Souls of Antiquity repose themselves on Beds of Flowers to the Sound of immortal Lyres; and there perhaps the Ghosts of departed Kings and Queens are still regaling themselves with soft Music, and gliding about their antient Mansions in Fresco; and the latter, of some gentle Spirit, the departed Genius of some Maid of Honour, (rather too plump for a Ghost) who beckens me into them. I'm impatient till I land in those calm Retreats, that Asyhim from court'fying and Compliment, which I despair'd of arriving at in this sublunary State; where, if one can but get into the Groupe, all Distinction ceases; where, you fay, I may do any Thing I have a Mind to do, without Impeachment of my Breeding; and where, disengaged from all the Forms and Incumbrances of this nether World, I'm like to be in perfect good Humour with myfelf, which, in most other Places, would be reckoned exceffively rude.

Little did I expect to meet with you so near the Seat of polite Education, much less in King's Palaces, and among their honourable Women.—Tuesday then, I set out for the glorious Land, and the Genius that presides over it, if nothing very amazing intervenes. Many are my Thanks for your Offer of a Servant to meet me; but as I choose to give you as little Trouble as possible, shall take an Equipage along with me, to kill the Dragons and Monsters in Maidenhead Thicket. These Difficulties being overcome, shall lay my Spoils at your Feet, as Lady of the enchanted Castle, and ever after remain, Your peaceful Servant, &c.

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LETTER XLIII.

Miss J. to Miss L. from an Inn on the Road, giving an Account of ber Journey.

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A LAS! the Transition! - From Yesterday, Hen-rietta-Street, Mrs. L. and Mrs. - , to a nasty Inn, the officious Mrs. Mary, damp Sheets, and perhaps the Itch before Morning. Yet say not I want Refolution; never Virtue had more. Sick to Death from the Moment you left me, Head-Ach beyond Description, five Men and two Women to compliment my Way through in the Afternoon; yet boldly ruth'd through them all, and took my Place in the Stage-Coach myself. After all, lost five Shillings Earnest by a Blunder, went in a wrong Coach at last, and such a Morning! But then I had a worshipful Society! All filent and fick as myfelf; for which I thanked my Stars: For if they had spoke, I had been murdered. Mrs. ——had almost talked me into Non existence Yesterday Morning; and I had been totally annihilated, if you had not come in and restored me to my Identity. Pray tell her this in Revenge for my Head-Ach.

All our Friends that we took up in the Morning, we dropt gradually one by one, as we do when we fer out upon the Journey of Life; and now I've only a young Student of Oxford to finish the Evening of my Day with, and prepare for the grand Events of To-morrow. I've just been eating a boiled Chicken with him, and talking about Homer and Madam Roland; and am now retiring with Mrs. Mary to my Bed-Chamber, whom I shall dismis with her Warming-Pan in a Moment. If you do not permit me to pour out the present Set of Ideas opon all this Paper, I'm inconsolable; for I've no Book, and was too absent till now to think I should want one. How fudden, and how capricious are the Transitions of this mortal Stage! Pleasure and Pain are parted but by a fingle Moment. Windsor, Fern-Hill, Brook-street, and your grey Gown, are no more; nor with Mr. Locke's Affociations can I affociate a fingle Idea of the past with the present. Even Lady is defunct. And yet the might—But the is no more; Et de Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

While.

While Virtue shines, or finks beneath -

This Effort of Poetry, and that Scrap of Latin, which I don't understand, has so exhausted all my Forces, that I find myfelf gradually finking into the Arms of Sleep, and must now resign to the gentle Power of Dreams.

Farewell-and when, like me, opprest with Care, You to your own Aquinum shall repair, To tafte a Mouthful of Sweet Country Air; Be mindful of your Friend, and Send me Word What Joys your Fountains, and cool Streams afford: Then to affift your Rhapfodies I'll come, And add new Spirit, when we speak of Rome.

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LETTER XLIV.

To Miss L. on the Expressions and Compliments commonly made Use of in Letters.

THE Money and Books came found as a Roach. Safe is fo common an Expression, that I'm tired of telling People for ever, Things came fafe. We Geniules are forced to vary our Expressions, and invent new Terms, as well to shew our surprising Compass of Thought as our great Command of Language. This fometimes appears stiff and affected to the Common Class of Readers, or Hearers, who are apt to be out of their Element, upon hearing any new or unufual Sounds; but our nicer Ears cannot always bear the same Cadences. There's fomething peculiar in the Make and Structure of the auditory Nerve that requires Diverification and Variety, as well as some Skill in the Anatomy of Language, to make an Impression on it, without wounding it. 'Tis for this Reason, when I ask a Favour (a Thing I feldom chuse to do) I always select the most delicate Phrases I'm Mistress of; but in Regard to Forms, which most People are fick of, and yet surfeit their Friends with, these I vary according as

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Consequence, when I come towards the End, or Peroration of a Letter, I sometimes communicate my Compliments—sometimes desire they may be made known—or where there's a large Family, and of Consequence a Number of Civilities to be paid, the laconic stile of—my Deserences as usual, has sometimes succeeded beyond my Expectation. I'm sick of saying for ever, I beg my Compliments to such a one—But as I propose soon to give your Ladyship a particular Dissertation upon Stile, and as I've many Flowers of Rhetoric yet inexhausted, I shall wind up the Words abovementioned into the Form of a Letter, and communicate all the Things I have to say in the Postscript.

LETTER XLV.

From Miss Jones to Lady ----

THE first Letter from an absent Friend is surely the most agreeable Thing to muse over in Nature. Yours from Hatfield revived in me those pleasing Remembrances which not only enliven but expand the Heart; that very Heart, which, but the Moment before, felt itself mightily shrunk and contracted at the Thoughts of your Departure. Lady H. Beauclerk partook of the Pleasure: The Moment she saw your Hand, the cried Half!——and read it most complacently over

ry Shoulder.
Tis to no Purpose to tell you how much you are missed by every Body that stayed in Town; how often I cast my Eyes up at your Dressing-Room Windows, or how many People I've run over in contemplating your Dining-Room Shutters. All I have to beg of you is, to write to me very often, to be mindful of your Health, and to order John, when I go to Town again, to tie up that Knocker. I could tell you many Stories of the sensible Things; but of all the insensible ones upon this Occasion, your Lamp provoked me the most. To see that Creature, when I've gone by in the Evening, burn so prettily, and with so much Alacrity, has put me out of all Patience. To what Purpose should he light us into your House.

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now? Or who'd be obliged to him for his paultry Rays? -- I took a contemplative Turn or two in your Dreffing-Room once or twice; but 'twas fo like walking over your Grave, that I could not bear to stay. Lady H. departed two Days after you; and, in short, I lived to see almost every Body I loved go before me. So last Saturday I made my own Exit, with equal Decency and Dignity; that is, with a thorough Relignation of the World I left, and an earnest Defire after that I am now enjoying with Lady Bowyer and Miss Peggy Stonehouse, I shall begin verging towards my last Home, after having just touched upon the Confines of Lady H. B.'s World, there to subside and be at Peace. where I shall have nothing farther to hope for, but to meet with a Letter from you.

I have implor'd St. Swithin in your Behalf; but he either not hears me, or, to pay you a greater Compli-ment, weeps plentifully for your Absence. I fear you've had a terrible Journey; for scarce a Day has passed that he has not shed many Tears.

LETTER XLVI.

From a Tradesman to a Correspondent, requesting the Payment of a Sum of Money.

SIR.

A Very unexpected Demand that has been made on me for Money, which I was in Hopes of keeping longer in my Trade, obliges me to apply for your Affiftance of the Balance of the Account between us, or as much of it as you can spare. When I have an Opportunity to inform you of the Nature of this Demand, and the Necessity of my discharging it, you will readily excusethe Freedom I now take with you; and as 'tis an Affair of such Consequence to my Family, I know the Friendthip you bear me will induce you to ferve me effectually. I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

The Louis Course of the Course

ROBERT. JONES.

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LETTER XLVII.

The Answer.

T gives me fingular Satisfaction, that I have it in my Power to answer your Demand, and am able to serve a Man I so much Esteem. The Balance of the Account is two hundred Pounds, for Half of which I have procured a Bank Note, and for Security divided it, and sent one Half by the Carrier, as you desired, and have here enclosed the other. I wish you may surmount this and every other Difficulty that lies in the Road to Happiness, and am, Sir, Yours sincerely,

RICHARD TOMPKINS.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Lady, inviting her into the Country for the Summer.

A CONTRACTOR

My dear Harriot,

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Don't know whether I flatter myself with an Opinion of your speaking to me the other Day with an uncommon Air of Friendship, or whether I am so happy to hold that Place, of which I should be so ambitious, in your Esteem. I thought you spoke with Concern at our parting for the Summer, on our Family's retiring into the Country. For Heaven's Sake, my Dear, what can you do all the dull Season in London? Vauxhall is not for more than twice; and I think Ranelagh one would not fee above Half a Dozen Times in the Year. What is it then you find to entertain you in an empty Town for four or five Months together. I would fain perfuade you not to be in Love with fo difagreeable a Place, and I have an Interest in it; for I am a Petitioner to you to stay this Summer with us, at least I beg you will try. We go, my Dear, on Monday? Will you go with us? For there is a Place in the Coach; or will you come when we are fettled? I am greatly of Opinion that it will please you. I am sure I need not tell you we shall do all we can to render it agreeable, or that you will make us very happy in complying with the Invitation.

You have not seen our House; but it is a very pleasant one. There are fine Prospects from the Park, and
a River runs through the Garden; nor are we quite out
of the Way of Entertainment. You know there is a
great deal of Company about the Place; and we have
an Assembly within a Mile of us. What shall I say else
to tempt you to come? Why I will tell you, that you
will make us all the happiest People in the World; and
that when you are tired you shall not be teazed to stay.
Dear Harriot, think of it; you will confer an Obligation on her, who is, with the truest Respect,

Your affectionate Friend.

LETTER XLIX.

From a young Person in Trade to a Wholesale Dealer, who had suddently made a Demand on him.

SIR. YOUR Demand coming very unexpectedly, I must confess I am not prepared to answer it. I know the stated Credit in this Article used to be only four Months; but as it has been a Custom to allow a moderate Time beyond this, and as this is only the Day of the old Time, I had not yet prepared myfelf. Sir, I beg you will not suppose it is any Deficiency more than for the present, that occasions my desiring a little Time of you; and I shall not ask any more than is usual among the Trade. If you will be pleased to let your Servant call for one Half of the Sum this Day three Weeks, and the Remainder a Fortnight afterwards, it shall be ready. However, in the mean Time, I beg of you not to let any Word flip of this, because a very litthe Thing hurts a young Beginner. Sir, you may take, my Word with the greatest Safety, that I will pay you as I have mentioned; and if you have any particular Cause for insisting on it sooner, be pleased to let me know that I must pay it, and I will endeavour to borrow the Money; for if I want Credit with you, I cannot suppose that I have lost it with all the World, not knowing what it is that can have given you these diftrufful Thoughts concerning,

Your Humble Servant.

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LETTER L.

The Wholefale Dealer's Answers

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I AM very forry to press you, but if I had not Reafon I should not have called upon you. It is not out of any Disrespect to you that I have made the Demand, but we have so many Losses that it is fit we should take Care. However, there is so much seeming Frankness and Sincerity in your Letter, that I shall desire Leave first to ask you whether you have any Dealing with an Usurer in Bread-Street, and, if you please, what is his Name? Until you have given me the Satisfaction on this Head, I shall not any farther urge the Demand I have made upon you; but as this may be done at once, I desire your Answer by the Bearer, whom you well know; for he was, as he informs me, very lately your Servant.

I assure you, Sir, it is in Consideration of the great Opinion I have of your Honour, that I refer the Demand I have made to this Question; for it is not customary, and is supposed not to be fair or prudent, to mention our Reasons on these Occasions. If this is cleared up to me, Sir, as I wish, but I fear it cannot be, I shall make no Scruple of the Time you mentioned. I beg

your Answer without Delay, and am fincerely,

Your Friend and Well-wisher.

LETTER LI.

From a young Person just out of his Apprenticeship, to a Relati-

SIR.

I Can remember nothing but Kindness from you to our unhappy Family ever fince my Infancy; and I flatter myself that I have not been guilty of any Thing that ought to exclude me in particular from your Favour, provided you retain the same kind Thoughts towards me. I may be mistaken in what I imagine farther, but I have always thought you had no small Hand in putting me out; for I think my Father could not have commanded such a Sum of Money, without the Assistance

Assistance of some generous Friend, and I can think of none but you. If this be the Case, Sir, I may be the me ashamed to write to you upon the present Occasion, since it is Ingratitude to make one Benefit the Cause of asking others: But I will venture to say in my own Favour, that I think my Behaviour in the Time I have been with my Master, will not make against me in the Application. If I ask what to you should seem improper, all

that I farther request is to be pardoned.

Sir, I have at prefent before me the Prospect of being a Journeyman of a small Salary, and just getting Bread, and that of being a Master in one of the most advantageous Trades that can be thought of: And this is the Time of fixing myself in one Situation or the o-I am sensible, Sir, you will see the Design of this Letter, because the becoming a Master cannot be done without Money, and I have no where to apply for fuch an Affistance but to your Favour: A moderate Sum, Sir, will answer the Purpose; and I think I am so well acquainted with the Trade, as to be able foon to repay it; at least, I am fure I can take Care that the Value of it shall be always kept in Stock, so that there can be no Risk to lose any Part of it. I have made the Computation, and with 2001. carefully laid out, I can make all the Shew that is necessary, and have all Conveniencies about me. If you will be so generous, Sir, to complete the Goodness you have already begun, by lending me this Sum, there is nothing shall tempt me to endanger your losing any Part of it; nor shall any Thing ever make me forget the Obligation.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, and most obedient humble Servant, I. B.

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The COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART II.

LETTERS of Courtship and Marriage.

LETTER I.

From a young Person in Business to a Gentleman, desiring Leave to wait on his Daughter.

SIR. HOPE the Justness of my Intentions will excuse I the Freedom of this Letter, whereby I am to acquaint you of the Affection and Esteem I have for your Daughter. I would not, Sir, offer, at any indirect Address, that should have the least Appearance of Inconfiftency with her Duty to you, and my honourable Views to her; choosing, by your Influence, if I may approve myself to you worthy of that Honour, to commend myself to her Approbation. You are not insensible, Sir, by the Credit I have hitherto preserved in the World, of my Ability, by God's Bleffing, to make her happy; and this the rather emboldens me to request the Favour of an Evening's Conversation with you, at your first Convenience, when I will more fully explain myfelf, as I earnestly hope, to your Satisfaction, and take my Encouragement, or Discouragement, from your own Mouth. I am, Sir, in the mean Time, with great Respect,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

L E T-

LETTER

From a young Lady to her Father, acquainting him with a Proposal of Marriage made to her.

Honoured Sir,

S young Mr. Lovewell, whose Father, I am sensible, is one of your intimate Acquaintance, has, during your Absence in the Country, made an open Declaration of his Passion for me, and prest me closely to comply with his Overtures of Marriage, I thought it my Duty to decline all Offers of that Nature, however advantageous they might feem to be, till I had your Thoughts on fo important an Affair; and I am absolutely determined either to discourage his Addresses, or keep him at least in Suspence, till your Return, as I shall be directed by your superior Judgment. I beg Leave, however, with due Submission, to acquaint you of the Idea I have entertained of him, and hope I am not too blind, or partial in his Favour. He feems to me to be perfectly honourable in his Intentions, and to be no Ways inferior to any Gentleman of my Acquaintance hitherto, in Regard to good Sense or good Manners. — I frankly own, Sir, I could admit of his Addresses with Pleasure, were they attended with your Consent and Approbation: Be assured, however, that I am not fo far engaged, as to act with Precipitation, or comply with any Offers inconfiftent with that filial Duty. which, in Gratitude to your paternal Indulgence, I shall ever owe you. Your speedy Instruction therefore in so momentous an Article, will prove the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to,

Honoured Sir, your most dutiful Daughter.

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LETTER III.

From a Daughter to ber Mother upon the fame Occasion.

Honoured Madam,

SOON after I left you and my Friends in the Country, I happily engaged with one Mrs. Prudence, a Governess of a noted young Ladies Boarding-School at the Court End of the Town, to act as her Affistant. She has treated me, ever fince I have been with her, with

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with the utmost Good-Nature and Condescension, and has all along endeavoured to make my Service more easy and advantageous to me than I could reasonably expect. On the other Hand, as a grateful Acknowledgment of her Favours, I have made her Interest my whole Study and Delight. My courteous Deportment towards the young Ladies, and my constant Care to oblige my Governess, have not only gained me the Love and Esteem of the whole House, but young Mr. Byron, the Dancing-Master who attends our School weekly, has cast a favourable Eye upon me some Time, and has lately made me such Overtures of Marriage, as are, in my own Opinion, worthy of my Attention. However, notwithstanding he is a great Favourite of Mrs. Prudence, a Man of unblemished Character, and very extenfive Bufiness, I thought it would be an Act of the highest Ingratitude, to so indulgent a Parent as you have been to me, to conceal from you an Affair wherein my future Happiness or Misery, must so greatly dependi As to his Person, Age, and Temper, I must own, Madam, with a Blush, that they are all perfectly agreeable; and I should think myself very happy, should you countenance his Addresses. I flatter myself however. that I have so much Command of my own Passions, as in Duty to be directed in so momentous an Affair by your superior Judgment. Your speedy Answer therefore will be looked upon as an additional Act of Indulgence shewn to, Your most dutiful Daughter.

LETTBROIV.

The Mother's Answer to the foregoing.

Dear Daughter,

Received yours in regard to the Overtures of Marriage made you by Mr. Byron, and as that is a very weighty Affair, I shall return to London as soon as possible, in order to make all due Enquiries. And in Case I find no just Grounds for Exceptions to the Man, I have none to his Occupation; since 'tis suitable enough to that State of Life for which you seem to have a peculiar Taste. However, they I should rejoice to see you settled to your Satisfaction and Advantage, and K

tho' you feem to entertain a very favourable Opinion of his Honour, and Abilities to maintain you in a very decent Manner; yet I would have you weigh well the momentous Matter in Debate: Don't be too hafty, my Dear; consider, all is not Gold that glitters: Men are too often falle and perfidious; promise fair, and yet, at the same Time, aim at nothing more than the Gratification of their unruly Defires. I don't fay that Mr. Byron has any fuch dishonourable Intentions, and I hope he has not, for which Reason I would only have you act with Diferetion and Referve; give him neither too great Hopes of Success, nor an absolute Denial to put him in Despair. All that you have to say till you fee me is this, that you have no Aversion to his Person; but that you are determined to be wholly directed by your Mother in air Affair of fo ferious a Concern. This will naturally induce him to make his Application to me on my first Arrival; and you may depend upon it, no Care thall be wanting on my Side to promote your future Happiness and Advantage. I am.

Dear Daughter, your truly affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

A young Lady's Answer to a Gentleman's Letter, who professes an Aversion to the tedious Forms of Courtship.

S 1 R.

AM no more fond of the fashionable Modes of Courtship than yourself. Plain Dealing I own is best; but methinks common Decency should always be

preferved.

There is fomething so peculiar and whimsical in your Manner of Expression, that I am absolutely at a Loss to determine whether you are really serious, or only write for your own Amusement. When you explain yourself in more intelligible Terms, I shall be better able to form a Judgment of your Passion, and more capable of returning you a proper Answer. What Instuence your future Addresses may have over me I cannot say; but to be free with you, your first Attempt has made no Impression on the the Heart of,

M I R A.

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The Lady's Reply to another Letter from the same Geneleman, wherein he more explicitly aways his Passion.

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SIR,
SINCE neither of us, I perceive, is over-fond of figuandering our Time away in idle, unmeaning Compliments, I think proper to inform you, in direct Terms, that the Dispolal of my Person is not altogether in my own Power; and that notwithstanding my Father and Mother are both deceased, yet I transact no single Affair of any Moment, without consulting Sir Orlando Wiseman, of Lincoln's Inn, who is my Counfel upon all Occasions, and is a Gentleman, as I conceive, of the strictest Honour and Honesty, and one on whose Judgment I can safely rely. I'll be so fair and just to you, as steely to acknowledge, that I have no Objection to your Person: If therefore you think proper to wait on him with your Proposals, and I find that he approves them, I shall act without any mental Reservation, and be very apt to encourage a Passion, that I imagine to be both honourable and sincere.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant.

LETTER VI

From an Aunt to ber Nepbew, who bad complained of ill

Dear Nephew.

Received your doleful Ditty, in regard to your ill Success in your late Love Adventure with Miss Snow. No Marble Monument was ever half so cold, or Vestal Virgin half so coy! She turns a deaf Ear, it seems, to your most ardent Vows! And what of all that? By your own Account it appears, she has given you no flat Denial; neither has the peremptority forbid your Visits. Really, Nephew, I thought a young Gentleman of your good Sense and Penetration, should be better vers'd in the Arts of Love, than to be cast down all at once, and quit the Field upon the first Repulse. You should consider, that she's not only a Beau-

ty, but a very accomplished Lady. You must surely be very vain to imagine, that one of her Education, good Sense, and real Merit, should fall an easy Victim into your Arms. Her Affections must be gradually engaged; she looks upon Matrimony as a very serious Affair, and will never give Way, I am fully persuaded, to the Violence of an-ill grounded Passion. For Shame, Nephew, hake off that unbecoming Bashfulness, and shew yourself a Man. Lovers, like Soldiers, should endure Fatigues. Be advised: Renew the Attack with double Vigour: for she's a Lady worth your Conquest. The Revolution of a Day (as the ingenious Mr. Rowe has it) may bring fuch Turns as Heaven itself could scarce have promised. Chear up, dear Nephew, under that Thought. When I hear from you again, a few Weeks hence, I am not without Hopes, if you will follow my Advice, of your carrying the Siege, and making her comply with your own Terms of Accommodation. In the mean Time, depend upon it, no Stone shall be left unturned on my Part, that may any Ways contribute towards your good Success, as I cannot, without Injustice to the Lady, but approve your Choice.

I am, your affectionate Aunt.

LETTER VIII.

From a Daughter to a Father, wherein she dutifully expostulates against a Match be had proposed to ber, with a Gentleman much older than berself.

Honoured Sir,

'HO' your Injunctions should prove diametrically anot insensible, that the Duty which I owe you binds me to comply with them. Besides, I should be very ungrateful, should I presume, in any Point whatever, con-sidering your numberless Acts of parental Indulgencies towards me, to contest your Will and Pleasure. Tho' the Consequences thereof should prove never so fatal, I am determined to be all Obedience, in Case what I have to offer in my own Defence should have no Influence over you, or be thought an insufficient Plea for my Aversion to a Match, which, unhappily for me, you seem,

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to approve of. 'Tis very possible, Sir, the Gentleman. you recommend to my Choice, may be possessed of all. that Substance, and all those good Qualities, that bias you fo strongly in his Favour; but be not angry, dear Sir, when I remind you, that there is a vaft Disproportion in our Years. A Lady, of more Experience, and of a more advanced Age, would, in my humble Opinion. be a much fitter Help-Mate for him. To be ingenuous. (permit me, good Sir, to speak the Sentiments of my Heart without Reserve for once) a Man, almost in hisgrand Climacterick, can never be an agreeable Companion for me; nor can the natural Gaiety of my Temper, which has hitherto been indulged by yourfelf in every innocent Amusement, be over-agreeable to him. Tho' his Fondness at first may connive at the little Freedoms I shall be apt to take; yet as soon as the Edge of his Appetite shall be abated, he'll grow jealous, and for ever torment me without a Cause. I shall be debarr'd of every Diversion suitable to my Years, tho' never so harmless and inoffensive; permitted to see no Company; hurried down perhaps to some melancholy rural Recess; and there, like my Lady Grace in the Play, fit penfive and alone, under a green Tree, Your long experienced Goodness, and that tender Regard, which you have always expressed for my Ease and Satisfaction, encourage me thus freely to expostulate with you on an Affair of so great Importance. If, however, after all, you shall judge the Inequality of our Age an insufficient Plea in my Favour, and that Want of Affection for a Hulband is but a Trifle, where there is a large Fortune and a Coach and Six to throw into the Scale; if, in short, you shall lay your peremptory. Commands upon me to relign up all my real Happiness and Peace of Mind for the Vanity of living in Pomp and Grandeur, P am ready to fubmit to your superior Judgment. Give me Leave, however, to observe, that 'tis impossible for me ever to love the Man into whose Arms I am to be thrown, and that my Compliance with fo detelted a Proposition, is nothing more than the Result of the most inviolable Duty to a Father, who never made the least Attempt before to thwart the Inclinations of,

His ever obedient Daughter. K.3.

LETTER IX.

From a young Lady to a Gentleman that courted her, whom he could not like, but was forced by her Parents to receive his Visits, and think of none else for her Husband.

SIR.

I T is a very ill Return which I make to the Respect you have for me, when I acknowledge to you, that tho' the Day of our Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving you. You may have observed, in the long Conversation we have had at those Times that we were left together, that some Secret hung upon my Mind I was conftrained to an ambiguous Behaviour, and durst not reveal myself further, because my Mother, from a Closet near the Place where we sat, could both hear and see our Conversation. I have strict Commands from both my Parents to receive you, and am undone for ever, except you will be so kind and generous as to refuse me. Consider, Sir, the Misery of bestowing yourself upon one who can have no Prospect of Happiness but from your Death. This is a Confession made perhaps with an offensive Sincerity; but that Conduct is much to be preferred to a fecret Dislike, which could not but pall all the Sweets of Life, by imposing on you a Companion that doats and languishes for another. I will not go so far as to say my Passion for the Gentleman, whose Wife I am by Promise, would lead me to any Thing criminal against your Honour. I know it is dreadful enough to a Man of your Sense to expect nothing but forced Civilities in Return for your tender Endearments, and cold Esteem for undeserved Love. If you will on this Occasion let Reason take Place of Pasfion. I doubt not but Fate has in Store for you some worthier Object of your Affection, in Recompence for your Goodness to the only Woman that could be insensible of your Merit. I am.

Sir, your most humble Servant, M. H.

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From a young Lady to a Gentleman who courts ber, and whom
she suspects of Infidelity.

SIR.

THE Freedom and Sincerity with which I have at all Times laid open my Heart to you, ought to have some Weight in my Claim to a Return of the same Considence; but I have Reason to sear that the best of Men do not always act as they ought. I write to you what it would be impossible to speak; but, before I see you, I desire you will either explain your Conduct last Night, or consess that you have used me not as I

have deserved of you.

It is in vain to deny that you took Pains to recommend yourself to Miss Peacock; your Earnestness of Discourse shewed me that you were no Stranger to her. I desire to know, Sir, what Sort of Acquaintance you can wish to have with another Person of Character, after making me believe that you wished to be married to me. I write very plainly to you, because I expect a plain Answer. I am not apt to be suspicious, but this was too particular, and I must be either blind or indifferent to overlook it. Sir, I am neither; though perhaps it would be better for me if I were one or the other.

I am, yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

From a Gentleman engaged to a Lady, who had been feen talking to another, in Answer to the foregoing.

My dearest Jenny,

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WHAT can have put it into your Thoughts to be suspicious of me, whose Heart and Soul you know are truly yours, and whose whole Thoughts and Wishes are but on you? Sweet Quarreller, you know this: What Afternoon have I spent from you? Or who did you ever see me speak to without Distaste, when it prevented my talking with you?

You know how often you have cautioned me not to speak to you before your Uncle; and you know he was there. But you do well to abuse me for being too obe-

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dient to your Commands; for, I promise you, you shall never get any other Cause. I thought it most prudent to be feen talking with another, when it was my Bufiness not so much as to look at you. Mils Peacock is a very old Acquaintance: She knows my perfect Devotion to you, and the very well knew all that Civility and Earnestness of Discourse about nothing, was pretended. I write to you before I come, because you commanded me; but I will make you alk my Pardon in a few Minutes for robbing me of those few, which might have been pasfed with you, and which it has taken to write this Letter. My sweetest Quarreller, I am coming to you. After this never doubt but that I am,

Yours most truly.

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From a Gentleman to a Lady, whom he accuses of Inconone wou can with to have const another Perland

Madam,
OU must not be surprised at a Letter in the Place of a Visit, from one who cannot but have Reason

to believe it may easily be as welcome as his Company. You should not suppose, if Lovers have lost their sight that their Senses are all banished: And if I refuse to believe my Eyes, when they shew me your Inconstancy, you must not wonder that I cannot stop my Ears against the Accounts of it. Pray let us understand one another properly; for I am afraid we are deceiving ourselves all this while: Am I a Person whom you elteem, whose Fortune you do not despife, and whose Pretensions you encourage; or am I a troublesome Coxcomb, who fancies mylelf particularly received by a Woman who lonly laughs at me? If I am the latter, you treat me as I deferve and I ought to join with you in faying I deferre it: But if it be otherwise, and you receive me, as I think you do, as a Person you intend to marry, for it is best to be plain on these Occasions. for Heaven's Sake, what is the Meaning of that univerfal Coquetry in public, where every Fool flatters. you, and you are pleafed with the meanest of them? And what can be the Meaning that I am told, you last tne o Night: 11

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Night in particular was an Hour with Mr. Marlow, and are so wherever you meet him if I am not in Company? Both of us, Madam, you cannot think of; and I should be forry to imagine, that when I had given you my Heart so entirely, I shared yours with any Body.

I have said a great deal too much to you, and yet I am tempted to say more; but I shall be silent. I beg you will answer this, and I think I have a Right to expect that you do it generously and fairly. Do not mistake what is the Effect of the Distraction of my Heart, for Want of Respect to you. While I write this, I don't upon you, but I cannot bear to be deceived where all my Happiness is centered.

Your most unhappy.

LETTER XILL

From a Lady to ber Lower, who suspected her of receiving the Addresses of another. In Answer to the above.

IF I did not make all the Allowances you defire in SIR. the End of your Letter, I should not answer you at all. But although I am really unhappy to find you are so, and the more to find myself to be the Occasion, I can hardly impute the Unkindness and Incivility of your Letter to the fingle Cause you would have me. However, as I would not be suspected of any Thing that should justify such Treatment from you, I think it necesfary to inform you, that what you have heard has no more Foundation than what you have feen: However, I wonder that other Eyes should not be as easily alarmed as yours; for instead of being blind, believe me, Sir, you fee more than there is. Perhaps, however, their Sight may be as much sharpened by unprovoked Malice, as yours by undeferved Suspicion,

Whatever may be the End of this Dispute, for I do not think so lightly of Lovers Quarrels as many do, I think proper to inform you, that I never have thought favourably of any one but yourself; and I shall add, that if the Fault of your Temper, which I once little suspected, should make me fear you too much to marry,

106 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

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courted by any Man in the World.

I did not know that the Gaiety of my Temper gate you Uneafines; and you ought to have told me of with less Severity. If I am particular in it, I am afraid It is a Fault in my natural Disposition; but I would have taken some Pains to get the better of that, if I had known it was disagreeable to you. I ought to resent this Treatment more than I do, but do not infult my Welk ness on that Head; for a Fault of that Kind would want the Excuse this has for my Pardon, and might not be so eafily overlooked, though I should wish to do it. I should fay, I will not see you To-Day, but you have an Advocate that pleads for you much better than you do for yourself. I desire you will first look carefully over this Letter, for my whole Heart is in it, and then come or not, as you please. Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV

From a young Tradesman to a Lady be bad seen in Public.

the Madami as for bused I BRHAPS you will not be furprifed to receive a Letreflect from a Person who is unknown to you; when you reflect how likely so charming a Face may be to create impertinence; and I personal myself that when you remember where you fat last Night at the Play-House, you will not need to be told this comes from the Person who

wasquift before you. and and a tent and on In the first Place, Madam, I ask Pardon for the Liberty I then took of looking at you, and for the greater Liberty. I now take in writing to you . But after this, I beg Leave to fay that my Thoughts are honourable, and to inform you who arh a I shall not pretend to be any better. I keep a Shop, Madam, in Henrietta Street, and the but two Years in Trade, I have tolerable Custom. I do not doubt but it will increase, and I shall be able to do fomething for a Family. If your Inclinations, are not engaged, I should be very proud of the Honour of waiting on you; and in the mean Time if you please to defire any Friend to ask my

my Character in the Neighbourhood, I believe it will not prejudice you against,

Madam, Your most humble Servant.

LETTER XV.

From a Relation of the Lady, in Answer to the above.

HERE has come into my Hands a Letter which you wrote to Miss Maria Stebbing; she is a Relation of mine, and is a very good Girl; and I dare say you will not think the worse of her in consulting her Friends in such an Affair as that you wrote about: Bestides, a Woman could not well answer such a Letter herself, unless it was with a full Resusal, and that the would have been wrong to have done until she knew something of the Person that wrote it, as wrong as to have encouraged him.

You feem very fincere and open in your Defigns; and as you gave Permission to enquire about you among your Neighbours, I being her nearest Friend, did that for her. I have heard a very good Account of you; and from all that I see, you may be very suitable for one another. She has some Fortune, and I shall tell you farther, that she took Notice of you at the Play, and does not seem persectly averse to seeing you in the Presence of

Your humble Servant,

A.H.

LETTER XVI.

From a Lower subo had Cause of Displepsure, and determines

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THERE was a Time when if any one should have told me that I should ever have written to you such a Letter as I am now writing, I would as soon have believed that the Earth would have burst as funder, or that I should see Stars falling to the Ground, or Trees and Mountains rising to the Heavens. But there is nothing too strange to happen: One Thing would have appeared yet more impossible than my writing it, which

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is, that you should have given me the Cause to have writ-

ten it, and yet that has happened.

The Purpose of this is to tell you, Madam, that I shall never wait on you again. You will truly know what I make myself suffer when I impose this Command upon my own Heart; but I would not tell you of it, if it were not too much determined for me to have a Possibility

of changing my Refolution.

It gives me some Pleasure, that you will feel no Uneafine's for this, though I should also have been very averse some Time ago even to have imagined that; but you know where to employ that Attention, of which I am not worthy the whole, and with a Part I shall not be contented. I was a Witness, Madam, Yesterday to your Behaviour to Mr. Henly. I had often been told of this, but I have refused to listen to it, I supposed your Heart no more capable of Deceit than my own : But I cannot disbelieve what I have been told on such Autho. rity, when my own Eyes confirm it. Madam, I take my Leave of you, and beg you will forget there ever was fuch a Man as

Your humble Servant, S R.

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From a young Lady to ber Father, acquainting him with the Addresses of a young Tradesman, and Jones

Honoured Sir, Think it my Duty to acquaint you, that a Gentle-I man of this Town, by Name Wills, and Bufiness a Linen-Draper, has made Overtures to my Coufin Harcourt, in the Way of Courtship to me. My Coufin has brought him once or twice into my Company, which he could not well decline doing, because he has Dealings with him, and has a high Opinion of him and his Circumstances. He has been set up three Years, has very good Bufiness, and lives in Credit and Fashion. He is about twenty-seven Years old, a likely Man enough, feems not to want Sense or Manners, and is come of a good Family. He has broke his Mind to me, and boafts how well he can maintain me: Though I affure you, Sir, I have given him no Encouragement;

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but told him that I had no Thoughts of changing my Condition yet a while; and should never think of it but in Obedience to my Parents; therefore desired him to talk no more on that Subject to me. Yet he resolves to persevere, and pretends extraordinary Affection and Esteem. I would not, Sir, by any Means omit to acquaint you with with the Beginning of an Affair which it would be Want of Duty in me to conceal from you, and shew a Guilt and Disobedience unworthy of the kind Indulgence and Affection you have always shewn to, Sir,

My humble Duty to my honoured Mother; Love to my Brother and Sister; and Respects to all Friends. Cousin Harcourt, and his Wife and Sister, desire their kind Respects. I cannot write enough of their Civility to me.

LETTER XVIII.

Her Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does not approve of the young Man's Addresses.

Dear Polly,

I HAVE received your Letter, dated the 4th Inft.

wherein you acquaint me of the Proposals made to you, thro' your Consin Harcourt's Recommendation, by one Mr. Wills. I hope, as you assure me, that you have given no Encouragement to him; for I by no Means approve of him for your Husband. I have enquired of one of his Townsmen, who knows him and his Circumstances very well, and I am neither pleased with them, nor with his Character; and wonder my Consin would so inconsiderately recommend him to you. Indeed I doubt not of Mr. Harcourt's good Intentions; but I insist upon it, that you think nothing of the Matter, if you would oblige

Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Bleffing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sinter, and all Friends, fend their Love and Respects to you.

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LETTER XIX.

The Father's Answer, on a Supposition that he does approve of the young Man's Addresses.

My dear Daughter, IN Answer to yours of the 4th Instant, relating to the Addresses of Mr. Wills, I would have you neither wholly encourage nor discourage his Suit; for if, on Enquiry into his Character and Circumstances, shall find that they are answerable to your Cousin's good Opinion of them, and his own Affurances, I know not but his Suit may be worthy of Attention. But, my Dear, consider that Men are deceitful, and always put the best Side outwards; and it may possibly, on the strict Enquiry, which the Nature and Importance of the Case demands, come out far otherwise than it at present appears. Let me advise you therefore, to act in this Matter with great Prudence, and that you make not yourself too cheap; for Men are apt to flight what is too eafily obtained. Your Coufin will give him Hope enough, while you don't absolutely deny him: And in the mean Time, he may be told, that you are not at your own Disposal, but entirely resolved to abide by my Determination and Direction, in an Affair of this great Importance; and this will put him upon applying to me, who, you need not doubt, will in this Case, as in all others, fludy your Good, as becomes Your indulgent Father.

Your Mother gives her Bleffing to you, and joins with me in the above Advice. Your Brother and Sifter, and all Friends, fend their Love and Respects to you.

LETTER XX.

A modest Lower desiring an Aunt's Favour to bim for ber Niece.

Good Madam,

Have several Times, when I have been happy in the
Company of your good Niece, thought to have
poken my Mind, and to declare to her the true Value
and Affection I have for her: But just as I have been about

bout to speak, my Fears have vanquished my Hopes, and I have been obliged to suspend my Design. I have thrown out feveral Hints, that I thought would have led the Way to a fuller disclosing of the Secret that is too big for my Breast; and yet, when I am near her, it is too important for Utterance. Will you be so good, Madam, to break the Way for me, if I am not wholly difapproved of by you, and prepare her dear Mind for a Declaration that I must make, and yet know not how to begin. --- My Fortune and Expectations make me hope that I may not on those Accounts be deemed unworthy And could I, by Half a Line from your Hand, hope that there is no other Bar, I should be enabled to build on so desirable a Foundation, and to let your Niece know how much my Happiness depends upon her Favour. Excule, good Madam, I beleech you, this Trouble, and this prefumptuous Request, from

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Your obliged humble Servant,

LETTER XXI.

to the other

The Aunt's Answer, Supposing the Gentleman deserves Encou-

SIR Cannot fay I have any Dislike, as to my own Part, to your Proposal, or your Manner of making it, whatrally the Companion of Merit, and a Token of Respeck. She is a Person of Prudence, and all her Friend are fo thoroughly convinced of it, that her Choice will have the Weight it deferves with us all: So I cannoe fay, what will be the Event of your Declaration to hers Yet fo far as I may take upon myfelf to do, I will not deny your Request; but on her Return To morrow will break the Ice, as you desire, not doubting your Honour, and the Sincerity of your Professions; and I shall tell her moreover what I think of the Advances you make. I believe she has had the Prudence to keep her Heart entirely disengaged, because she would otherwise have told me; and is not so mean-spirited, as to be able to return Tyranny and Insult for true Value, when she is properly convinced of it. Whoever has the Happin

(permit me, tho' her Relation, to call it so) to meet with her Favour, will find this her Character; and that it is not owing to the fond Partiality of, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

LETTER XXII.

From a respectful Lower to bis Mistress.

Have long struggled with the most honourable and Dear Madam. respectful Passion that ever filled the Heart of Man; I have often tried to reveal it personally, as often in this Way; but never till now could prevail upon my Fears and Doubts. I can no longer struggle with a secret that has given me so much Torture to keep, and yet hitherto more when I have endeavoured to reveal it. I never entertain the Hope to see you without Rapture; but when I have that Pleasure, instead of being animated, as I ought, I am utterly confounded. What can this be owing to, but a Diffidence in myself, and an exalred Opinion of your Worthiness? And is not this a firing Token of ardent Love? Yet if it be, how various is the tormenting Passion in its Operations? Since some it inspires with Courage, while others it deprives of all necessary Confidence. I can only affure you, Madam, that the Heart of Man never conceived a stronger or fincerer Passion than mine for you. If my Reverence for you is my Crime, I am fure it has been my fufficient Punishment. I need not to say my Designs and Movirtuous Excellence, with a Supposition, that such an Affurance is necessary? What my Fortune is, is well known, and I am ready to fland the Test of the strictest Enquiry. Condescend, Madam, to embolden my respectful Passion by one favourable Line, that if what I here profess, and hope further to have an Opportunity to affure you of, be found to be unquestionably true, then, I hope, my humble Address will not quite be unacceptable to you; and thus you will for ever oblige, dear Madam,

Your affectionate Admirer, and devoted Servant.

LETTER XXIII.

The Answer.

SIR.

If Modesty be the greatest Glory in our Sex, surely it cannot be blameworthy in yours. For my own Part, I must think it the most amiable Quality either Man or Woman can posses. Nor can there be, in my Opinion, a true Respect where there is not a Dissidence of one's own Merit, and an high Opinion of the Person's we esteem.

To fay more on this Occasion, would little become me: To fay less, would look as if I knew not how to pay that Regard to modest Merit, which modest Merit

only deferves.

You, Sir, best know your own Heart; and if you are fincere and generous, will receive, as you ought, this Frankness from, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXIV.

A Gentleman to a Lady, professing an Averson to the tell-

Dear Madam,

Remember that one of the Antients in describing I Youth in Love, says, he has neither Wisdom enough to speak, nor to hold his Tongue. If this be a just Description, the Sincerity of my Passion will admit of no Dispute : And whenever in your Company I behave like a Fool, forget not that you are answerable for my Folly. Having made bold to declare thus much. must presume to fay, that a favourable Reception of this, will, I am certain, make me more worthy of your Notice; but your Difdain would be what I believe myselt incapable ever to furmount. To try by idle Fallacies, and airy Compliments, to prevail on your Indements is a Folly for any Man to attempt who knows you. No. Madam, your good Sense and Endowments have railed you far above the Necessity of practifing the mean Ac tifices which prevail upon the less deserving of your Sex You are not to be so lightly deceived; and if you

give me Leave to say, I should not think you deserving of the Trouble that would attend such an Attempt.

This, I must own, is no fashionable Letter from one who, I am sure, loves up to the greatest Hero of Romance: But as I would hope, that the Happiness I sure for should be lasting, it is certainly most eligible to take no Step to procure it but what will bear Reslection; for I should be happy to see you mine, even when we have both out lived the Taste of every Thing that has not Virtue and Reason to support it. I am, Madam, notwithstanding this unpolished Address.

Your most respectful Admirer,
And obedient humble Servant.

LETTER XXV.

The Lady's Answer, encouraging a farther Declaration.

I AM very little in Love with the fashionable Methods of Courtship: Sincerity with me is preserable to Compliments; yet I see no Reason why common Detency should be discarded. There is something so odd in your Stile, that when I know whether you are in Jest or Earnest, I shall be less at a Loss to answer you. Mean Time, as there is abundant Room for rising, rather than sinking, in your Complaisance, you may possibly have chosen wisely to begin first at the lower End. If this be the Case, I know not what your succeeding Addresses may produce: But I tell you fairly, that your present make no great Impression, yet perhaps as much as you intend, on,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVI.

The Gentleman's Reply, more openly declaring bis Passion.

Dear Madam,

OW I have the Hope of being not more despised for my acknowledged Affection, I declare to you with all the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, that I have long had a most sincere Passion for you; but I have seen Gentlemen

Gentlemen led such Dances, when they have given up their Affections to the lovely Tyrants of their Hearts, and could not help themselves, that I had no Courage to begin an Address in the usual Forms, even to you, of whose good Sense and Generosity I nevertheless had a good Opinion. You have favoured me with a few Lines, which I most kindly thank you for. And I do assure you, Madam, if you will be pleased to encourage my honourable Suit, you shall have so just an Account of my Circumstances and Pretensions, as I hope will intitle me to your Favour in the honourable Light in which I profess myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and faithful Admirer.

Be so good as to favour me with one Line more to encourage my personal Attendance, if not disagreeable.

LETTER XXVII.

The Lady's Answer to bis Reply, putting the Matter on a Sudden Issue.

SIR,

S we are both so well inclined to avoid unnecessary. Trouble, as well as unnecessary Compliments, I think proper to acquaint you that Mr. Dunford, of Winchester, has the Management of all my Affairs; and is a Man of such Probity and Honour, that I do nothing in any Matters of Consequence without him. I have no Dislike to your Person; and if you approve of what Mr. Dunford can acquaint you with in Relation to me, and I approve of his Report in your Favour, I shall be far from shewing any Gentleman that I have either an insolent or a fordid Spirit, especially to such as do me the Honour of their good Opinion.

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Andover. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

LETTER XXVIII.

A facetious young Lady to ber Aunt, ridiculing ber serious

Dear Aunt,

A M much obliged to you for the Kindness you intended me, in recommending Mr. Richards to me for a Husband: But I must be so free to tell you, he is a Man no Ways suited to my Inclination. I despise, 'tis true, the idle Rants of Romance; but I am inclinable to think there may be an Extreme on the other Side of the

Question.

The first Time the honest Man came to see me, in the Way you was pleased to put into his Head, was one Sunday after Sermon Time. He began with telling me, what I found at my Finger Ends, that it was very cold; and politely blowed upon his. I immediately perceived that his Passion for me could not keep him warm; and in Complaisance to your Recommendation, conducted him to the Fire-Side. After he had pretty well rubbed Heat into his Hands, he stood up with his Back to the Fire, and, with his Hands behind him, held up his Coat that he might be warm all over; and looking about him, asked, with the Tranquility of a Man a Twelvementh married, and just come off a Journey, how all Friends did in the Country? I said, I hoped very well; but would be glad to warm my Fingers. Cry Mercy, Madam! - And then he shuffled a little further from the Fire; and after two or three Hems, and a long Paule-

I have heard, fays he, a most excellent Sermon just now: Dr. Thomas is a fine Man truly: Did you ever hear him, Madam? No, Sir, I generally go to my own Parish-Church. That's right, Madam, to be fure: What was your Subject To-day? The Pharifee and the Publican, Sir. A very good one truly: Dr. Thomas would have made fine Work upon that Subject. His Text To-day was Evil Communications corrupt good Manners. A good Subject, Sir, I doubt not had the Doctor made a fine Discourse upon it. O, ay, Madam, he can't make a bad one upon any Subject.

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I rung for the Tea-Kettle, for, thought I, we shall

have all the Heads of the Sermon immediately.

At Tea he gave me an Account of all the religious Societies, unasked; and how many Boys they had put out 'Prentices, and Girls they had taught to knit, and fing Pfalms. To all which I gave a Nod of Approbation, and was just able to say, (for I began to be most horribly in the Vapours) it was a very excellent Charity. O, ay, Madam, said he again, (for that's his Word, I find) a very excellent one truly; it is matching fo many Brands out of the Fire. You are a Contributor, Sir, I doubt not. O, ay, Madam, to be fure, every good Man would contribute to such a worthy Charity. to be fure. No Doubt, Sir, a Bleffing attends upon all who promote so worthy a Design. O, ay, Madam, no Doubt, as you fay: I am fure I have found it; bleffed be God! And then he twang'd his Nose, and lifted up his Eyes, as if in an Ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a Man is here for a Hufband! At last came the happy Moment of his taking Leave; for I would not ask him to stay Supper: And, moreover, he talked of going to a Lecture at St. Helens. And then (tho' I had an Opportunity of faying little more than Yes, and No, all the Time; for he took the Vapours he had put me into, for Devotion, or Gravity; at least, I believe so) he pressed my Hand, looked frightfully kind, and gave me to understand, as a Mark of his Favour, that if, upon further Conversation, and Enquiry into my Character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my Behaviour and Person, why, truly, I need not fear in Time, being

bleffed with him for my Husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty fafe Way of travelling towards the Land of Matrimony, as far as I know, but I cannot help wishing for a little more Entertainment on our Journey. I am willing to believe Mr. Richards an honest Man; but am, at the same Time, afraid his religious Turn of Temper, however in itself commendable, would better suit with a Wo-man who centers all Desert in a solemn Appearance,

than with, dear Aunt,

Your greatly obliged Kinswoman.

Trade over 1 at L.E. T. T. E. R. XXIX.

Her Aunt's Answer, rebuking ber Indicrous Turn of Mind.

Cousin Jenny,

I AM forry you think Mr. Richards so unsuitable a Lover. He is a serious, sober, good Man: And surely when Seriousness and Sobriety make a necessary Part of the Duty of a good Husband, a good Father, and a good Master of a Family, those Characters should not be the Subject of Ridicule, in Persons of our Sex especially, who would reap the Advantages from them. But he talks of the Weather when he first sees you, it seems; and would you have had him directly fall upon the Subject of Love the Moment he beheld you?

He visited you just after the Sermon on a Sunday; and was it so unsuitable for him to let you see, that the Duty of the Day had made proper Impressions upon him?

His Turn for promoting the religious Societies, which you speak so slightly of, deserves more Regard from every good Person; for that same Turn is a Kind of Security to a Woman, that he who had a benevolent and religious Fleart, could not make a bad Man, or a bad Husband. To put put poer Boys to Prentice, to teach Girls to sing Pfalms, would be with very few a Subject for Ridicule; for he that was so willing to provide for the Children of others, would take still greater Care of his own.

He gave you to understand, that if he liked your Character on Enquiry, as well as your Person and Behaviour, he should think himself very happy in such a Wile; for that, I dare say, was more like his Language, than what you put in his Mouth: And, let me the you, it would have been a much stranger Speech, had a cautious and serious a Man said, without a thorough anowledge of your Character, that at the first Sight he was over Head and Ears in Love with you.

think, allowing for the ridiculous Turn your airy Wit gives to this first Visit, that, by your own Account, he acted like a prudent, serious and worthy Man, as he is, and like one who thought flashy Compliments beneath

him in so serious an Affair as this,

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of Matrimony, but to the Land of Happiness, with Respect as well to the next World as this. And it is to be hoped, that the better Entertainment you so much wish for on your Journey, may not lead you too much out of your Way, and divert your Mind from the principal View which you ought to have at your Journey's End.

In short, I should rather have wished that you could bring your Mind nearer to his Standard, than that he should bring down his to your Level. And you'd have found more Satisfaction in it than you imagine, could you have brought yourself to a little more of that solemn Appearance, which you treat so lightly, and which, I think, in him is much more than meer Appearance.

Upon the Whole, Coulin Jenny, I am forry, that a Woman of Virtue and Morals, as you are, should treat so ludicrously, a serious and pious Frame of Mind, in an Age wherein good Examples are so rare, and so much wanted; tho, at the same Time, I am far from offering to prescribe to you in so arduous an Affair as a Husband; and wish you and Mr. Richards, too, since you are so differently disposed, matched more suitable to each other's Mind than you are likely to be together. For I am

Your truly affectionate Aunt.

LETTER XXX.

A Sailor to bis Sweetheart.

My dear Peggy.

I F you think the me half so often as I do of you, it will be expected our; for you are never out of my Thoughts on I am asseep, I constantly dream of my dear the I wear my Half-Rit of Gold always at my Heart, ned to a blue Ribbon round my Neck; for True-Blue, my dearest Love, is a Colour of Colours to me. Where, my dearest do you put yours? I hope you are careful of it: For it would be a bad Omen to lose it.

I hope you hold in the same Mind still, my deasest Dear: For God will never bless you if you break the

220 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

Vows you have made to me. As to your ever faithful William, I would fooner have my Heart torn from my Breast, than it should harbour a Wish for any other Woman besides my Peggy. O, my dearest Love! you are the Joy of my Life! my Thoughts are all of you; you are with me in all I do; and my Hopes and my Wishes are only to be yours. God send it may be so!

Our Captain talks of failing foon for England; and then, and then, my dearest Peggy!—O how I rejoice, how my Heart beats with Delight that makes me I cannot tell how, when I think of arriving in England, and joining Hands with my Peggy, as we have our Hearts

before, I hope! I am fure I speak for one.

John Arthur, in the good Ship Elizabeth, Captain Winterton, which is returning to England, as I hope we shall soon, promises to deliver this into your own dear Hand; and he will bring you too, fix Bottles of Citron Water, as a Token of my Love It is fit for the finest Lady's Taste, it is so good; and is, what they say,

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Ladies drink, when they can get it.

John fays he will have one sweet Kiss of my dearest Peggy, for his Care and Pains. So let him, my best Love; for I am not of a jealous Temper. I have a better Opinion of my Dearest, than so. But oh! that I was in his Place!—One Kiss should not serve my Turn, tho' I hope it may his—Yet if he takes two, I'll forgive him, one for me and one for himself. For I love John dearly; and so you may well think that I what shall I say more? The takes what shall I say more? The takes what shall I say more when I write to my Dearest; and alas, one has so sew Opportunities! but yet I must leave off; for these written to the Bottom of my Paper. Love the Bottom o

LETTER XXXI.

Her Answer.

U.L. 10 1 10 1

Dear William,

POR lo I may call you now we are fure; and fo may Mother fays; this is to let you know that nothing that

Thall prevail upon me to alter my Promise made to you when we parted: With heavy Hearts enough, that's true: And yet I had a little Inkling given me, that Mr. Alford's Son, the Carpenter, would be glad to make Love to me: But do you think I would suffer it? No, indeed! For I doubt not your Loyalty to me; and do you think I will not be as loyal to you?—To be fure I will. These Sailors run such sad Chances, said one, that you and I both know. They may return and they may not. Well, I will trust in God for that, who has returned fafe to his Friends, their dear Billy fo many a Time, and often. They will have a Mistress in every Land they come to, faid they. All are not fuch paughty Men, faid I; and I'll trust Billy Oliver all the World over. For why cannot Men be as faithful as Women, tro'? And for me, I am fure no Love shall ever touch my Heart but yours.

God send us a happy Meeting! Let who will speak against Sailors, they are the Glory and the Saseguard of the Land. And what would become of Old England long ago but for them? I am sure the lazy, good-for-nothing Land-lubbers would never have protected us from our cruel Foes. So Sailors are, and ever shall be esteemed by me; and of all Sailors, my dear Billy Oliver.

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Your faithful, &c.

P. S. I had this Letter writ in Readiness to fend you as I had Opportunity. And the Captain's Lady undertakes to fend it with hers. That's very kind and condescending: Is it not?

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Molly Smith to ber Cousin, giving ber an Account of a wery remarkable Instance of Eury, in one of her Acquaintance who lived in the City of York.

Dear Cousin,

Promised, you know, to write to you, when I had any Thing to tell you: And as I think the following story very extraordinary, I was willing to keep my Word.

M

Some Time ago there came to settle in this City, a Lady whose Name is Dison: We all visited her: But she had so deep a Melancholy, arising, as it appeared, from a settled State of ill Health, that nothing we could do, could afford her the least Relief, or make her chearful. In this Condition she languished among us five Years,

still continuing to grow worse and worse.

We all grieved at her Fate. Her Flesh was withered away; her Appetite decayed by Degrees, till all Food became naufeous to her Sight; her Strength failed her ; her Feet could not support her tottering Body, lean and worn away as it was; and we hourly expected her Death. When at last, she one Day called her most intimate Friends to her Bedfide, and as well as fhe could, spoke to the following Purpose: 4 I know you " all pity me: But, alas! I am not fo much the Ob-" ject of your Pity, as your Contempt; for all my Mitery is of my own feeking, and owing to the Wickedness of my own Mind. I had two Sisters, with " whom I was bred up , and I have all my Life-Time " been unhappy, for no other Cause but for their Suc-" cess in the World. When we were young, I could " neither eat nor sleep in Peace, when they had either Praise or Pleasure. When we grew up to be Wo-" men, they were both foon married much to their " Advantage and Satisfaction. This galled me to the "Heart, and though I had feveral good Offers, yet as I did not think them in all Respects equal to my Sif-" ters, I would not accept them; and yet was inwardly " vexed to refuse them, for fear I should get no better. "I generally deliberated fo long that I loft my Lovers, and then pined for that Loss. I never wanted for " any Thing; and was in a Situation in which I might have been happy, if I pleased. My Sisters loved me very well; for I concealed, as much as possible, from them, my odious Envy; and yet never did any poor Wretch lead so miserable a Life as I have done; of for every Bleffing they enjoyed was a Dagger to my Heart. Tis this Envy that has caused all my ill Health, has preyed upon my very Vitals, and will now " bring me to my Grave," THE SCHOOLSTED WISE YOU . In ie'

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In a few Days after this Confession she died; and her Words and Death made such a strong Impression on my Mind, that I could not help sending you this Relation; and begging you, my dear Sukey, to remember how careful we ought to be to curb in our Minds, the very first Rising of a Passion so detestable, and so fatal, as this proved to poor Mrs. Dison. I know I have no particular Reason for giving you this Caution; for I never saw any Thing in you, but what deserved the Love and Esteem of,

Your ever most affectionate Cousin,

M. SMITH.

LETTER XXXIII.

The following Letter is from an unknown Lady, to a young Gentleman, on whom the had unfortunately fixed her Affections; but as the never had it in her Power to make any proper Impressions on him, or a better Opportunity of having her Inclinations signified to him, the wrote as follows:

SLR TRELY on your Goodness to redress and conceal the Misfortunes I now labour under; but oh! with what Words shall I declare a Passion which I blush to own? It is now a Year and a Half fince I first faw. and (must I say) loved you, and so long I have strove to forget you; but frequent Sight of what I could not but admire, have made my Endeavours prove vaits I dare not subscribe to this Letter, lest it should fall into Hands that may possibly expose it; but if you, Sir have any Curiofity of Defire to know who I am, I shall be in the Park To-morrow, exactly at two o'Clock. I cannot but be under Apprehensions, lest you should come more out of Curiofity than Compassion; but, however, that you may have some Notion of me, if you do come, I will give you a fhort Description of my Person, which is tall and stender, my Eyes and Hair dark; perhaps you will think me vain, when I tell you that my Person altogether is, what the flattering World calls handsome; and as to my Fortune, I believe you will have no Reafon to find fault with it. I doubt you will think fuch a Declaration as this, from a Woman, ridiculous M 2

but, you will confider, 'tis Custom, not Nature, that makes it fo. My Hand trembles fo, while I Write, that I believe you can hardly read it.

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LETTER XXXIV.

The Gentleman did not give bimfelf the Trouble to meet the Lady, but took great Pains to expose and ridicule ber Letter, though reproved for it by bis Acquaintance; which coming to the Lady's Knowledge, the fent him the following.

SIR.

OU will the more easily pardon this second Trouble from a flighted Correspondent, when I affure

you it shall be the last

A Paffion like mine, violent enough to break through customary Decorums, cannot be supposed to grow calm at once; but I hope I shall undergo no severer Trials, or Censures, than what I have done by taking this Opportunity of discharging the Remains of a Tenderness, which I have so unfortunately and imprudently indulged. I would not complain of your Unkindness and Want of Generofity in exposing my Letter, because the Man that is so unworthy of a Woman's Love, is too inconsiderable for her Resentment; but I can't forbear asking you, what could induce you to publish my Letter, and so cruelly to sport with the Misery of a Person whom you know nothing worse of, than that she had entertained too good, too fond an Opinion of you?

For your own Sake, I am loth to speak it, but such Conduct cannot be accounted for, but from Cruelty of Mind, a Vanity of Temper, and an incurable Defect of Understanding; but the soever be the Reason, amidst all my Disappointments, I cannot but shink myself happy in not subscribing my Name, for you might perhaps have thought my Name a fine Trophy to grace your Triumph after the Conquest; and how great my Confusion must have been, to be exposed to the Scorn, or at least to the Pity of the World, I may guels from the Mortifications I now feel from feeing my Declarations and Professions returned without Success, and 1 in

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in being convinced by the rash Experience I have made, that my Affections have been placed without Discretion. How ungenerous your Behaviour has been, I had rather you were told by the Gentlemen, (who I hear universally condemn it) than force myself to say any. Thing severe; but although their kind Sense of the Affair must yield me some Satisfaction under my present Uneasiness; yet it surnishes me with a fresh Evidence of my own Weakness, in lavishing my Esteem upon the Person that least deserved it.

I hope the Event will give me Reason not only to forgive, but to thank you for this ill Ulage. That pre ty Face, which I have so often viewed with a miltaken Admiration, I believe I shall be able to look on with an absolute Indifference; and Time, I am sensible, will abundantly convince me, that your Features are all the poor Amends which Nature hath made you for your Want of Understanding, and teach me to consider them only as a decent Cover for the Emptiness and Deformity within. To cut off all Hopes of your difcovering who I am, if you do not yet know. I have taformer Letter, for which I am obliged to a Friend, on whose Goodness and Fidelity I can safely rely. And it is my last Request, that you would make this Letter as public as you have done the former: If you don't, there are other Copies ready to be dispersed; for though I utterly despair of ever shewing it to yourself, yet I am very fure of making it plain to every one elfe, that you are a Coxcomb. Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Lydia to Harriot, a Lady newly married.

If thou art she, but oh, how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! How lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married, I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband

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and an aukward Chambermaid. For Variety, I suppose, you may entertain yourself with Madam in the Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time, I am sure, well surnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling condial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultices.

Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would perfuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy. Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels. After fix Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes fo foftly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of the Sylvan Deities, or roved among the Walks of Paradife, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ithee leave these Whimfies and come to Town, in order to live and talk. like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interefled in your Reputation, I would willingly give you. a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little insolent in me, perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make fo filly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Place with your Hufband, and never to faunter about St. James's Park together, If you presume to enter the Ring at Hyde Park together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least Notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at as a very loving Couple, most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; the is. the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; the is hardly ever feen in the same Place with her Hus-band, and if they happen to meet, you would think them. perfect Strangers. She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes Care he shall not be the Subject of any Difcourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose the Lady as a Pattern, though I am very much afraid you'll be fo filly to think Porcia, Sabine, &c. Roman Wives, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated. D-

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amiguated Creatures fo far, as to come into public in the Habit, as well as Air, of a Roman Matron. Youmake already the Entertainment at Mrs. Modifh's Tea-Table; the fays, the always thought you a difcreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence She dies to fee what demure and ferious Airs Wedlock has given to you; but the fays the shall never forgive your Choice, of so gallant a Man as Bellmour, to transform him to a mere fober Hufband; 'twas unpardonable: You fee, my Dear, we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant, LYDIA

LETTER XXXVI.

Harriot's Answer to the above.

B E not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I shall frequent no public Places, or makeany Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, tis all Hypocrify; you and all the handsome young Women of your Acquaintance, shew themselves to no other Purpole, than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Defign is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disquise it.

I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost the End of my Devotion; Half my Prayers are for his Happines -- I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and with your Happinels; but am. forry to fee by the Air of your Letter, that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-place Raillery of every Thing that is fober, decent, and proper. Matrimony and the Clergy, are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Understand ing. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's. Wifeall you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingeniour, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you
and Mrs. Modish, you would find, if you were too free
with her, she would make you blush as much as if you
had never been sine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is
so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy
Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Husband
is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These
Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfactions,
when the sine Ladies and the Coxcombs, by whom they
form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous
even in old Age.

I am, Madam,
Your most humble Servant,
HARRIOT.

LETTER XXXVII.

The following pretty entertaining Letter was written by our Poet Wallet, to the Lady Sidney, on the Marriage of ber Sifter.

To my Lady Lucy Sidney, upon the Marriage of my Lady Dorothy to my Lord Spencer.

Madam, 100 all in visconil- on should and to

IN the common Joy at Penshurst * I know none to whom Complaints may come less unseasonable than to your Ladyship; the Lois of a Bedsellow being almost equal to that of a Mistres; and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon if you consent not to the Imprecations of the deserted; which just Heaven no Doubt will hear!

May my Lady Dorothy, (if we may yet call her so) suffer as much, and have the like Passion for this young Lord, whom the has preferred to the rest of Mankind, as others have had for her: And may this Love, before the Year goes about make her taste of the first Curse imposed on Woman-kind, the Pains of becoming a

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They were married, as we are informed, at Penshurst, July 11, 1739

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Mother! May her First-born be none of her own Sex! Nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as herfelf?

May she that always affected Silence and Retiredness, have the House silled with the Noise and Number of her Children; and hereaster of her Grand Children! And then may she arrive at that great Curse so much declined by fair Ladies,—Old Age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her Glass, and have no Aches to inform her of the Truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go Hand in Hand with her to that Place, where we are told, there is neither marrying nor giving in Marriage; that being there divorced, we may have all an equal Interest in her again! My Revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their Posterity to the World's End and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good Things; and that this Loss may in good Time be happily supplied with a more constant Bedsellow of the other Sex.

Madam, I humbly kis your Hand, and beg Pardon for this Trouble, from your Ladyship's most humble EDMUND WALLER.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Wit and Spirit which gave Lady Mary Wortley Montague, during her Life, such Rank in the polite World, was in no Instance more happily displayed than in the following Letter. We think the polite Reader will be of Opinion with us, that there is no Letter in the Collection lately published, and supposed to have been wrote by the same Lady, where the Life and Spirit of the Writer is to be more admired, or the Sentiments more approved.

A Letter from Lady Wortley Montague, against a Maxim of Mons. Rochesaucault's, "That Marriages are con; wenient, but never delightful."

I T appears very bold in me to attempt to destroy a Maxim established by so celebrated a Genius as Mons. de Rochesaucault, and implicitly received by a Nation which calls itself the only perfectly polite in the World,

The Complete LETTER-WEITER. 130

World, and which has, for for long a Time, given Laws

of Gallantry to all Europe. and that the man said of

But, full of the Ardour which the Truth inspires, I dare to advance the contrary, and to affert, boldly, that it is Marriage-Love only which can be delightful to a good Mind.

We cannot tafte the Sweets of perfect Love but in a well-fuited Marriage. Nothing so much distinguishes a little Mind as to stop at Words. What fignifies that Custom (for which we see very good Reasons) of making the Name of Husband and Wife ridiculous? A Hushand fignifies, in the general Interpretation, a jealous Mortal, a quarrelfome Tyrant, or a good Sort of Fool, on whom me may impose any Thing; a Wife is a Domeffic Dæmon, given to this poor Man to deceive and torment him. The Conduct of the Generality of People fufficiently justifies thefe two Characters. But I fay, again, What fignify Words: A well-regulated Marriage is not like those of Ambition and Interest: It is two Lovers who live together. Let a Priest pronounce cettain Words, let an Attorney fign certain Papers; I look upon these Preparations as a Lover does on a Ladder of Cords, that he fixes to the Window of his Mistrefs.

I know there are some People of false Delicacy, who maintain that the Pleasures of Love are only due to Difficulties and Dangers. They fay, very wittily, the Role would not be the Role without Thorns, and a Thousand other Trifles of that Nature, which make fo little Impression on my Mind, that I am persuaded, was I a Lover, the Fear of hurring her I loved would make the unhappy, if the Possession was accompanied with Dangers to her. The Life of married Lovers is very different, they pass it in a Chain of mutual Obligations and Marks of Benevolence, and have the Pleasure of forming the entire Happiness of the Object beloved; in which Point I place perfect Enjoyment.

The most trisling Cares of Cconomy become noble and delicate, when they are heightened by Sentiments of Tenderness. To furnish a Room is no longer furnishing a Room, it is ornamenting the Place where I expect my Lover; to order a Supper is not

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The Complete LETTER WRIRER. 131

simply giving Orders to a Cook, it is amusing myself in regaling him I love. These necessary Occupations, regarded in this Light by a Lover, are Pleasures infinitely more sensible and lively than Cards and public Places, which make the Happiness of the Multitude incapable of true Pleasure.—A Passion happy and contented, softens every Movement of the Soul, and gilds

each Object that we look on.

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To a happy Lover (I mean one married to his Miftress) if he has any Employment, the Fatigues of the Camp, the Embarrassments of a Court, every Thing becomes agreeable when he can fay to himself, It is to ferve her I love. If Fortune is favourable, tfor that does not depend on Merit) and gives Success to his Undertaking, all the Advantages he receives are Offerings due to her Charms, and he finds, in the Success of his Ambition, Pleasure much more lively and worthy a noble Mind, than that of raising his Fortune, or of being applauded by the Public. He enjoys his Glory, his Rank, his Riches, but as they regard her he loves; and it is her Lover she hears praised when he gains the Approbation of the Parliament, the Praises of the Army, or the Favour of his Prince. In Miffortune, it is his Confolation to retire to a Person who feels his Sorrow, and to fay to himself in her Arms, "My Happiness does not depend on the Caprice of "Fortune; here is my affured Afylum against all "Grief; your Esteem makes me insensible to the "Injustice of a Court, or the Ingratitude of a Mas-" ter. I feel a Sort of Pleasure in the Loss of my " Estate, as that Misfortune gives me new Proofs of " your Virtue and Tenderness. How little desirable " is Grandeur to Persons already happy A We have " no Need of Flatterers or Equipage; I reign in your; "Heart, and I posses; in your Person all the Delights. " of Nature." In fhort, there is no Situation of which the Melancholy may not be foftened by the Company of the Person we love. Even an Illness is not without its Pleasures, when we are attended by one we love. I should never have done, was I to give you a Detail: of all the Charms of an Union in which we find, at once, all that flatters the Senses in the most delicate

132 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

and most extended Pleasure; but I cannot conclude without mentioning the Satisfaction of seeing each Day increase the amiable Pledges of our tender Friendship, and the Occupations of improving them according to their different Sexes. We abandon ourselves to the tender Instinct of Nature refined by Love. We admire in the Daughter the Beauty of the Mother, and respect in the Son the Appearances of Understanding and natural Probity which we esteem in the Father. It is a Pleasure of (which God himself according to Moses) was sensible, when seeing what he had done, he

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A propos of Moses, the first Plan of Happiness infinitely surpassed all others, and I cannot form to myself an Idea of Paradise more delightful than that State in which our first Parents were placed: That did not last, because they did not know the World; (which is the true Reason that there are so few Love-Matches happy.) Eve may be confidered as a foolish Child, and Adam a Man very little enlightened. When People of that Sort meet, they may, perhaps, be amorous at first, but that cannot last. They form to themselves, in the Violence of their Passions, Ideas above Nature; a Man thinks his Mistress an Angel, because she is handsome; a Woman is enchanted with the Merit of her Lover, because he adores her. The first Change of her Complexion takes from him his Adoration, and the Husband ceasing to adore her, becomes hateful to her, who had no other Foundation for her Love; by Degrees they are disgusted with one another, and, after the Example of our first Parents, they throw on each other the Crime of their mutual Weakness; afterwards Coldness and Contempt follow a great Pace, and they believe they must hate each other because they are married; their smallest Faults are magnified in each others Sight, and they are blinded to their mutual Perfections. A Commerce established upon Passion can have no other Attendants. A Man when he marries his Mistress, ought to forget that she then appears adorable to him; to confider that fhe is but a simple Mortal, subject to Diseases, Caprice, and Ill-Humour. He must prepare his Constancy to supte

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port the Loss of her Beauty, and collect a Fund of Complacency, which is necessary for the continual Conversation of the Person who is most agreeable, and the least unequal. The Woman, on her Side, must not expect a Continuance of Flatteries and Obedience. She must dispose herself to obey agreeably, a Science very difficult, and consequently, of great Merit to a Man capable of feeling. She must strive to heighten the Charms of a Mistress by the good Sense and Solidity of a Friend. When two Persons, prepossessed with Sentiments so reasonable, are united by eternal Ties, all Nature smiles upon them, and the common Objects

become charming. I esteem much the Morals of the Turks, an ignorant People, but very polite, in my Opinion. A Gallant convicted of having debauched a married Woman, is looked upon by them with the fame Horror as an abandoned Woman by us; he is fure never to make his Fortune; and every one would be ashamed to give a confiderable Employment to a Man suspected of being guilty of fo enormous a Crime. - What would they fay in that moral Nation, were they to fee one of our Anti-Knight-Errants who are always in Pursuit of Adventures to put innocent young Women in Diftress, and to ruin the Honour of Women of Fashion; who regard Beauty, Youth, Rank, and Virtue, but as fo many Spurs to incite their Defire to ruin, and who place all their Glory in appearing artful Seducers, forgetting that, with all their Care, they can never attain but to the second Rank, the Devils having been long fince in Possession of the first!

I own, that our barbarous Manners are so well calculated for the Establishment of Vice and Misery, (which are inseparable from them) that they must have Hearts and Heads infinitely above the common, to enjoy the Felicity of a Marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so given to change, that it is difficult to support the best founded Constancy, amidst those many Dissipations that our ridiculous Customs have rendered inevitable. A Husband, who loves his Wise, is in Pain to see her take the Liberties which Fashion allows; it appears hard to resule them to her, and he finds himself obliged to conform himself to the polite Manners of Europe; to see, every Day, her Hands a Prey to every one who will take them; to hear her display, to the whole World, the Charms of her Wit; to shew her Neck in full Day; to dress for Balls and Shows, to attract Admirers, and to listen to the idle Flattery of a Thousand Fops. Can any Man support his Esteem for a Creature so public, or, at least, does she not lose much of her Merit.

To return to the Oriental Maxims, where the most beautiful Women content themselves with limiting the Power of their Charms to him who has a Right to enjoy them; they have too much Honour to wish to make other Men miserable, and are too sincere not to own they think themselves capable of exciting Pas-

fion.

I remember a Conversation I had with a Lady of great Quality at Constantinople, the most amiable Woman I ever knew in my Life, and for whom I had afterwards the most tender Friendship, she owned ingenuously to me, that she was content with her Husband. What Libertines you Christian Women are! (the faid;) it is permitted for you to receive Visits from as many Men as you please; and your Laws permit you, without Limitation, the Use of Wine. I affured her she was very much mis-informed, that it was true we received Visits, but those Visits were full of Form and Respect, and that it was a Crime to hear a Man talk of Love, or for us to love any other than our Hufbands. Your Hufbands are very good (faid she, laughing) to content themselves with so limited a Fidelity. Your Eyes, your Hands, your Conversation, are for the Public, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me, my beautiful Sultana, (added she, embracing me) I have all possible Inclination to believe what you fay, but you would impose upon me Impossibilities. I know the amorous Complexion of you Infidels, I fee you are ashamed of them, and I will never mention them to you more.

I found so much good Sense and Truth in all she said, that I could scarcely contradict her; and I owned at first, that she had Reasons to prefer the Morals of

the Mussulmen to our ridiculous Customs, which are surprisingly opposite to the severe Maxims of Christianity. And notwithstanding our foolish Manners, I am of Opinion, that a Woman, determined to find her Happiness in the Love of her Husband, must give up the extravagant Desire of being admired by the Public; and that a Husband who loves his Wife, must deprive himself of the Reputation of being a Gallant at Court. You see that I suppose two Persons very extraordinary; it is not, then, very surprising such a Union should be rare in a Country, where it is necessary, in order to be happy, to despise the established Maxims.

I am, &cc.

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The COMPLETE

LETTER-WRITER.

PART III.

Familiar Letters of Advice and Instruction, &c. in many Concerns of Life.

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LETTER I.

A Letter from Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, to his Children; on the serious Observance of the Lord's Day, (commonly called Sunday) when he was on a Journey, which well deserves our Attention.

AM now come well to -, from whence I intend to write something to you on the Observance of the Lord's Day; and this I do for these Reasons; 1st, Because it has pleased God to cast my Lot so, that I am to rest at this Place on that Day, and the Consideration therefore of that Duty is proper for me and you, viz. The Work fit for that Day. 2dly, Because I have by long and found Experience found, that the due Observance of that Day, and the Duties of it, have been of fingular Comfort and Advantage to me; and I doubt not but it will prove fo to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our Time and lends it us; and it is but just we should confecrate this Part of that Time to him; for I have found by a ffrict and diligent Observation that a due Observance of the Duty of this Day, has ever had joined to it a Bleffing on the rest of my Time; and the Week that hath been so begun has been bleffed and prosperous to me, On

On the other Side, when I have been negligent of the Duty of this Day, the rest of the Week has been unfuccessful and unhappy to my own secular Employment; so that I could easily make an Estimate of my Successes the Week following, by the Manner of my passing this Day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound Observation and Experience.

LETTER II.

The Earl of Stafford to his Son, just before his Lordship's Execution.

My dearest Will, HESE are the last Lines that you are to receive from a Father that tenderly loves you. I wish there was a greater Leifure to impart my Mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all Things by his Grace, and will guide and protect you in all your Ways; to whose infinite Goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and ... trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all Things. Be fure you give all Respects to my Wife, that hath ever had a great Love unto you, and therefore will it be well becoming you. Never be wanting in your Love and Care to your Sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you: For this will give others Cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a Duty that you owe them in the Memory of your excellent Mother and myself: Therefore your Care and Affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like Regard must you have to your youngest Sister; for indeed you owe it ? her alfo, both for her Father's and Mother's Sake. Sweet Will, be careful to take the Advice of those Friends. who are, by me, defired to advise you for your Education. Serve God diligently Morning and Evening, and recommend yourfelf unto him, and have him before your Eyes in all your Ways. With Patience hear the Instructions of those Friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their Counsel. For, till you come by Time to have Experience in the World, it N.3

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will be far more fafe to trust to their Judgment than your own. Lose not the Time of your Youth, but gather those Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge which may be of Use to yourself, and Comfort to your Friends for the rest of your Life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereto with Patience, and befure to correct and restrain yourself from Anger. Suffer not Sorrow to cast you down, but with Chearfulness and good Courage go on the Race you have to run in all Sobriety and Truth. Be fure with an hallowed Care to have Respect to all the Commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least Thing, lest, by Degrees, you come to forget them in the greatest; for the Heart of Man is deceitful above all Things. And in all your Duties and Devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a chearful Giver. For your Religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those who are in God's Church, the proper Teachers thereof, rather than that you either fancy one to yourfelf, or be led by Men that are fingular in their own Opinion, and delight to go in Ways of their own finding out: For you will certainly find Soberness and Truth in the one, and much Unsteadines and Vanity in the other. The King, I trust, will deal graciously with you; restore you those Ho-nours, and that Fortune, which a distempered Time hath deprived you of, together with the Life of your Father; which I rather advise might be by a new Gift and Creation from himself, than by any other Means, to the End you may pay the Thanks to him, without having Obligations to any other. Be fure to avoid, as much as you can, to enquire after those that have been tharp in their Judgments towards me, and I charge you never to fuffer Thought of Revenge to enter into your Heart; but be careful to be informed who were my Friends in this Profecution, and to them apply yourfelf to make them your Friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your Conversation amongst them. And God Almighty of his infinite Goodness, bless you and your Childrens Children; and his same Goodness bles your Sisters in like Manner; perfect you in

in every good Work, and give you right Understanding in all Things. Amen.

Your most loving Father, T. WENTWORTH.

LETTER III.

From a Gentleman at Lisbon, immediately after the Earthquake, to his Son in London.

My dear Son,

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TRE you receive this from your unhappy Father. you will have heard of the Destruction of this-Prace, and of the calamitous Situation of its few remaining miserable Inhabitants. God, in his infinite Mercy, protect us! All that you have heard will fall short of what I have seen; for no Words have Energy fufficient to convey an Idea of a Scene fo amazingly dreadful.-Your poor Mother is no more! alk me not for your Sisters! and as for myself, I am a Vagabond, and condemned to feek my Bread from those who can ill afford to feed me. But the Lord gave, and the Lordbath taken away -I am fatisfied. -All may be for the best, and our Friends are, I doubt not, removed to a more permanent City, whose Foundations are not to be shaken, and where Sorrow is no more. Let us, my dear Child, prepare to follow them; and that we nay do so, let us live here that we may fear no Disso-Intion, nor dread what may happen hereafter. Let us all ays be prepared for the worst, and not depend on a Death-bed Repentance; for you fee we have not a Moment that we can call our own. St. Austin fays. We read of one Man who was faved at the last Hour, that none may despair, and of but one, that none may presume. How unsafe, how foolish, therefore, it is, to put off that until To-morrow which is so effentially necessary to be done To-day? To-morrow may never come!—Oh think of that! you may be fnatched away in an Instant, as Thousands here have been, for there is no withstanding the Arms of the Almighty: No! the Attempt would be vain, would be prelumptuous, would be impious, and you will find, my dear Son, (I hope not too late) that the only Security aginst Ac-

140 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

eidents of this Sort, is the leading a religious and good Life.

I am,

Your truly affectionate Father.

LETTER IV.

To Amelia, with a Gold Thimble.

Sept. 28. 1764. AN you believe me, my little Friend, when I say Service to you in the Course of your Life than the Ring of Gyges, and that I deferve your Thanks as much as if I had given you the Cap of Fortunatus. Perhaps you may have heard only of the latter, I will explain to you the Virtues of the Ring: This, my little Fair, would render you invisible whenever you chose to be fo; you might then range through the Apartments of your Play-fellows unfeen, play Ten Thousand little Tricks which at present it is not in your Power to do; but indeed the greatest Advantages of the Ring are reserved for another Age, when you may be present with your Lover, and discover the true Sentiments of His Heart, perplex your Rival, hide her Bruffels and her Jewels the Night before a Ball, and torment her with all the Arts of ingenious Mischief. These are Advantages which at prefent, perhaps, may not tempt you; the Cap, as I can easily imagine, to be rather the Object of your Wishes; but tell me, you say, how this Thimble can be of fuch infinite Service.

At your Age, my little Friend, Employment is of the utmost Use; to be busy, if it be not learning to be virtuous, will at least protect you from the contrary Impressions: Whilst your Imagination is employed how best to shade a Rose, or your Fancy determines the Colours of the various Parts of your Work, Vanity will scarce have Time to whisper in your Ear, that you have more Beauty than another, or inspire you with too

early a Love of Gaiety and Pleasure.

When you have lived to that Age in which your Reason shall be ripened, you will, perhaps, perceive that these little Follies which your Sex are guilty of,

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proceed from a Fault in their Education, and that Idleness is the Parent of Vice. Thus then, in the early Years of Life, whilft you place the Thimble on your Finger, you are guarding your Bosom against the Approach of Foibles which might banish those from your Society, who were attracted by the Charms of your Person.

Another of its Virtues, which, in all Probability, you can never want to experience, is, that if properly applied, it contains a Charm against the Calamities of Poverty. I have known many a Female, who, by its Assistance has supported herself with Decency, and felt the Pleasure of living without depending on the Beneficence of others.

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A few Years hence, when the Youth whom your Eyes have wounded, shall beg your Acceptance of some Trifle in the warmest Terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preserve it; but I, on the contrary, shall desire you to be frequent in the Use of this, and to wear it out for my Sake.

/I am, &c.

LETTER V.

On the Vicissitudes of buman Life. REMEMBER, my Son, that human Life is the Journey of a Day. We rife in the Morning of Youth, full of Vigour, and full of Expectation; we fet forward with Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety and with Diligence, and travel on a while, in the straight Road of Piety, towards the Mansions of Rest. In a short Time we remit our Fervour, and endeavour to find fome Mitigation of our Duty, and some more easy Means of obtaining the same End. We then relax our Vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with Crimes at a Distance, but rely upon our own Constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch, We thus enter the Bowers of Ease, and repose in the Shades of Security. Here the Heart foftens, and Vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire, whether another Advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our Eyes upon the Gardens of Pleasure. We approach them with Scruple and Hefitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trem-

bling, and always hope to pass through them without lofing the Road of Virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our Sight, and to which we propose to return. But Temptation fucceeds Temptation, and one Compliance prepares us for another; we, in Time, lose the Happines of Innocence, and solace our Disquiet with sensual Gratifications. By Degrees we let fall the Remembrance of our original Intention, and quit the only adequate Object of rational Defire. We entangle ourfelves in Bufines, immerge ourselves in Luxury, and rove through the Labyrinths of Inconstancy, till the Darkness of old Age begins to invade us, and Dilease and Anxiety obstruct our Way. We then look back upon our Lives with Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance; and with, but too often vainly with, that we had not forfaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are they, my Son, who learn not to despair, but shall remember, that though the Day is past, and their Strength is wasted, there yet remains one Effort to be made; that Reformation is never hopeless, nor fincere Endeavours ever unaffisted; that the Wanderer may at Length return after all his Brrors; and that he, who implores Strength and Courage from above, shall find Danger and Difficulty give Way before him.

LETTER

From a Father to bis Son, on bis Admiffion into the Univerfity.

My dear Son,

YOU are now going into the wide World. Every Step you take is attended with Danger, and requires Caution. My Eye is upon you no longer, and the Vigilance of Governors, and the Care of Tutors, capnot follow you every where. Few will have Concern or Affection enough to advise you faithfully. Your Conduct must be a good deal regulated by your own Reflections. The only fecure Paths are those of Religion and Virtue, in which it will not be difficult for you to walk, if you live agreeably to that Simplicity of Life, which the Rules of Academical Societies preferibe. Mix not Intemperance with your growing Years_

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Years, nor treasure up Infirmities against an Age the fittest for Employment. You have received Health from your Parents, and you owe it to your Children. Be careful in the Choice of your Company, pay Civility to all; have Friendship with few; not too quickly with any: An idle Companion will corrupt and difgrace you while you affociate with him, and afperfe and expose you when you shall shake him off. In this, be advised by those whom I trust to, to do all good Offices for you. Whenever you find yourseif with Persons of superior Age, or Quality, or Station, or Endowments. pay a Deference to them; fo much is due to their Experience and Character. Modesty is the most amiable Virtue, especially in a young Man who professes himfelf a Learner. Possibly, in a large Society, you may meet with some bold young Men, who will think to arrogate to themselves a Value amongst their ill-bred Companions, by daring to Tay and do abusive Things, to their Governors: But do not you imitate fuch Examples: For Prudence is not Magnanimity. A brave Mind is feen in perfevering through the Difficulties of a virtuous Courfe; in the Conquest of irregular Appetites and Passions, and in scorning to do any Thing that is mean or base. Have nothing to do with Politics, which, when you shall have studied all your Life, you will not have found out what will hereafter be the Humours or Resentments, or private Interests or public Views of Men in Power: A Study, which, as it is generally directed, rather leads from Virtue, is foreign to your present Purpose, and in which, if you could really have any Skill, at your Age it would feem Take the proper Advantages of living to be affected. in a Society. Observe the different Tempers and Difpositions of Men; shun their Vices, imitate their Virtues, make Use of their Learning, and let the many Eyes that are upon you, the Consciousness of your Duty, and the Indignation to be infignificant, raise an Emulation in you to excell in some Kind of Art or Knowledge, that may hereafter be useful to the Public. From the Moment of your Entrance take Care of your Reputation. Let not one Exercise go out of your Hands that hath not employed your utmost Diligence.

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144 The Complete LETTER-WRITER:

Notwithstanding the Affection I have for you, I shall not be able to do you the Service I desire, unless you assist me with your Character. And, in all doubtful Cases, let not your Father, who loves you best, and your Governors, who are well able to direct you, be the only Friends that you will not consult.

I am, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Demetrius, with a Present of Fruit, on early rising.

June 28, 1766.

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of Fruit, but to say the Truth, my Band of Muficians have made bold with more of it this Summer than usual; however, when I consider that 'tis the only Wages I pay them, I am no otherwise displeased with it, than as it prevents me from obliging my Friends in Town as I could wish.

My Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of Birds, and she says it would be cruel to deprive them of their Liberty, when we can be entertained with their Songs without it; to encourage then their Residence amongst us, they are not denied a great Share of the Productions of my Garden.

We were this Morning at Six o'Clock in our Garden, an Hour which you are totally unacquainted with, and which, notwithstanding, affords the noblest Scene which a human Creature can be present at.

The Sun, my Demetrius, was just risen above the Horison, and all the Eastern Sky was tinged with Blushes, the Zephyrs, as they passed, were fraught with Fragrance from the opening Flowers, and the feathered Songfters were waked to their respective Parts, in their Morning Hymn to the Author of Nature.

Whilst my Lucinda and I were walking, like a fond old-fashioned Couple, Arm in Arm, I could not but recollect that Part of the Paradise lost, where Milton has described our first Parents as rising to their Labours, and addressing their grateful Orisons to the bounteous Father of every Blessing.

Thee

There is indeed fomething which at this Time inspires us with Gratitude to our Maker, and produces Sentiments in almost every Bosom, like those which are given to Adam.

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,

Almighty, thine this universal Frame,

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Thus wondrous fair; thyfelf how wondrous then ! Unspeakable, who first above these Heavens To us invisible or dimly feen,

In these thy lowest Works, yet these declare Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

There is likewise something which must create a grateful Sense of our Obligation to Heaven, when we wake again to Life, with the Bloffing of Health, and recollect that many have passed the Night in all the Anguish of Pain and Disease. As for myself, I should retire to Sleep with no little Anxiety, if I were not affured that we are protected in those Hours by our Maker, when we are not conscious of our own Existence. There cannot surely be a more comfortable Reflection than being convinced that a Power who commands and directs all Nature is our Guard, without whose Knowledge no Action is committed, nor even the most secret Thought can arise.

With this Confidence of Security the good Man commits himself to the Arms of Sleep, where all befides must fear it, and feels Serenity where every other

Breast must be discomposed.

The unufual Serenity of the Morning, which inspired every Warbler with Chearfulness, detained us in the Garden, till our little Boy came running to inform us that the Breakfast waited,

Is it not extremely abfurd, faid Lucinda, as we returned, for Mankind to complain of the short Duration of their Lives, when they even refuse to live 'a Number of Hours which Providence has bestowed on them. How many can we recollect amongst our ' Aequaintance, who have been loft to every Joy this ' Morning has afforded us, and who may, notwith-' flanding, before Night affert, that the Age which "Men in general attain to, ferves only to conduct them to a superficial Knowledge of the Sciences, or

146 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

that old Age approaches almost as soon as we begin to live.' tetatiet ...

Such indeed is frequently the Language of human Creatures, who lose the most valuable Parts of every Day. Such too have I heard from your Mouth, but then

indeed you rife—by Eleven.

Lucinda and myself, who are great Advocates for early Hours, want much to try whether we cannot reform you, as we have already done Leontes; and should therefore rejoice to see you amongst us; there is then some Probability of your seeing the Sun rise, which I fincerely believe you have not done for many Years, and which is one of the most pleasing Scenes upon the Theatre of Nature.

LETTER VIII.

To Lucinda, on the Happiness of a domestic Matrimonial

July 5, 1766. A FTER to many Years which we have passed, my Lucinda, almost without Separation, one would naturally imagine that the few Days Absence I have known should not be displeasing, and yet believe me, I am already tired of the Town, and am preparing to leave it with the utmost Expedition to return to domestic loys.

When I reflect on my Disposition, I am greatly thankful to Providence that the same Dislike for public Pleafures has always prevailed in Lucinda as myself, and that we have been actuated by the same Inclinations

during the Tenor of our Lives.

Though I own myself in general but little fond of the Town, yet I never fail of feeing Objects in it which remind me of my own Felicity, and increase the Love I bear you. Alas! my Dear, the fashionable Tenor of matrimonial Lives is so little suited to my Turn of Mind, that I must have been wretched with what is now called a very good Wife. I could by no Means have endured to see the Heart of the Woman I loved, entirely devoted to Pleasure, nor have even been conent to share it with the King of Trumps.

It is however, happy for Mankind, that the same Delicacy does not universally prevail, as there are now many Couples who are thought to be happy, because the Wise has never transgressed the Bounds of Virtue, nor the Husband treated her with Language which he would be ashamed to use to a Stranger Their Amusements are distinct from each other, they know nothing of that heart-felt Joy which arises from being with those they love, secluded from every Eye, and breathing the Sweets of the balmy Evening. Their only Care is resining those Pleasures which Repetition has rendered dull, and inventing new Arts to pass the tedious Day, which, notwithstanding their Endeavours, affords some Hours in which that most impertinent of all Companions, called Self, never fails of Intrusion.

There are many Women in the World, I believe, to whom I might have made a good Husband; but I do not recollect any one but my Lucinda who could have made me a happy one. How greatly then am I indebted to thy amiable Disposition and Virtues, since Indisference and Content are to be incompatible in the Marriage State. To Heaven, likewise my sincerest Thanks are due, for preserving its best and most valuable Gift to bless my Life. For as Milton elegantly

expresses it.

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With thee conversing I forget all Time; All Seafons and their Change, all please alike, Sweet as the Breath of Morn, her Rifing Iweet, With Charm of earlieft Birds; pleafant the Sun, When first on this delightful Land he spreads His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flower, Glist'ring with Dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth After foft Show'rs; and fweet the coming on Of grateful Evening mild; then filent Night, With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon, And these the Gems of Heaven, her starry Train: But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends With Charm of earliest Birds; nor rising Sun On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower, Glist'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance after Showers; Nor grateful Evening mild; nor filent Night,

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348 The Complete LETTER WRITER.

With this her solemn Bird, nor Walk by Moon, Or glittering Starlight without thee is sweet.

Having once begun those beautiful Lines of my Lucinda's favourite Poet, I found it impossible to break off sooner; nay, I was pleased to be able to express so ele-

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gantly the Language of my Heart.

Aranthes, who is just come in, and has looked over my Shoulder, upon seeing so much Poetry, cried out, very fine, truly, I shall take the first Opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I assure you. If you have any Thing, I replied, to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make Use of me, for I am now writing to her. How's this, says Aranthes, what larding your Letters with Poetry after more than twenty Years Marriage I concluded you were addressing some other Fair One, and endeavouring to soften her inexorable Heart by the Muse's Assistance. But come with me to Lady—'s Not a Word, however, of Lucinda all Night; to be seen with such an old-sashioned Creature as you, would spoil my Reputation entirely, if your Character should once be known.

You know, Aranthes, my Lucinda extremely well, and will perceive by this that he is still the same Man as ever. He desires me to apologize for his taking one from you, as he calls it, and at the same Time to send you his Compliments. My Blessing to the Children, whom I shall make happy by some little Presents at my Return; to thee, my Love, I shall bring a Heart more truly thine than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy Virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own

Felicity. Believe me, &c.

LETTER IX.

To Cleanthes, on Friendsbip, Age, and Death,

IT is no small Alleviation of that Anxiety which the Loss of a Friend produces, to reflect that the same Virtues which procured him our Esteem, will likewise entitle him to eternal Happiness. This Confolation I received upon closing the Eyes of Aristus,

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the last and most melancholy Office which Friendship can

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At Length, my Cleanthes, that Friendship which we once divided is now confined to ourselves. We have seen those who advanced with us along the Vale of Life, sink into the Grave, and have lived to be the only Links of the Chain of Friendship which we helped to constitute at our Entrance on the World. We have together, in the Hours of Youth, looked back and despised the Toys of Infancy, in our Manhood we have smiled at the Pleasures of our Youth, and are now come to that Age in which we look back on all alike, and consider every Prospect that terminates on this Side the Grave

as beneath our Notice or Regard.

At this Season of Life, one of the most considerable Pleasures which remains to human Nature, is the Recollection of the Moments which are past. Now, whilst I write, my Cleanthes, I recall with Satisfaction the Time in which we were induced, by a Parity of Sentiments, to form the focial Connexion, and the fleady Union in which we have passed from that, Hour to the present. The Time approaches which must put a Period to our Friendship, none hope-that Providence will extend their Lives to an unufual Length but those who fear to die; as for ourselves, we have reached that Age which few are born to attain, and which, in the Language of an admired Writer, requires a great deal of Providence to produce. I flatter: myfelf that our Days have been so spent that we have no Reason to tremble at the Thought of our last, nor embitter the remaining Part of our Life with Apprehension for the inevitable Hour to come.

We have lent the Tear of Pity to Distress, and alleviated the Missortunes of our Fellow Creatures, we have neither judulged our Passions, nor neglected the Praise we owe the Author of our Mercies. Why, therefore, should we tremble? We leave a World whose Pleasures we are no longer capable of possessing, we have passed through its Enjoyments, and have found them vain, we leave it for the happiness of States: And yet the tender Tie of Parents holds us; we must leave those whom Nature obliges us to love; Yet let us re-

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member that we leave them to the Care of a divine Providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilst their Minds were yet unformed, or we had conducted them from

the Budding to the Bloom of Reason.

If at any Time a Kind of Wish arises which would defer the Hour that Heaven has allotted for my last, 'tis when I am surrounded by my Family, and observe the Looks of Tenderness which they gratefully bestow on me; yet sometimes their being present has the opposite Essect, and I am apprehensive less the Moment should not arrive till I mourn the Loss of a Child.

I know not that any Thing would give more confiderable Amusement than our reviewing together our past Lives, and recollecting the Dangers we have past from the Storms of our Passions, when now Time has lulled them to Rest. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various Opinions and Ideas we have had of the same Object, and mark the Progress of the human Mind through the different Stages of Life. Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the Blessing of Health in a more eminent Degree than his Friend, will hasten to see and give him the greatest Satisfaction he

can poffibly know.

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I write this from the Grotto which Lucinda's Fancy decorated, and where we have passed so many happy Hours. Providence has taken Care to wean us from the Love of Life by Degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened Age of Manhood before we have more Friends in the Grave than furviving, and from that Moment, which is almost the first of serious Reflection, we begin to perceive the Vanity of human Happiness. It was the Will of Heaven that I should mourn the Loss of my Lucinda, and feel the Pang of Separation, yet not till we had grown old in Love, and sweetened the greatest Part of our Lives with conpubial Happiness Since the Retrospect Part of our Lives prefents us with nothing which should terrify our Imagination, let us pass the remaining Days which Heaven shall allot us in calm Serenity, and in Refignation to the divine Will.

Whenever the destined Hour shall come, my Cleanthes, may we fink contented from the World, and in the perfect Assurance of eternal Happines.

I am. &c.

LETTER X.

A Letter from Bifbop Atterbury to bis Son Obadiah, at Christchurch College, in Oxford.

[Containing some useful Hints in regard to writing Letters.]

Dear Obby.

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Thank you for your Letter, because there are manifest Signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and of Consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both Respects, and will always fucceed, if you think it worth your while to confider what you write, and to whom, and let nothing, the' of a trifling Nature, pass through your Pen negligently; get but the Way of writing correctly and justly, Time and Use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much Care may give a Stiffness to your Stile, which ought in all Letters, by all Means, to be avoided. The Turn of them should be always natural and early, for they are an Image of private and familiar Conversation. I mention this with Respect to the four or five first Lines of yours, which have an Air of Poetry, and do therefore naturally refolve themselves into Blank Verses. I fend you your Letter again, that yourself may now make the same Observation. But you took the Hint of that Thought from a Poem, and it is no Wonder, therefore, that you heightened the Phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest-is as it should be; and particularly there is an Air of Duty and Sincerity, which, if it comes from your Heart, is the most acceptable Present you can make me. With these good Qualities an incorrect Letter would please me, and without them the finest Thoughts and Language will make no lafting Impression on me. The great Being fays, you know-My Son give me thy Heart, implying, that without it all other Gifts. fignify nothing. Let me conjure you, therefore, mever to fay any Thing, either in a Letter, or common Conversation, that you do not think; but always to let

et your Mind and your Words go together on the most trivial Occasions. Shelter not the least Degree of Infincerity under the Notion of a Compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practifed by a Man of Probity, is only the most civil and obliging Way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwife, throws away Truth for Breeding: I need not tell you how little his Character gets by fuch an Exchange.

I say not this as if I suspected that in any Part of your Letter you intended to write what was proper, without any Regard to what was true; for I am refolved to believe that you were in Earnest from the Beginning to the End of it, as much as I am, when I tell

you that I am,

Your loving Father, &c.

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LETTER XI.

From a young Lady in one of the Canary Islands, to ber Sifter England, whom she had never seen; containing a presfing Invitation to her to come over, and describing the Beauties of the Place, in order to prevail on her.

UST we for ever, my dear Sister, converse only at this unhappy Distance? Are we born of the same Parents, to be eternal Aliens to each other I have been told Wonders of your Wit, Ingenuity, and Good-Nature Must Strangers, or at least very distant Kindred, reap all the Benefit of these amiable Qualities, while those who are nearest, and ought, methinks, to be dearest, mourn the Want of it. They fay there is a fecret Sympathy between Persons of the same Blood, and I am sure I feel any of those Earnings, those Longings, to see the Daughter of your Father and your Mother, which fo powerfully agitate me in my daily Musings and my nightly Dreams?-If not Affection, Pity should make you wish to be with a Sister, who stands so much in Need of your Affiftance. You know, my Father's great Affairs suffer him seldom to be with his Family .-- Death has deprived me of my Mother, and Devotion of her Sifter; but she forfakes me only to join

join herself to her Creator; you have no such Plea: And as you are fix Years older than myself, and of a much superior Understanding, it is a Kind of Duty in you to be with me, to correct the Errors of my unexperienced Youth, and form my Mind by the Model of your own. - Believe me, I would be most obedient to your Instructions, and love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake. --- What can with hold you from coming to a Place where your Presence is so ardently defired? --- What can you find fo pleafing to you in a Kingdom rent with internal Divisions?——Where Father against Son, and Brother against Brother, maintain unnatural Contest! --- A Kingdom, where Pride, Injustice, Luxury, and Profanenels, are almost univerfal, and Religion become a Reproach to the Profession! -- A Kingdom, sinking by swift Degrees into Misery and Contempt, yet infatuated so far as to doat on the Cause of their Undoing. --- At least this is the Account we have of it. — Can this be agreeable to a Person of your nice and distinguishing Taste! - O, my dearest Sister! listen to the Dictates of Reason, of Duty, and of Nature, all join to call you from that worse than Egypt into the Land of Canaan-Here Peace and Innocence go Hand in Hand, and all the Graces, all the Pleasures, wait upon their Steps-No foreign Wars, no home-bred Jars, no Envy, no Diftruft, diffurb the fost Serenity of these blisful Seats. but all is Harmony and Love --- Eternal Zephyrs watch our Morning Wakings, bringing ten thousand Odours on their Wings, and tempt us to the Groves from whence they spring In Troops we wander through the Jeffamine Lanes, or fit in Orange Bowers, where Fruits, ripe and in Bloffom, charm our Smell and Tafte ---- Sometimes on Mules we take short Journies to Teneriffe, and on the Foot of that stupendous Mount, recline on Banks of Roses umbrella'd over with spreading Myrtles: Then change the Scene, and view the spacious Vineyards, where huge Alcoves of clustering Grapes hang pendant over our Heads, ---- Sometimes we roam through a long Gallery of stately Pines, whose loaded Boughs present us every Kind of Feuit in one. --- But there is no describing Half the various.

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154 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

Sweets which Nature, with a lavish Hand, pours on these Isles, which justly have the Name of Fortunate I nor (I flatter myself) will there be any Need of farther Arguments, to bring you to us; —my Father has just now informed me, that Captain ** carries his positive Orders for your coming, and I may now rest in an assured Hope of enjoying the Happiness I so long, and so earnestly have wished; yet I am craving still more—I would fain, methinks, imagine, if I could, that with your Obedience to our Father, some little Share of Love for me was mingled, and that you will embark with the more Readiness, by the Thoughts that you will embare one who has so tender an Affection for you, and thinks it the greatest Blessing to subscribe herself,

My dear Sifter,
Your most affectionate and most obedient Servant,
MARIABOYLE.

LETTER XII.

From Miss Middleton to Miss Pemberton, giving her the melancholy Account of her Sifter's Death.

Dear Miss Pemberton, al sile and An

TUST as I was setting out for Worcestershire, in order to follow my Sifter, who, you know, has been some Time there, I received a Letter from my Aunt, acquainting me that the was taken ill last Friday, and died in two Days after. Yes, that lately to much admired, that splendid Beauty, is now reduced to a cold Lump of Clay,-for ever closed are those once sparkling Eyes :- hushed is that Voice that gave fo much Delight; those Limbs which Are has ranfack'd to adorn, have now no other Covering than a simple Shroud, and in a few Days will be confined within the narrow Compass of a Tomb. —Ah! what is Life! -What all the gaudy Pride of Youth, of Pomp, of Grandeur! What the vain Adoration of a flattering World !-- delusive Pleasures, --- fleeting Nothings, how onweather are you of the Attention of a reasona-ble Being - You know the gay Manner in which we have always lived, and will, no Doubt, be surprised to find Expressions of this Kind fall from my Pen; -but,

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my dear Pemberton, hitherto my Life has been a Dream; but I am now, thank Heaven, awake: -- My Sifter's Fate has rouzed me from my Lethargy of Mind, made me fee the Ends for which I was created, and reflect that there is no Time to be lost for their Accomplishment.-Who can affure me, that in an Hour, a Moment, I may not be as she is ! - And if so, oh! how unfit, how unprepared to make my Audit at the great Tribunal!——In what a strange Stupidity have I passed fourteen or fifteen Years; (for those of my Childhood are not to be reckoned.)——I always knew that Death was the Portion of Mortality, yet never took the least Care to arm against the Terrors of it. --- Whenever I went a little Journey, I provided myself with all Things necessary, yet have I got nothing ready for that long, last Voyage, I must one Day take into another World: ---- What an Infatuation to be anxious for the minutest Requisites for Ease and Pleasure, in a Dwelling where I proposed to stay a few Weeks, or Months, perhaps, yet wholly regardless of what was wanting for making my Felicity in an eternal Situation. Reason, just kindled, shudders at the Recollection of the endless Train of Follies I have been guilty of:-Well might the poor Berinthia feel all their Force; vain, gay, unthinking as myself, I tremble at the bare Imagination of those Ideas, which her last Moments must inspire, for I now faithfully believe with Mr. Waller, that,

Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view Who stand upon the Threshold of the New.

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Whether it was the Suddenness of her Fate, or a Letter she wrote to me not two Hours before her Death, I know not, that has made this Alteration in me; but of this I am certain, that I can never enough acknowledge the Goodness of that divine Power without whose Assistance it could not have been brought about.

I shall make no Apology for this melancholy Epistle, because I am very sensible that whatever Concern you may seel for my Sister, it will be greatly alleviated, by finding I am become at last a reasonable Creature.

156 The Complete LETTER-WRITER.

enclose you the Letter she sent, to the End you may judge with what Kind of Sentiments she left this World. — Heaven has, I hope, accepted her Contrition, and will enable me, as you will find she desires, to be more early in mine.

I am, dear Miss,
Your most afflicted humble Servant,
MIDDLETON.

LETTER XIII.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

Miss Middleton's Letter to ber Sister, wrote a few Hours

before ber Death, advising her not to defer making the

necessary Preparations for Futurity.

My dear Sifter,

DEFORE this can possibly reach you, the unchanging Fiat will be passed upon me, and I shall be either happy or miserable for ever. - None about me pretend to flatter me with the Hopes of feeing another Morning .- Short Space to accomplish the mighty Work of eternal Salvation! -- Yet I cannot leave the World without admonishing, -without conjuring you to be more early in preparing for that dreadful Hour, you are fure not to escape, and know not Sort of Education, have lived in the same Manner, and though accounted very like, have resembled each other more in our Follies than our Faces -Oh! what a Waste of Time have we not both been guilty of! To dress well has been our Study .- Parade, Equipage, and Admiration our Ambition, — Pleasure our Avocation, and the Mode our God — How often, aias! have I profaned, in idle Chat, that facred Name, by whose Merits alone I have Hopes to be forgiven! How often have I fat and heard his Miracles and Sufferings ridiculed by the false Wits of the Age, without how often have I myself, because I heard others do so. called in Question that Futurity I now go to prove, and ain already convinced of! One Moment, methinks.

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thinks, I fee the blifsful Seats of Paradife unveiled;-I hear ten thousand Myriads of Myriads of celestial Forms tuning their golden Harps to Songs of Praife, to the unutterable Name - The next a Scene all' black and gloomy, spreads itself before me, whence issue nought but Sobs, and Groans, and horrid Shrieks.--My fluctuating Imagination varies the Prospect, and involves me in a fud Uncertainty of my eternal Doom; On one Hand beckoning Angels smile upon me, while on the other the Furies stand prepared to seize my fleeting Soul .- Methinks I dare not hope, not will the Rev. Doctor G*** fuffer me to despair;he comforts me with the Promises in holy Writ, which, to my Shame, I was unacquainted with before; but now I feel them Balm to my tormented Conscience .-Dear, dear Sister, I must bid you eternally adieu;-I have discharged my Duty in giving you this Warning: O! may my Death, which you will shortly hear of, give it that Weight I wish and pray for: You are the last Object of my earthly Cares:—I have now done with all below,—shall retire into myself, and devote the few Moments allowed me to that Penitence which alone can entitle me to a glorious Immortality. I die,

Your fincere Friend,
And most affectionate and departing Sister,
BERINTHIA.

LETTER XIV.

A Leiter to Miss W-, advising her to take Care of ber House, Sc.

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A S you are a Tenant at Will in a very handsome genteel House, and are now capable of turnishing it in the politest Manner, ruling it by the strictest Maxims of Economy and Decorum, permit a Friend to give a sew cursory Hints in an Affair of so much Importance.

Your Building is composed of some of the finest Materials I ever saw, and is so much the more liable to discover any Flaw or Spot that may accidentally touch it.——'Tis erected of a proper Height, a just Size,

reared on a regular Plan, and finished with the most accurate Proportion.—On the Top stands an eminent Turret, furnished with a Room of globular Form, which I observe has two crystal Windows in the Front; these are so constructed as to be exceeding uleful, as they command an extensive Prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great Ornament to the House. I advise you not to look through them at every Object that passes by; be fure to thut them foon at Night and you may open them as early as you please in the Morning. On each Side I discover a small Portal to receive Company; take Care they don't always stand open, for then you will be crowded with Visitors, and perhaps with many fuch as you will not like; let them never be shut against the instructing Parent, the advising Friend, or the fupplicating Orphan. I took Notice of one Gate in the Front, at which all your Company goes out; let that generally be barred close; be cautious what visitors you let out publickly, lest any of ill Characters be feen coming from it, you draw a Scandal upon your House: It will be necessary, therefore, to lay a strict Injunction of Vigilance on your two Porters, who stand Centinels in Liveries of the deepest Scarlet, just without the Ivory Pallisades --- I have feen some People paint the two Pannels, just below the Windows; but I would advise you to the contrary, for your natural Colours far exceed all the Decorations of Art. --- This Part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of Corinthian Marble, whose Base is ornamented with two Alabafter Semi-Globes, over which is generally drawn a fine Lawn Curtain of admirable Needle-Work of Walv on iliv to thene I n ere way

Beneath is the great Hall, in which you have a fmall Closes of exquisite Workmanship; this I suppose, is the Place of your fecret Retirement, open to none but yourfelf, or fome faithful intimate Friend: -- I advile you to keep this always clean, furnish it well, make it a little Library of the beff practical Authors, and vifit it frequently, especially when you return Flome from Charch, or leave a Circle of Acquaintance, which you have met at the Tea-Table: Let the Outfide of

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the Hall not appear like an Herse hung round with Escurcheons, nor like a Coach of State, bedaubed with Gilt and Colouring; but let it be plain, neat and clean, to convince the World that tis kept more for Use than Ornament.

You are sensible, Mils, Time effaces the Beauty, and demolishes the Strength of the noblest Structure, and therefore will not be surprised to find your little Tenement subject to the same Change: Doubtless, it has often wanted Repairs, though you have lived in it no longer, which are plain Intimations that the House will one Day fall You may foon be turned outthe Landlord may give you Warning, or may notthis is all uncertain be ever ready to go when called upon, and then you will not be afraid to leave it at the shortest Notice. One Thing I would obferve too, is, that when you quit the House, no other Tenant, will inhabit it, but 'twill fle waste and in Ruins ; yet the Proprietor will some Time or other rebuild it for your Reception in a more durable Manner, with the fame Materials, but so refined and modified, will be liable to no Accident or Decay, and as it is absolutely necessary that your Habitation be new reared in some other Place, I heartily with it may be in a finer Country, under a milder Climate, and well sheltered from all Storms; then will your Situation be happy and honourable, and your Leafe never expire,

> Your's, &c. ROBERT N.

LETTER XV.

From a Sensible Lady, with a never-failing Receipt for a Beauty-Wash.

As you feem to intent on improving the perional Charms of your already amiable Daughter, I can no longer delay answering your Letter.—You would be glad, you say, of a Receipt to make a Wall, but it must be perfectly innocent. What I recommend, Madam, is truly so, and will greatly illustrate and preserve her Complexion.

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Pray let her observe the following Rules.

In the Morning fair Water is to be used as a Preparatory; after which she must abstain from all sudden Gusts of Passion, particularly Envy, as that gives the Skin a fallow Paleness. It may feem trifling to talk of Temperance; yet must this be attended to, both in Eating and Drinking, if the would avoid those Pimples, for which the advertised Washes are a boasted Cure, Instead of Rouge let her use moderate Exercise, which will excite a natural Bloom in her Cheeks not to be imitated by Art. Ingenuous Candour, and unaffected Good-Humour, will give an Openness to her Countenance that will make her universally agreeable. A Defire of pleafing will add Fire to her Eyes, and breathing the Morning Air at Sun-Rise will give her Lips a Vermillion Hue. That amiable Vivacity, which the now possesses, may be happily heightened and pre-ferved, if she avoids late Hours and Card Playing, but not otherwife; for the first gives the Face a drowly disagreeable Aspect, and the last is the Mother of Wrinkles—A white Hand is a very desireable Ornament; and a Hand can never be white unless it he kept clean: Nor is this all; for if the young Lady will excel her Companions in this Respect, she must keep her Hands in constant Motion, which will occasion the Blood to circulate feeely, and have a won-derful Essa. The Motion I would recommend, is working at her Needle, brushing up the House, or twirling the Distaff, It was this Industry in our Grand-Mothers which gave Kneller an Opportunity of gratifying Posterity with the View of fo many fine Hands and Arms in his incomparable Portraits .---A few Words more, and I have done. --- Let her pre-Erve an unaffected Neatness in her Apparel; ber Fortune will permit her to dress elegantly; but her good Sense should always prevent her from descending to Gaudiness, which strikes the Eyes of the Ignorant. but difgusts those of true Taste and Discernment; befides, Madam, your Daughter has so many natural Charms, that she can have no Occasion to vear Cloaths that will attract all the Attention of the Multitude. She peffeffes more Beauties than the is acquainted

with, which is no small Addition to her Merit; but how can it be otherwise, when she is your Daughter, and has you for an Example? I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

Domeftic Rules the Province of the Wife.

Madam, Must affert, that the Right of directing Domestic. and that we are perfectly qualified for the Exercise of Dominion, notwithstanding what has often been said by Male Cors to the contrary. Those who pretend to direct our Bringing-up, feem to have deftined us to that Power which they would afterwards dispute. We are employed in our Samplers, or diverting ourselves with our Babies, we pass from our Mother's Nursery to our own, and from imaginary Visits to real ones, without fatiguing ourselves with a Variety of unneceffary Acquirements, on which the Men most value themselves. Indeed, which I would condemn too eager; a Pursuit of we are taught Singing and Dancing; but what are these to the Drudgery of Schools and Universities? The Business of a Family, when thoroughly, performed, takes in the whole Circle of our Time, and affords no Room for any Thing except innocent Relaxations. We certainly then are more likely to understand Domestic Policy than the Men, who have twenty other Things to mind A mere Housewife, like a mere Scholar, is fit for nothing elfe, I admit, and will make a Man a very unfociable Companion. But as some Men of great Application to their respective Professions, have, notwithstanding, a very polite Behaviour, fo a Woman may make the Government of her House the principal Care; without suffering it to become the principal Theme of her Discourse; nor do I think it at all necessary, that to establish a Character as a Manager, her Husband should twice or thrice a Week hear her scolding the Servants. This is one of the great Objections to Female Government, and our Adverlaries would fain present it as a Thing as necesfary to us, as a standing Army to the Administration. Batz

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But both may be Calumnies, and the mere Effects of a Defire to get into other Folks Places. Experience is wholly on our Side; for, where-ever the Master exceeds his proper Sphere, and pretends to give Law to the Cook-Maid as well as the Coachman, we observe a great deal of Discord and Confusion. When a Man, who is always a better Judge when Things are wrong, than of the Method of fetting them to rights, entrenches on the Woman's Province, it is the ready Way to make the rest of the Family despise them both. But when a Woman of tolerable Good Sense is allowed to direct her House without Controll, all Things go well; the prevents even her Hasband's Wishes, the Servants know their Business, and the whole Family live easy and happy. It is with great Concern that I perceive our Sex, of late, inclined to mind any Thing rather than their Families, which Inclination must have fatal Consequences. Can there be any Thing more honourable for a Woman, than the right Management of her Family? And it may be observed to them, that they must take their Choice either to manage their Children and Servants, or to be managed by them, If Liberty is the Thing they aim at, they certainly mistake the Road; a Woman's Freedom confifts in Power, and not in a Licence to gad about, which is scandalous even in a Girl, and bespeaks a Giddines of Soul below Compassion. The Conduct of the Estate or Business ought surely to be in the Hufband; and if he parts with it, it is an Act of Weakness: The Conduct of the House belongs as justly to the Wife; and no Man ought to marry a Woman whom he would not trust with the Management of fuch Concerns. Adieu, dear Friend! incroach not on the Province of your Husband, but continue to be Mistres in your own. I am, Your affectionate Friend,

SYLVIA SHARP.

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LETTER XVII.

From a Lady to ber Acquaintance on growing old.

My dear Lucy,

HAVE been thinking that Human Understanding is no less liable to be unhinged, than the Mechanism of the Human Frame. The least Jar of a Surprize puts it out of Tune, and one cannot presently get into order again.—We have certainly Passions of the Mind as well as Diseases of the Body, which we are not aware of, till some sudden Accident calls them forth; and the one are no less capable of suspending the Faculties of Reason for a Time, than the other are of obstructing that Animal Fluid, to the proper Circulation of which we owe our Health and Vigour.

I was led into this Reflection by catching myself in a Folly which I shall not be much ashamed of confessing, since, on contemplating some Passages, my Observation supplies me with, I find the Foible inherent, in a more or less Degree, to the whole Species of Human Kind, though sew are ingenuous enough to acknowledge it.

I was fitting Yesterday in my Parlour Window, looking carelessly on the People as they passed when all at once a Fellow abruptly presented himself before me, and cried in a hoarse Voice, Speciacles, Madam, fine Speciacles, and at the same Time thrust a Pair of those Nose-Saddles within the Sash: You cannot imagine, dear Lucy, how I was shocked; I gave the Man a fhort Answer and immediately drew down the Window. Good God! faid I to myfelf, do I look old enough to be supposed to want Spectacles?, not considering that it was the Fellow's Trade to offer them to every Body, and that many People younger than myself were obliged to make Use of them.—I ran however to my Glass, and fancied I perceived what they call the Crow's Feet appearing at the Corners of my Eyes .- I looked, and looked again, and the more I did to, the more I thought these cruel Marks of Time were visible; and now recollecting that my last Birth-Day brought me into my one and thirtieth Year, and that a very few more

more of them would rank me among the Number of the Aged, I fell into such a Fit of the Vapours as I had never before known. Is not this unaccountable? ----Where now was my Understanding? -----where my Reason? the little Share I have is sufficient to make me know, that whoever lives a great while in this World must grow old, and few of us there are who delire to die young: Why was not this Knowledge at Hand to make me easy under the common Course of Nature?

I do affure you, I had grown two or three Hours older, before I could bring myfelf to be reconciled with the Apprehentions that every Moment brought me nearer to that formuch dreaded Stage of Life; But, thank Heaven, I got the better of it at last, and laughed at the foolish Part my Imagination had been

acting.

That we all, however, have a natural Aversion to grey Hairs and Wrinkles, cannot be denied; and that to overcome the Uneafiness their Approach inflicts, requires the utmost Exertion of our Reason; yet is not this an Inconfiftency, & Kind of Absurdity in our Habit of thinking?—We ridicule a thousand lesser Follies of Mankind, yet pass over that which more than all deferves Censure, the being ashamed or afraid of atfaining what all the World, as well as ourselves, would with to arrive at -But we would live for ever we could, and yet be always young; we would annihilate the Depredations of Time from Fifteen to Sixty; and even then not be content perhaps to be thought in our Decline.

Were old Age tertible to us merely as it is the Forerunner of Death, or as it is generally attended with be fo much furprized; but, alas! we fee Death and Difeales seize on Youth and Strength; no Time of Life is a Security against either.—Not is it altogether the Apprehention of being deprived of what Share of Beauty Nature may have bestowed upon us, that renders it so alarming, since that also may be lost by the Small-Pox, and a thousand other Accidents.—No, it is only the Name, not the Effects, we fo much dread;

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and I believe most People would rather chuse Deformity

with Youth, than Comelines's with Old Age.

This, and some other Propensities of the Mind, in my Opinion, are sufficient to convince any thinking Person of the Importance of Human Understanding, and oblige us all to own with the Poet, that

" Reason in Man is but a twinkling Lamp

Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by Turns;
Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining."

You will imagine, by my being so serious, that I have not yet got over, the Fright the Man put me into, and indeed I am not sure whether I have or not; but, be that as it will, I have Resolution enough to wish from the very Bottom of my Heart, that you and I may grow old in Friendship, and that, whatever Effect Time may have upon our Persons, our Minds may remain as now united; which will be a Balance against the Morpifications in the Power of the old Gentleman with the Hour-Glass, to

Yours, with the most perfect Amity.

tangular trans word as voter as to HILLARIA.

LETTER XVII.

To a Lady who had loft her Beauty by the Small-Pox.

My dear Ophelia,

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Received yours, and rejoice too much in your Recovery, to be able to condole with you on any Alteration your late Illness has made in you; and, indeed, how great soever it may be, am far from thinking it deserves to be mentioned with that Concern you express.—You have encountered Death, and foiled him at one of his sharpest Weapons; and if you have received some Scars, ought to look upon them rather as Trophies of Victory than Blemishes.—What if your Complexion has lost some Part of its fair Enamel, and your Features are not altogether so delicate; the less Charms your Glass present you with, the more you will find in your Closet; and deprived of vain Pleasure

in contemplating the Graces of your outward Form, you will have the greater Leifure to improve and embel-

lish those which are not so easily impaired.

Let us pretend what we will, it is the Ambition of attracting Admirers, that renders Beauty of fo much Value to all the Young and Gay; but, if we confider feriously, we shall find that it is Virtue, good Sense, Sweetness of Disposition, and Complaisance, of which the Girdle of Cythereia should be composed. The finest Face in the World without them, will not long maintain its Empire over the Heart of a Man of Underflanding, as the Poet truly fays, at 100 mile

Beauty foon grows familiar to the Eye; Virtue alone has Charms that never die."

Do not think, however, that I am glad to find you are more on a Level, than before this Accident, with the greatest Part of our Sex: I confess, the Beauties of the Perfon greatly contribute to fet off and render thole of the Mind conspicuous, and for that Reason should lament extremely any Defect in the one, if I were not certain you had enough of the other to engross the whole Attention of as many as know you; and that they may every Day encrease in the Lustre of true Dignity, is the sincere Wish of, my dear Ophelia, Yours, SOPHRONIA.

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LETTER-WRITER.

PART IV.

Elegant Letters on various Subjects, to improve the Stile and entertain the Mind; from eminent Authors.

LETTER I.

The following Letter, written by Mr. Gay, giving an Account of two Lowers who were fruck dead by the same Flash of Lightening, is reckoned a Master Piece in epiftolary descriptive Writing.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

The only News you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven; for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any Thing can reach me, except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the Ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped: The only Thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed

confumnd to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished! But unhappily beneath this little Shelter fat two much more constant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the Shade of a Beach-Tree. John Hewit was a well fet Man of about five and twenty: Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age: They had passed through the va-Satisfaction; if the milked, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her Hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw Hat; and the Posey on her Silver Ring was of his chufing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other Views than the lawful Possesfion of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtained the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the Intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding Cloaths and John was fulting feveral Sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between Two and Three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and fuch a Storm of Lightening and Thunder-enfued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. Sarah was trightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a Heap of Barley; John, who never separated from her, sat down by her Side, having raked together two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard fo loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split afunder; every one was folicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field. No Answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stepped to the Place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a Smoke, and then spy'd this faithful Pair. John with one Arm about Sarah's Neck, and the other held over her her, as if to skreen her from the Lightening. They were both ftruck

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finged, and there appeared a black Spot on her Breast; her Lover was all over Black, but not the least Signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day interred in Stanton-Harcourt Church-Yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my Request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon Condition that we should furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire, On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire; Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found, And blasted both that it might neither wound. Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleas'd, Sent his own Light ning and the Victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this; and Mr Pope says he'll make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little. Poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

The following most charming and affectionate Letter, uniwerfally admired, was written by Mr. Pope, to the Bishop of Rochester, about a Month before his Bamishment.

NCE more I write to you, as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last; the Curtain will soon be drawn between my Friend and me, and nothing lest but to wish you a long good Night, may you enjoy a State of Repose in this Life, not unlike that Sleep of the Soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that World from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any Memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a Dream of an absent Friend, or bring you back an agreeable Conversation. But

upon the Whole, I hope you will think less of the Time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the World your Studies; they will tend to the Benefit of Men, against whom you can have no Complaint, I mean of all Posterity: And perhaps at your Time of Life, nothing elfe is worth your Care. What is every Year of a wife Man's Life but a Cenfure or Critic on the past? Those whose Date is the thortest, live long enough to laugh at one Half of it: The Boy despiles the Infant, the Man the Boy, the Philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your Manhood was too much a Puerility; and you will never fuffer your Age to be but a second Infancy. The Toys and Baubles of your Childhood are hardly now more below you, than those Toys of our riper and our declining Years, the Drums and Rattles of Ambition, and the Dirt and Bubbles of Avarice. At this Time, when you are cut off from a little Society, and made a Citizen of the World at large, you should bend your Talents not to serve a Party, or a few, but all Mankind. Your Genius should amount above that Mift, in which its Participation and Neighbourhood with Earth hath long involved it: To thine abroad and to Heaven, ought to be the Business and the Glory of your present Situation. Remember it was at fuch a Time that the greatest Lights of Antiquity dazzled and blazed the most; in their Retreat, in their Exile, or in their Death: But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave Light, and that they became Guiders to Mankind.

Those Aims alone are worthy of Spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest Minds; but Revenge will never harbour there: Higher Principles than those of the first, and better Principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence Men whose Thoughts and whose Hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any Part of Mankind, especially to so small a Part as one's single self.

Believe

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Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a Spirit entered into another Life, as one just upon the Edge of Immortality, where the Passions and Assections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despite all little Views, and all mean Retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the World look after you: But take Care, that it be not with Pity, but with Esteem and Admiration.

I am, with the greatest Sincerity, and Passion for your Fame as well as Happiness, Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

To Lady - from Mr. Pope, on witty and Serious Letters, Madam.

AM not at all concerned to think that this Letter may be less entertaining than some I have sent: I know you are a Friend that will think a kind Letter as good as a diverting one. He that gives you his Mirth, makes a much less present than he that gives you his Heart; and true Friends would rather fee fuch Thoughts as they communicate only to one another, than what they squander about to all the World: They who can fet a right Value upon any Thing, will prize one tender well meant Word, above all that ever made them laugh in their Lives. If I did not think for of you. I should never have taken much Pains to endeavour to please you, by writing, or any Thing else. Wit I am fure I want, at least in the Degree that I fee others have it, who would at all Seafons a like, be entertaining; but I would willingly have some Qualities that may be (at some Seasons) of more Comfort to myfelf, and of more Service to my Friends, I would cut off my own Head, if it had nothing better than Wit in it; and tear out my own Heart, if it had no better Disposition than to laugh only myself and laugh at all my Neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable Thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be to-lerable, the World may thank you for it: For if I could have feen you every Day, and imagined my Company could have every Day pleased you. I should

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World. How many Verses could I gladly have less unfinished, and turned into it, for People to say what they would of, had I been permitted to pass all those Hours more pleasingly? Whatever some may think, Fame is a Thing I am much less covetous of than your Fieudship; for that I hope will last all my Life, the other I cannot answer for. What if they should both grow greater after my Death? Alas they would both be of no Advantage to me. Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of Fame, I fend you my Temple of Fame, which is just come out: But my Sentiments about it, you will see better by this Epigram.

What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation, Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a Pother?
Part you with one, and I'll r. nounce the other.

LETTER IV.

To the Hon. Mrs. H ____ , from Mr. Pope.

Madam. A LL the Pleasure, or Use of Familiar Letters, is to give us the Assurance of a Friend's Welfare; at least 'tis all I know, who am a mortal Enemy and Despifer of what they call fine Letters. In this View, 1 promise you, it will always be a Satisfaction to me to write Letters and to receive them from you; because I unfeignedly have your Good at my Heart, and am that Thing, which many People make only a Subject to display their fine Sentiments upon, a Friend; which is a Character that admits of little to be faid, till Something may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your Stile: 'Tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture I would not give a Farthing for fuch Letters, unless I were to fell them to be printed. Methinks I have loft Mrs. L*** I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other People, (and fometimes better.) You must allow:

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me to fay, you have not faid a fenfible Thing in all your Letter except where your speak of shewing Kindness and expeding it in Return : But the Addition your make about your being but two and twenty, is again. in the Stile of Wit and Abomination. To shew you how very unfatisfactorily you wrote; in all your Letters; you've never told me how you do. Indeed I fee 'twasabsolutely necessary for me to write to your before your continue to take more Notice of me, for Tought to tell you what you are to expect; that is to fay, Kindness, which I never failed (I hope) to return; and mot With which, if I want, I am not much concerned, because Judgment is a better Thing; and if I had I would make Ule of it, rather to play upon those I despited, than to trifle with those I loved; You feel in thort, after what Manner you may most agreeably write tome: Tell me you are my Friend, and you can be no more at a Lofs about that Article. As I have opened my Mind upon this to you, it may also ferve for Mr. H-, who will fee by it, what Manner of Letters he must expect if he corresponds with me. As I am too feriously yours and his Servant; to put Turns upon you instead of good Wishes, so in Return Is should have nothing but honest plain how-d'ye's and pray remember-me's; which not being fit to be flewn to any Body for Wit, may be a Proof we correspond only for ourselves, in mere Friendliness; as doth, God is my Witness, Your very, &c.

LETTER V.

From Mr. Pope, to Mr. Steel, on Sickness and dring youngs JOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made: I a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, thank the Disparity we often find in him bek and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns: I have had:

frequent Opportunities of late to confider myfelf in these different Views, and I hope have received some Advan.

Advantage by it, if what Waller fays be true, that The Soul's dark Cottage batter'd and decay'd,

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Lets in new Light theo' Chinks that Time has made.

Then furely Sickness contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scassolding of the Body, may discover the inward Structure more plainly. Sickness is a Sort of early old Age: It teaches us a Diffidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a future, better than a thousand Volumes of Philosphers and Divines, it gives so warning a Concustion to those Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we then think of fortifying ourselves within, where there is so little Dependance upon our Outworks. Youth at the very best is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smoother Manner than Age: 'Tis like a Stream that nourishes a Plant upon a Bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight, but at the same Time it is undermining it at the Root in Secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men, that the Attractions of the World have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unsatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasure. When a smart Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in Bed in the great Storm some Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head, made Answer, "What care I for the House, I am only a Lodger." I fancy 'tis the best Time to die when one is in the best Humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may by with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men, whom I never had any Effects for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconfiderable little Atom every fingle Man is, with Respect to the whole Creation, methinks 'tis a Shame to be concerned at the Removal of fuch a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will rife as bright as ever,

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the Flowers fmell as fweet, the Plants spring as green. the World will proceed in its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they used to do. The Memory of Man, (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wildom) paffeth away as the Remembrance of a Guest that tarrieth but one Day. There are Reasons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any young Man contented with the Property of Death, "For honourable Age is not that which standeth in Length of Time, or is measured " by Number of Years, But Wildom is the grey "Hair to Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age, "He was taken away speedily, lest Wickedness should " alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul," &c. The to the trained outside which the I am yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

From her Looking-Glass, To the beautiful Angelica.

Madam. T Have enjoyed the Honour of ferving your Ladeship fome Years, during which Time, as you have been pleased to favour me with evident Marks of your Esteem, and a Familiarity that none of your other Utenfils can boaft of, though many of them my Betters by far; as therefore I have shewn you to yourself fo often, and been fo happy always to have my Pidelity approved of by your Ladyship, I hope you will pardon my Boldness, in taking this Method to discover to you fome Failings in yourfelf, which my Surface cannot properly represent. If I may presume to say so, Madam, you confult me much too often and I am confident it would be better for you, if you was to be a greater Stranger to me. How many thousand Times must you be told that you are bandsome !--- I affere you of it every Day; but you will not be fatisfied. unless I tell you so every Hour, nay, almost every Moment. ___ I cannot lie; your Person is exceeding amiable; but I must, at the same Time, inform your Ladyship with my usual Sincerity, that you would be Dail. infinitely

infinitely more agreeable, if you did not think fo. Confider, Madam, I befeech you, that if you come to me' ten thousand Times a Day, I cannot make you a bit the better, or the handsomer : But shall certainly destroy one of the finest Ornaments of Beauty. by rendering you too well acquainted with your own Perfections. Whenever you stand before me, with all your Charms fet forth to the best Advantage, I perceive you are apt to view yourfelf with too great Pleasure, and grow proud and conceited of your own Beauty; which, in Time, will make other People despise and ridicule you; and therefore I honeftly and ingenuously intreat you, to avoid my Company; for, Madam, I must confes, that the worst Enemy the Fair Ones have, can't do them fo much Prejudice as I their chief Favourite. It grieves me to the Heart to find it fo, and often puzzles me extremely to account for their Fondness of me, when I so continually do them Mischief:--- Whether it be, as a witty Gentleman once faid of me, from my Talent of cafting Reflexions;or whether it be from the large Quantity of Quickfilver which belongs to me, and without which I am useless as well as innocent; for as the Learned observe, Madam, Mercury is highly prejudicial to your Sex, either where there is too much of it in the Composition of a Fair Lady, or when it is used externally as an Help to Beauty: As, in the former Cafe, it is generally the Cause of extensive Levity, fo, in the latter it is always observed to hurt the Eyes, and deface those Charms which it is deligned to affift and improve: - Or whether my gaily gilded Frame is too apt to infect. the Mind of the Beholder with Vamity: - Or laftly; whether ir be from the Brittlenels of my other Materials which, by a Kind of Sympathy, affect People who we too frequently converfant with me - From ever Cause ir proceeds, a Lady who has a fine Pace; might almost as well fall into the Small-Pox, as to be often in my Company: How many charming Creatures have I spoiled, and made Beauty the greatest Misfortune that could befal them! -- I can't think on't without Concern --- Why am Infated to be thus unlocky, and injure those the most that love me best !-Alas !

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Alas! Why was I made a Looking-Glass! Was it my Defire to be covered with Silver, and inclosed in a Frame of Gold! ---- Did I aspire to be fixed in this honourable Place, and become a Lady's Favourite!---Oh! that I had been some meaner Piece of Furniture, lels respected, and less mischievous. Keep off, dear Madam, I befeech you from an unhappy Thing, which Destiny makes pernicious to the loveliest Creature under Heaven, or I shall soon infect you with the worst Disease incident to Beauty; and that is Vanity --- I am, 'tis true, a useful Servant, if employ'd only when I ought to be, which is feldom; but if a Lady grows so tond of me, that she runs to ask my Opinion of every Look; if the consults me forty Times for once that the goes to her Prayer-Book or Bible, I shall certainly prove much more hurtful to her than Age or Ugliness. I beg, Madam, that you'll interpret what your poor Servants fays, to proceed wholly from Respect and Love for you: The tender Regard I have for your Ladyship, together with some Symptoms I lately have discovered, make me fearful for you.-I dread the Apprehension of bringing Contempt on so good a Mistress, and would not for the World be the Occasion of your losing any one Grace of a fine Woman:-No! rather let me be broken into a thoufand Pieces! I am not without Fear of giving Offence by the Freedom I have taken; but though you banish me your Presence, I cannot forbear speaking in a Case where your Ladyship's Good seems so much concerned; and, indeed, if what I dread should come to pals, it would be better for us to part for ever. --- Better for you, to be without my Service, than fuffer by it; and better for me to lose my Lady, and be thrown into a Corner, than remain where I am, and be accesfary and infrumental in spoiling as much Sweetness and Beauty as ever Looking-Glass had the Happiness to thew. I am,

Madam, with the most dutiful Respect.

Your most faithful and devoted humble Servant. PARLOUR LOOKING-GLASS.

LETTER VIII

definite particular and a final process of

From Hortenflus, to his Friend Palemon, giving him an Ac-

Write this while Cleora is angling by my Side, under the Shade of a spreading Elm that hangs over the Banks of the River. A Nightingale, more harmonious even than Strada's, is serenading us from a Hawthorn Bush, which smiles with all the Gaiety of Youth and Beauty; while

Fanning their odorif rous Wings, disperse
Native Persumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy Spoils.
MILTON.

While I am thus enjoying the innocent Luxury of this vernal Delight, I look back upon those Scenes of Turbulence wherein I was engaged, with more than ordinary Distaste, and despise myself for ever having entertained for mean a Thought as to be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, "That he looked upon those to be the happiest Men in the Nation, whose Fortune had placed them in the Country above a 11 ligh-Constable, and below the Trouble of a Jus-" tice of Peace." It is in a Mediocrity of this happy Kind that I here pass my Life, with a Fortune far above the Necessity of engaging in the Drudgery of Bulinels, and with Defires much too humble to have any Relish for the splendid Baits of Ambition: You must not, however, imagine that I affect the Stoic, or pretend to have eradicated all my Passions : The Sum of my Philosophy amounts to no more, than to cherish none but such as I may easily and innocently gratify, and to banish all the rest as so many bold Intruders upon my Repose. I endeavour to practife the Maxim of a French Poet, by confidering every Thing that is not within my Possession as not worth having: Is it impossible, Palemon, to reconcile you to these unaspiring Sentiments, and to lower your Flight to the humble Level of genuine Happiness? Let me, at least, prevail with you to spare a Day or two from

from call you Life war that

Is New your. Evil it is of th every witty above above durin Thing tremb lo tru mourn Affecti to be World I shal tation and it me a will n few T Relucta

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from the Certamina Divitiarum, (as Horace, I think, calls them) from those splendid Contests in which you are engaged, just to take a View of the Sort of Life we lead in the Country. If there is any Thing wanted to complete the Happiness I here find, it is, that you are so seldom a Witness to it. Adieu!

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

A Letter of Consolation on the Death of a Friend.

Should never have believed, Madam, that one of your Letters could have afflicted me, how bad News foever it had brought me. The bare Sight of your Writing feemed to me a Remedy against every Evil that I could imagine; but I acknowledge to you it is an extreme Grief to me that I have been informed of the Loss we have had. Our Friend was valuable in every Respect, she was beautiful, tender and generous, witty, and of so just a Judgment, that she valued you above every Thing in the World. She had over and above in dying, the only good Quality which she wanted during her Life; that is, she bore with Resolution a Thing, the bare Name of which had always made her tremble. She accompanied this Greatness of Soul with to truly a Christian Piety, that I think we ought not to mourn for her. It is loving her with too felfish an Affection to be forrowful when the leaves us in order to be better, and when the goes to enjoy in the other World a Repose which she could never find in this. I shall endeavour to make Advantage of the Exhortation you gave me to follow fo good an Example. and it will not be the first Time that you have made me a better Man. The Troubles I have hitherto had will not ill affift your Admonitions; for, I think, few Things contribute more to make us die without Reluctancy, than to have no Pleasure in Life: Not that I should be very glad to finish my Career too hastily, feeing that you must return soon. You may guess whether it be easy for me to renounce the Advantage

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vantage of feeing you again, and of protesting to you, to what a Degree I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

From a Gentleman to his Son, just arrived from Paris, against Servile Complaisance and Talkativeness; with some Directions bow to behave politely in Company.

Dear Tom,

HERE is fomething in your Behaviour fince your Return from Paris that displeases me, and I must frankly tell you, that I don't think you are at all benefited by travelling. You have, by keeping Company with Coxcombs, or by mistaking Ceremony for Politeness, contracted a Habit of not only talking much, and in a very frothy trifling Manner, but of facrificing every Thing to Compliment. Even your Sincerity is offered up to Ceremony; and you think yourself obliged, in Point of Good-Manners, to agree, like Polonius in the Play, with every Thing that is faid, whether right or wrong. You don't want Understanding, Tom; nor are you without a good Share of Learning: And yet that eternal Simper, that Cringe and Obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire all your Acquaintance, who (I am told) laugh at your Behaviour, and speak of this behind your Back, though they have not Friendship enough to confess it to your Face. But your Father, who loves you fincerely, and who confiders you as a Part of himself, can never see you do any Thing that may tend to your Disadvantage, without warning you of the Consequence; for that Father must have a very bad Heart, or a very bad Head, indeed, who does not inform his Son of his Faults. Yours is not an Error of Disposition, but of Judgment, and therefore it may be easily rectified. You, I know, my dear Tom, intend it for Civility and Politeness; but you are mistaken. Forced and affected Compliments are the Reverse. Politeness is ever attained with Ease and Freedom, and despises every Thing that is unnatural. Besides this, Cringing and Fawning render your Sincerity suspected. Those who make large Projettions to every-body, are efteemed by no-body.

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It is all considered as Froth, and their Friendship is supposed to be as trifling, insipid, and troublesome, as their Conversation. Cast off therefore, my dear Tom, this Sort of Behaviour, and put on one that is more manly, and confistent with the Character of your Family, who were always effeemed for their Openness, Freedom and Sincerity, which entitles a Man to more Respect, than all the fine Speeches and low Bows in the World. Not that I would have you entirely difregard what you brought from the Dancing-School: A proper Deportment is necessary, and even a little Ceremony may be confistent with Politeness and Good-Manners; 'tis the Excess that makes it blameable. Look at Mr Montague, for in this Case one Example is better than ten Precepts; he is esteemed an accomplished Gentleman, every one is pleased with his Behaviour, all are charmed with his Conversation; and the Means he pursued to attain this Art of pleasing

univerfally, are thefe: He takes Care to keep none but good Company, (for by his Company he is sensible that he shall be known and diffinguished) among such his Ears are ever open to receive Instruction; for he considers, that a filent young Man generally makes a wife old one, He attends to every Body, and speaks but little, and that not till he has heard and collected the Opinions of the whole Company, well knowing that he shall profit more by hearing, than speaking on any Subject; and that by this Means, he not only fathoms the Capacities of the Company, but also gratifies, as it were, and obliges each Person, by giving him an Opportunity to talk; and especially when with proper Questions he introduces fuch Subjects as each Man can speak to with Propriety and Judgment. This he does with wonderful Dexterity, and offers every one an Occasion of difplaying his Talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal good Humour, every Man should be pleased with himself as well as with his Company. And pray what pleases a Man more, than to have an Opportunity of letting the Circle know that he is somebody? How unlike him are those, who having feen nothing of the World, expose themselves to Contempt and Ridicule,

Ridicule, by impertinently giving their Opinion of Things they do not understand? What Mr. Montagu says is always to the Purpole, is properly addressed, and every Body hears him with Satisfaction; for though he is young in Years, he is old in Experience and Understanding. When he speaks it is always with a becoming Ease and Freedom. He has Resolution enough to defend and support the Truth; but always delivers his Sentiments in fuch a Manner, that it may not appear like dictating to the Company; and when he has done, he hears (let them differ from him ever fo much) with Patience, Complacency, and Temper. In short, Tom, Excess of Ceremony will never gain Man Friends, but imperfor Conversation is a Banquet, which every Man is entitled to a Share of, who is present; and why should any one expect to have the whole Feast to himself? Besides, the very End of Conversation, which is Improvement, is thereby destroyed; for he who always talks, has no Time to hear, and confequently can reap no Benefit from what is faid in Company. Another Vice in Conversation (if I may be allowed that Expresfion) I would caution you against, and that is talking obscenely; which is not only a Mark of a depraved Mind, but of low Breeding, and is never encouraged but in the Company of Fools; fince, as my Lord Rofcommon justly observes.

Immodest Words admit of no Defence, For want of Decency is want of Sense.

I am, dear Son, Your truly affectionate Father. i

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LETTER X.

The following Letter was written to the Dean of Waterford by a Widower, the Father of fix Children, under the fictitious Name of Elzevit.—The Design of it was to invite the Dean and his Company to Supper, particularly Miss Elizabeth Matshal, a young Lady about 18—and subose Fortune was 30,000l, subo was lodg'd in the Dean's Study, he having much Company at that Time.

Rev. SIR,

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I AM told there is a Book which lies in your Study in Sheets; and all who have feen it, admire that it should remain so long unbound: I think it is called Marshal's Epithalamium, or some such Name; but lest I should be mistaken in the Title, I will describe it as well as I can.

It is a fair and beautiful Manuscript, the Ink very black and shining on the whitest Virgin Vellum that can be imagined; the Characters are so nice and delicate as to discover it to be the Work of some masterly Hand; and there is such a Symmetry and exact Proportion in all its Parts, and the Features (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the Reader often to a Stand in admiring the Beauties of them.

The Book has an additional Ornament, which it did not want, all the Margin being flourished with Gold; but that which commends it more is, that though it has been written full eighteen Years, as I have been informed, yet it is not fullied nor stained; infomuch, that one would think it was never once turned over by any Man.

The Volume itself does not appear to be of any great Bulk, and yet I understand it has been valued

at 30,000l.

Tis Pity so valuable a Piece should ever be lost, and the Way to prevent this, is by increasing the Copies of it. If the Author will give Consent, and you will license it, I will immediately put it into the Press, I have all the necessary Apparatus for the Purpose, and a curious Set of Letters, that were never used but in the Impression of one Book, and of this too, no more than R. 2. Half

Half a Dozen Copies: So that you must imagine they are never the worse for wearing. For my Part, I will spare no Pains to embellish and adorn the Whole with the most natural and lively Figures; and I shall not despair of producing an Edition as beautiful in the Eves of Men as the dear Original is at present in mine. Methinks I could read it with Pleasure Night and Day.

If therefore you will do me the Favour to let me have your Company this Evening, and bring this incomparable Piece along with you, it will add to the Entertainment of every one, but particularly of him,

who is always with great Respect,

Rev. SIR.

Your most obedient Servant and faithful Friend. ELZEVIR.

LETTER XI.

From *** to Cleora, on the Pleasures of Retirement.

Madam. T is certainly better for yourfelf, and more for the Security of Mankind, that you should live in some rural Abode, than appear in the World; such Persons as you, are fatal to the public Tranquility, and do Mischief without ever designing it: But I must own, when Belies and Beaux retire to Country Shades for the Sake of Heavenly Contemplation, the World will be well reformed. 'A Hermit's Life might be tolerable while the ferious Hours are divided between Hyde-Park and the Opera; but a more distant Retreat, in the full Pride of your Charms and Youth, would be very extraordinary. To be convinced by fo early Experience, that Mankind are amused only with Dreams and fantaftic Appearances, must proceed from a superior Degree of Virtue and good Sense. After a Thousand Convictions of the Vanity of other Pursuits, how sew know the Emphasis of these few Lines:

Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past, Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;

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Tos'd thro' tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage now o'er)
Pale we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.
Our own strict Judges, our past Life we scan,
And ask if Virtue has enlarged the Span:
If bright the Prospect we the Grave defy,
Trust suture Ages and contented die.
Tickel.

Nothing, perhaps, is more terrible to the Imagination than an absolute Solitude; yet I must own such a Retreat as disengages the Mind from those Interests and Passions which Mankind generally pursue, appears to me the most certain Way to Happiness; quietly to withdraw from the Crowd, and leave the Gay and Ambitious to divide the Honours and Pleasures of the World, without being a Rival or Competitor in any of these Advantages, must leave a Person in perfect and unenvied Repose.

Without any Apology, I am going to talk to myfelf; and what follows, may be properly called a Digreffion.

Let me lose the Remembrance of this busy World, and hear no more of its distracting Tumults! Ye vain Grandeurs of the Earth! ye perishing Riches and fantastic Pleasures! what are your proudest Boasts? Can you yield undecaying Delights, Joys becoming the Dignity of Reason, and the Capacities of an immortal Mind? Ask the happy Spirits above, at what Price they value their Enjoyments; ask them, if the whole Creation should purchase one Moment's Interval of their Bliss? No:—One Beam of celestial Light obscures, and casts a Reproach on all the Beauty this World can boast.

This is talking in Buskins, you will think; and, indeed, I may refign Crowns and Scepters, and give up the Grandeurs of the World, with as much imaginary Triumph, as a Hero might fight Battles, and conquer Armies, in a Dream.

In the Height of this romantic Infult, I am,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

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LETTER XII.

In the Stile of a Lady, by Mr. Pope.

PRAY what is your Opinion of Fate? for I must confess, I am one of those that believe in Fate and Predestination—No, I can't go so far as that; but, I own, I am of Opinion one's Stars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a Sort of Freewill; for we may be able to resist Inclination, but not Compulsion.

Don't you think they have got into the most preposterous Fashion this Winter that ever was, of flouncing the Petticoat so very deep, that it looks like an entire Coat of Lutestring?

It is a little cool indeed for this Time of the Year, but then, my Dear, you'll allow it has an extream clean pret-

ty Look.

Ay, so has my Mussin Apron; but I would not chuse

to make it a Winter's Suit of Cloaths.

Well, now I'll swear Child, you have put me in Mind of a very pretty Dress; let me die if I don't think a Muslin Flounce made very full, would give one a very agreeable Flirtation Air.

Well, I swear it would be charming! and I should like it of all Things—Do you think there are any

fuch Things as Spirits?

Do you believe there is any such Place as the Elysian Fields! O Gad, that would be charming I I wish I were to go to the Elysian Fields when I die, and then I should not care if I were to leave the World Tomorrow: But is one to meet there with what one has lov'd most in this World?

Now you must tell me this positively. To be sure you can, or what do I correspond with you for, if you won't

tell me all; you know I abominate Referve.

LETTER XIII.

To Mrs. Rowe, on the Kanity of all Sublunary Enjoyments.

PEOPLE seem at present more busily employed in preparing for the King's Birth-Day, than for their own left; and appear to be in greater Anxiety for a Seat in Paradise.

I was last Night with—; a Barge of Musick followed us; but in the Midst of this Gaiety your Letter was not the only Thing that put me in Mind of Mortality: I had such a violent Pain in my Head, that neither the Wit of the Company, the Sostness of the Music, nor the Beauty of the Evening could give me any sincere Delight.——If Pleasure be the Lot of Man, it must be in something beyond the Grave; for on this Side, constant Experience tells us, all is Vanity.

But this Confession has hardly any Influence on human Conduct; for People in a high Rank must often act against their Reason, to avoid being thought unfashionable; and for Fear of being thought mad by the modish World, most act in a Manner which they are sensible is being truly so, to be in Vogue with their polite

Cotemporaries.

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I cannot forbear thinking with myself, that if a Being, endued with Reason and a Capacity of judging, (an Inhabitant of another Planet, and an utter Stranger to our Nature) could take a View of our Actions, he would be at a Loss what to imagine we were; and had he no Informer, but was to judge by our Conduct, he would certainly either imagine that we were a Species who were insured always to live in the World we now inhabit; or else, that after enjoying ourselves here as long as we could, we were to be insensible for ever, without the least Expectation of a future Judgment, Punishment, or Reward.

You would hardly make an Apology for defiring me towrite to you, if you knew how much Pleasure the Injunction gives to

Yours unalterably,

CLEORA.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. Locke directed thus:

For Anthony Collins, Esq; to be delivered to him after my.

Decease.

Dear Sir,

By my Will you will see that I had some Kindness

for ***. And I know no better Way to take care
of him than to put him and what I designed for him.

into your Hands and Management: The Knowledge I have of your Virtue of all Kinds, fecures the Trust which, by your Permission, I have placed in you; and the peculiar Esteem and Love I have observed in the young Man for you, will dispose him to be ruled and influenced by you; so that of that I need say nothing. But there is one Thing, which it is necessary for me to recommend to your especial Care and Memory ***.

May you live long and happy, in the Enjoyment of Health, Freedom, Content, and all those Blessings, which Providence has bestowed on you, and your Virtue intitles you to. I know you loved me living; and will preserve my Memory, now I am dead. All the Use to be made of it is, that this Life is a Scene of Vanity, that soon passes away; and affords no folid Satisfaction, but in the Consciousness of doing well, and in the Hopes of another Life. This is what I can say upon Experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the Account: Adieu: I leave my best Wishes with you.

JOHN LOCKE.

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LETTER XV.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville.

Harry. TOU cannot shake off the Statesman entirely; for, I perceive you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almost a Gazette: Now to me, who thinks the World as giddy as myself, I care not which Way it runs, and am fond of no News, but the Prosperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindness to me, which is the only Error I wish to continue in them: For my own Part, I am not at all flung with my Lord M——'s mean Ambition, but I aspire to my Lord.

E——'s generous Philosophy: They who would be great in our little Government, seem as ridiculous to me as School-Boys, who with much Endeavour, and some Danger, climb a Crab-Tree, and venture their Necks for Fruit, which folid Pigs would disdain, if they were not flarving. These Resections, how idle foever

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foever they feem to the busy, if taken into Confideration, would fave you many a weary Step in the Day, and help G---y to many a Hour's Sleep, which he wants in the Night: But G-y would be rich; and, by my Troth, there is some Sense in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wish him many Millions, that his Soul may find Rest. You write me Word, that I'm out of Favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admired, for the Disproportion of him and his Attributes. He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a finging Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him if you please, and leave the Repartee to Black Will, with a Cudgel. And now, my dear Harry, if it may agree with your Affairs to shew yourself in the Country this Summer, contrive such a Crew together as may not be ashamed of passing by Woodstock, and if you can debauch Alderman G-y, we will make a Shift to delight his Gravity. I am forry for the declining D-----fs, and would have you be generous to her at this Time: For that is true Pride, and I delight

ROCHESTER.

LETTER XVI.

Earl of Rochester to the Honourable Henry Saville,

Dear Saville. HIS Day I received the unhappy News of my own Death and Burial. But, hearing what Heirs and Successors were decreed in my Place, and chiefly in my Lodgings, it was no small Joy to me that those Tidings proved untrue. My Passion for living is so increased, that I omit no Care of myself, which, before, I never thought Life worth the Trouble of taking. The King, who knows me to be an ill-natured Man, will not think it an easy Matter for me to die, now I live chiefly out of Spite. Dear Mr. Saville, afford me some News from your Land of the Living. And tho' I have little Curiofity to hear who's well, yet I would be glad my few

The Complete LETTER-WRITER. 100

few Friends were fo, of whom you are no more the least than the leanest. I have better Compliments for you, but that may not look fo fincere as I would have Your faithful affectionate humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

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LETTER XVII.

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To CLEORA.

August 11, 1756. THO' it is but a few Hours since I parted from my Cleora, yet I have already, you see, taken up my Pen to write to you: You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future Letters, that I say fine Things to you, fince I only intend to tell you true ones. My Heart is too full to be regular, and too fincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the Manner, not the Stile, of my former Conversation: And I write to you, as I used to talk to you, without Form or Art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled Sincerity, what Effect this Absence has upon your usual Chearfulness? As I will honestly confess, on my own Part, that I am too interested to wish a Circumstance, so little confistent with my Repose, should be altogether reconcileable to yours. I have attempted, however, to pursue your Advice, and divert myself by the Subject you recommend to my Thoughts: But it is impossible, I perceive, to turn off the Mind at once from an Object which it has long dwelt upon with Pleasure. My Heart, like a poor Bird which is hunted from her Neft, is still returning to the Place of its Affections, and, after fome vain Efforts to fly off, fettles again where all its Cares and all its Tenderness are centered.

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LETTER XVIII.

To Colonel R****s, in Spain.

From bis Lady in England.

DEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands, and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be of no more Concern to me; the Indisposition in which you. (to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty,) left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my Physicians, I cannot live a Week longer. At this Time my Spirits fail me, and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you the most painful Thing in the Profpect of Death is that I must part with you; but let it be a Comfort to you I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is fo foon to have an End. This is a Frailty which, I hope, is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a Kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves, at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resignat ing this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and though unknown to you, be affiftant in all the Conflicts of your Mind: Give me Leave to fay to you, O best of Men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment; to be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed; to administer Slumber to the Eye-lids in the Agonies of a Fever; to cover thy be loved Face in the Day of Battle; to go with thee a Guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful Woman. These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which.

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which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present Weakness, of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to my myself the Grief you must be in, upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never see your Face again. Farewell for ever.

LETTER XIX.

LAURA to AURELIA

OULD your Importunity have prevailed with my Brother to have left me in London, you had been free from the Vexation that I shall certainly give you, by making you the Consident of all my Country Adventures; and I hope you will relieve my Chagrin, by telling me what the dear bewitching busy World is doing, while I am idly fauntering away my Time in rural Shades. How happy are you, my dear Aurelia! how I envy you the Enjoyment of Dust, of Crowds and Nosse, with all the polite Hurry of the

Beau Monde.

My Brother brought me hither to fee a Country Seat he has lately purchased; he would fain persuade me it is finely situated, but I should think it more finely situated in the Mall, or even in Cheapside, than here. Indeed I hardly know where we are, only that it is at a dreadful Distance from the Theatre Royal, from the Opera, from the Masquerade, and every Thing in this World that is worth living for. I can scarce tell you whither to direct your Letters; we are certainly at the End of the Earth, on the Borders of the Continent, the Limits of the habitable Globe; under the Polar Star, among wild People and Savages. I thought we should never have come to the End of our Pilgrimage; nor could I sorbear asking my Brother, if we were to travel by dry Land

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to the Antipodes; not a Mile but seemed ten, that carried me from London, the Center of all my Joys. The Country is my Aversion; I hate Trees and Hedges, steep Hills and filent Vallies; The Satyrists may laugh, but to me

Green Fields, and shady Groves, and crystal Springs, And Larks, and Nightingales, are odious Things.

I had rather hear London Cries, with the Rattle of Coaches, than fit listening to the melancholy Murinur of purling Brooks, or all the wild Music of the Woods; the Smell of Violets gives me the Hysterics; fresh Air murders me; my Constitution is not robust enough to bear it; the cooling Zephyrs will fan me into a Catarrh, if I stay here much longer. If these are the Seats of the Muses, let them unenvied enjoy their glittering Whimsies, and converse with the visionary Beings of their own forming. I have no Fancy for Dryades and Fairies, nor the least Prejudice to human Society; a mere earthly Beau, with an embroidered Coat, suits my Taste better than an airy Lover

with his shining Tresses and Rainbow Wings.

The fober Twilight, which has employed fo many fost Descriptions, is with me a very dull Period; nor does the Moon (on which the Poets doat) with all her starry Train, delight me half so much as an Assembly-Room illuminated with Wax Candles: This is what I should prefer to the glaring Sun in his meridian Splendor: Day Light makes me fick, it has fomething in it so common and vulgar, that it seems fitter for Peasants to make Hay in, or Country Lasses to spin by. than for the Use of People of Distinction. You pity me, I know, dear Aurelia, in this deplorable State; the whole Creation is a Blank to me, 'tis all joyless and desolate. In whatever gay Images the Muses have dressed these rustic Abodes, I have not Penetration enough to discover them. Not the flowery Field. nor spangled Sky, the rosy Morn, or balmy Evening, can recreate my Thoughts: I am neither a religious nor poetical Enthuliast, and without either of these Qualifications, what should I do in filent Retreats and pensive Shades? I find myself but little at Ease in this Ab-

Absence of the noisy Diversions of the Town; and 'tis hard for me to keep up my Spirits in Leisure and Re-tirement; it makes me anxiously inquisitive what will become of me when my Breath flies away: Death, that ghastly Phantom, perpetually intrudes on my Solitude, and some doleful Knell from a neighbouring Steeple, oftens calls upon me to ruminate on Coffins and Funerals, Graves and gloomy Sepulchres. As these dismal Subjects put me in the Vapours, and make me ftart at my own Shadow, the sooner I come to Town the better; and I wish, my dear Aurelia, you would oblige me so far as to lay a Scheme for my Escape. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

From Polydore to Alonzo, giving an Account of his accidentally meeting Aurelia, and of her Falshood to bim, &c.

TOU have fpent fo many Hours at the Earl of 's fine Sear in the Country, that 'tis unnecessary to describe those beautiful Scenes with which you are so well acquainted: Here have I passed a great Part of the Summer Season, in a Manner suitable to my contemplative Humour. Having no Taste for Country Divertions, or any Kind of Rural Sports, my Pleafures were confined to the charming Shades in Gardens, with which the House is furrounded.

Here I enjoyed an unmolested Tranquility, till a Fit of Curiofity led me to make an Excursion into the wide Champagne, that opened before me from the Bor-

ders of the Park.

If I begin with the rofy Dawn you will pardon my romantic Stile, relating to the surprising Adventure: But without telling a Lie, the Morning was yet dufky; the balmy Dew, and fragrant Gales, perfumed the Air with their untainted Sweets; while with Thoughts free as the airy Songsters that warble on the Branches, I wandered from rising Hills to winding Vales, through flow'ry Lawns to leafy Woods, till I found myself under the Shades of a venerable Row of Elms, which put me in Mind of Sir Roger de Coverley's Rookery; the

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Co not the aged Trees shot their Heads so high, that, to one who passed under them, the Crows and Rooks, which rested on their Tops, seemed to be cawing in another Region. I was delighted with the Noise, while, with the Spectator, I considered it as a Kind of natural Prayer to that Being, who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation; my Thoughts were inspired with a pleasing Gratitude to the beneficent Father of the Universe, till the Sequel of my Devotion was interrupted by the Sight of a beautiful Girl, about four or five Years, old, sitting on the Grass, with a Basket of Flowers in her Lap, which she was sticking in the snowy Fleece of a little Lamb, that stood by her.

I began to hope it was one of the Fairy Race, or forme, pretty Phantom that haunted the Grove; for the adjacent House belonging to this reverend Avenue looked more. like a Dormitory for the Dead, than an Habitation for the Living; every Thing about it appeared ruinous and desolate: I could neither hear the Voice, nor trace the Steps of mortal Man in this obsolete Solitude; nor had I any Hopes of knowing in what wild Region I was got, unless the pretty Figure sitting on the Grass could

give me some Intelligence.

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I made my Approaches very respectfully: But what, was my Surprize, in drawing near, to find the Air, the Complexion, every Feature in Miniature, of the ungrateful Aurelia, on whom I once so passionately, doated. A theusand termenting Ideas rushed into my. Mind at the Sight of this lovely Creature, who smiled on me with the most enchanting Innocence. Whist I stood eagerly gazing at her, which was not long, Aurelia herself entered the Walk, and confirmed the Surplicion, that this Child was a living Proof of her Infamy.

'Fis about fix Years fince she eloped from the publicity View, regardless of her own illustrious Family, or the Obligations she was under to the generous Cleone, who treated her with the utmost Considence, and was the last that suspected her Husband's criminal Affair with her:———Be my own Wrongs forgot, and all the Contempt with which she treated whatever Proposals Ho-

nour and difinterested Passion could make.

I found her now an Object of Pity rather than Resentment, the Dejection of her Mind was visible in her pale haggard Looks, and the wretched Negligence of her Habit. I could hardly perfuade myfelf this was the celebrated Lady that once appeared in all public Places with fuch a Parade of Equipage and Vanity.

She was in the utmost Confusion at this Interview, till excusing myself, I told her this Intrusion was undefigned, and purely the Effect of Chance, as I was taking a Morning's Ramble from the Earl of ______'s. where I had spent some Time; and that she might depend upon my Word, not to discover her Abode to any

one in that Family.

By this Time the was a little composed, and invited me to rest myself after my Walk: I followed her into the House, which looked more like the Mansions of Despair than a Retreat for a Lady of Pleasure: An awful Silence reigned in every Room, through which I made a Shift to find my Way by a dim Twilight that glimmered through some Windows of as antique a Figure as those of an old Abbey: The Furniture, I fancy, has not been displaced from Times immemoral; it looks more like unwieldy Lumber, than any Thing defigned for Use or Ornament: There was nothing of a modern Date but a Tea-Table, and that in ruinous Circumftances.

It was now about Ten o'Clock, Aurelia ordered Teaand Chocolare to be brought; All her Attendance was a fresh coloured Country Lass, who withdrew as soon as

we had breakfasted.

I was impatient to hear a Relation of Aurelia's Misfortunes, but durst not alk any Question, for Fear it would look like infulting her Diffress; so only renewed my

Excuses for interrupting her Privacy.

To which the replied, that tho' I was the last Person' in the World the would have chose to be a Witness of her Infamy, yet she thought herself happy in having an Opportunity to make some Apology for her Injustice to me, in refusing those Terms of Honour I once offered, and complying with fuch reproachful Conditions, as had made her the most miserable Creature on Earth.

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It was my criminal Inclination (continued the) for Caffander, that made me inflexible to your Entreaties, and my Father's Commands to marry you. But whatever Wrong this was to your Merit, my Guilt, Regard to the generous Cleone, is of a higher Natures The Intrigue I had with her Husband was attended with Circumstances of the blackest Treachery: I have broke through the tenderest Engagements of Friendship, and granted all that my diffolute Lover could ask; when finding myself with Child, to hide my Infamy, he brought me to this dismal Place, an old Mansion-House belonging to his Family, where I am cut off from human Society, except two or three stupid Peasants, his Tenants, who refide in fome Part of this Gothic Structure. 'Tis now fix Years fince I have breathed and flept (for I cannot call it living) in this melancholy Confinement, without Hopes of a Release, being entirely dependant on Cassander's Allowance and Caprice, who but too well knows his own Power and my Folly; which makes him, instead of the humble Lover, act the imperious Tyrant: His Visits are seldom, his Stay short, and I am left whole Months to languish alone in a detested Solitude.

the lovely Creature in her Arms) this Child, which might have been my Joy, proves my greatest Affliction: Should I die, she is immediately abandoned to Hardship and Necessity; should I live, it distracts me to think she may follow my scandalous Example. How can I give her Instructions to avoid those Vices, which my Practice approves? or recommend that Virtue, whose sacred Rules I have so openly violated? And still I love this worthless Man; were I penitent, could I resolve on a Reformation, this Leisure and Retirement would be a Blessing and Advantage to me; but I amobistinate in Guilt, while I despair of Happiness in this World, or the next: Till I came hither, my Hours were spent in Frolic and Gaiety; a constant Series of Diversions shortened the Days, and gave Wings to the jovial Hours, which now have leaden Feet, and burdened with Grief, lag heavily along. No Sort of Bestexion gives me Joy; whether I look backward or forward.

forward, all is Darkness and Confusion: I am no Way qualified for Retirement; Books are my Aversion, Thinking is my Horror; I am weary of living, and

afraid to die."

I heard this Account with a Heart full of Compasfion, and faid what I could to persuade her to break off this criminal Commerce with Cassander, and to throw herfelf on the Care of Providence, and the Generofity. of her Friends; But I had too much Value for my own Peace, and too great a Contempt for a Woman of Aurelia's Character, to make any particular Propofals for her Freedom; and bidding her adieu, hasted back to the Earl's, without faying one Word of my Adventure; which I commit to your Secrefy, and subscribe myself

> Your most humble Servant, POLYDORE.

LETTER XXI.

From a Gentleman who died at Constantinople, to bis Friend in England; giving him an Account of the Manner of his Death.

YOUR not hearing from me, my dear Beville, has given you too many difinal Apprehensions about the Manner of my Death; and the Engagements of a generous Friendship, which are not extinguished with the Breath of Life, oblige me to give this Sarisfaction.

I made a longer Stay at Constantinople than I intended, and there it pleased Heaven that I should refign my Life, which for some Months gradually de-clined, but without any violent or painful Disorder, or indeed the least Apprehention that my Distemper was fatal. But my Days were numbered, and when the destined Hour drew near, after a sleeples Night, I rose with the Sun; and as I never had been so ill as to confine myself, I sought some Refreshment in one of those delicious Gardens that adorn the Shore of the Bosphorus.

After a short Walk I found my Spirits linking, and retining to a Cypress Shade, I threw myself on a flowery Bank, for fome Refreshment: A gentle Slumber

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foon closed my Eyes, which was thrice broken by what I then thought an imaginary Call; the Voice perfectly resembled the charming Almeria's, whose Death, you know, was the Occasion of my Travels. I was now perfectly awake, and listened to hear the gentle Summons again; but found I had neither Strength to rife. nor Power to call Affistance: An icy Coldness stopped the Springs of Life, and after a little Struggle, my Spirits got unburthened of its Clay; the Curtain fell, and the invisible World appeared. The first gentle Spirit that welcomed me to these new Regions was the lovely Almeria; but how dazzling! how divinely fair! Extacy was in her Eyes, and inexpressible Pleasure in every Smile Her Mien and Aspect more soft and propitious than ever was feigned by the Poets of their Goddess of Beauty and Love What was airy Fistion there, was here all stransporting and Reality. With an inimitable Grace the received me into her ætherial Chariot, which was sparkling Saphire studded with Gold : it rolled with a spontaneous Motion along the heavenly Plains, and stopped at the Morning Star, our destined Habitation. But how shall I describe this fair, this fragrant, this enchanting Land of Love! the delectable Vales and flowery Lawns, the Myrtle Shades and rofy Bowers; the bright Cascades and crystal Rivulets rolling over orient Pearls and Sands of Gold. which here spread their filent Waves into broad transparent Lakes, smooth as the Face of Heaven, and there break with rapid Force through arching Rocks of Diamond and Purple Amethyft: Plants of immortal Verdure creep up the sparkling Clifts, and adorn the Profe pect with unspeakable. Variety...

Oh, my Beville! could I lead you through the luxurious Bowers and foft Recesses where Pleasure keeps its eternal Festivals, and revels with guiltless and unmolested Freedom! Whatever can raise Desire, whatever can give Delight, whatever can satisfy the Soul in all the boundless Capacities of Joy, is found here! Every Wish is replenished with full Draughts of vital Pleasure, such as elevate angelic Minds, and gratify the noblest faculties of immortal spirits! Oh, Beville! my Al-

Ball and a world development of the characters

meria is as much superior to her former self here, as I thought her superior to the rest of her Sex upon Earth, ALTAMONT.

LETTER XXII.

From *** to bis Sifter; demonstrating the Unreasonableness of her Grief, on Account of his Sudden Death, fince twas an immediate Transition to a State of Immortality and endless Blis.

TY dear Sifter, I have often, fince I left the World, And the Privilege to supply the Place of your Guardian Angel: I have been an invisible Witness of your Tears for my Death, and to allay the Excess of your Grief for me, I have been at last permitted to let you know that I am happy.

I can give you no Account how my Soul was released. I fell afleep in perfect Health, with an unusual Serenity of Mind, and from the gentle Slumbers of Innocence and Peace, awaked in immortal Biis. (How common is sudden Death!) I found myself in a Moment got above the Stare, and outshining the Sun in its meridian Splendor; Corruption had put on Incorruption, and Mortality was swallowed up in Life and Immortality; O Death! I cried in the Exultation of my Thoughts, O Death! where is thy Conquest? O King of Tersor! where is thy boafted Victory? Where is thy Scepter and imperial Horrors, thy gloomy State and dread-ful Attendants? Where are thy vast Dominions, the chearless and formless Darkness, the Shade and the Emptiness, the Seats of Corruption and Decay? The Spell is broken! the Enchantment is diffolved! the Shadows, the Phantoms, the vifionary Terrors fly ! the celestial Morning dawns, and the charming Scenes arife; but, oh! how endless, how various, how transporting the Prospect.

Still loft in Joy and Wonder, tell me, I faid, ye Angels, ye smiling Forms that surround me, what easy Passage has my Spirit found from its mortal Prilon? What gentle Hand has unlocked my earthly Fetters, and brought me out of Darkness and Confinement into immense Light and Liberty? Who was the kind

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Messenger that conveyed the welcome Invitation to my Ear? What melodious Voice called me away from yonder cold tempessuous Regions, to these soft and peaceful Habitations? How have I found my Passage through the trackless Æther, and gained the Summit of the everlasting Hills? Am I awake? Do I dream? Is this a gay, a flattering Vision? Oh, no! 'tis all blissful and transporting. Certainly! I see, I hear Things unutterable, such as never entered into the Heart of mortal Man to conceive.——Read and believe; believe and be happy.

You see, my dear Sister, how blindly you repine at the Decrees of Heaven, and how unreasonably you lament what you call my early and untimely Fate. Could I be happy too soon? I lest the World, indeed, in the full Pride of my youthful Years, in the Height of Greatness and Reputation, surrounded with the Blandishments and Flatteries of Pleasure: But these Advantages might have been fatal Snares to my Virtue in a longer Trial; it was inculgent Heaven, after a short Probation, to crown me with the Reward of Victory: Tis past the Toil, the Danger is over; and all to come

is endless Peace and Triumph.

If you could see as far into Futurity now, and think as justly of it as you will certainly do on your Death-Bed, this Letter from me had been superfluous: I only can design it beneficial; you may make it so.

LETTER XXIII.

A Letter from Aristus, giving his Friend a Relation of the fudden Death of his Bride, who was seized in the Chapel while the sacred Rites were performing.

MY Fate will furnish you with a full Evidence of the Vanity of human Happiness: My last Letterwas wrote in the Height of Success, with the most arrogant Expectations and Boast of a lasting Felicity; now its all changed, and the Shadows of Night some over me.

The lovely Ermina, whom I had so long pursued, and at last persuaded to crown my Wishes, the very Morning she gave me her Hand, before the sacred Ceremony

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remony was finished, was surprised with the fatal Message of Death, and carried in a Swoon from the Chapel to her Chamber, where she soon expired in her Mother's Arms. This Hour she appeared with all the Cost and Splendor of a youthful Bride; the next she is pale and senseless, mussed in a ghastly Shroud: Those Charms, that in the Morning promised an eternal Bloom, before the Evening have dropped their smiling Pride; the sparkling Eyes are sunk in Darkness; the soft, the tuneful Voice, is for ever filent; while a livid Hue sits on the late rosy Lips.

Thus airy Pleasure dances in our Eyes,
And spreads fals Images in fair Disguise,
T'allure our Souls , till just within thy Arms
The Viston dies and all the painted Charms
Rice quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost to Shades, and mingle with the Night.

O Death! how cruel was thy Triumph! Youth and Beauty, Joy and blooming Hope, lie here a Victim to thy Rage! The darksome Prison of thy Grave must now confine the gentle Captive; instead of the Pomp of a bridal Bed, the cold Earth must be her Lodging.

Dust and Corruption her Covering.

You will now expect I should practise the Principles I have so often asserted, in exercising my boasted Reason and Moderation; or leave you to insult me, with the Arguments I lately produced, to allay your Grief, under the Pressure of an uncommon Missortane: This Reproach would be but just at a Period when Heaven has given me a full Evidence of the Truchs I confessed; and set Vanity of human Hopes in the clearest Demonstration before me. One would think I should now, if ever, find it easy to moralize on these Subjects, and act the Philosopher from mere Necessity, it not from Virtue.

Were the Case yours, or any Body's but my own, how many wise Things should I repeat! How fluently could I talk! So much more easy is it to dictate than to practise: And yet I am reasonable by Intervals; I am in more than Name, a Christian; in some bright Periods,

riods, I feel the Force of that Profession, and pay Homage to its facred Rules: A heavenly Ray scatters my Grief, and cheers my Soul with divine Consolations: The gay and the gloomy Appearances of mortal Things vanish before the Gleams of celestial Light: Immortal Pleasures, with gentle Invitations, call me to the Skies, and all my Thoughts ascend.

But how short my Triumph! how easy the Transition from Reason to Madness! Of what surprising Variety is a human Mind capable! Light and Darkness, Heaven and Hell, seem blended within; 'tis all Chaos, and wild Disorder: That Reason which one Moment relieves me, the next seems with a just Train

of Ideas to torment me.

See there, all pale and dead she lies;

For ever flow my streaming Eyes:

Fly Hymen, with extinguish of Fires;

Fly nuptial Bliss, and chaste Desires:

Ermina's sted, the lowls'st Mind,

Faith, Sweetness, Wit, together join'd.

Dwelt Faith, and Wit, and Sweetness there?

Oh! view the Change, and drop a Tear.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. Pope, to Mr. Addison.

Have been lying in wait for my own Imagination this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at Length convinced that my rambling Head can produce nothing of this Sort; so I must e'en be contented with telling you the old Story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by Experience, that Nature and Truth, tho' never so low and vulgar, are yet pleasing, when openly and artlessly represented: It would be diverting to me to read the very Letters of an Infant, could it write its innocent Inconsistencies and Tautologies, just as it thought them. This makes me hope

a Letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more Unreservedness than ever Man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good Nature with the whole Range of my Follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an Act of Goodness and Benevolence; the other a Kind of constrained Deference.

You can't wonder my Thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every Hour of my Life my Mind is strangely divided; this Minute penaps I am above the Stars, with a Thousand Systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abys, and losing my whole Comprehension in the boundless Space of Creation, in Dialogues with Whiston and the Astronomers; the next Moment I am below all Trisles, groveling with T. in the very Center of Nonsense? Now I am recreated with the brisk Sallies and quick Turns of Wit, which Mr. Steel in his liveliest and freest Humours dart about him; and now levelling my Application to the insignificant Observations and Quirks of Grammar of C. and D.

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Good God! what an incongruous Animal is Man! how unfettled in his best Part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body? The Constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affeffed by every Blast of Wind! What is he altogether but one mighty Inconfiftency; Sickness and Pain is the Lot of one Half of him: Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other! What a Buille we make about passing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point? What Aims and Ambitions are crowded into this little Instant of our Life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a Sleep? Our whole Extent of Being is no more, in the Eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible Moment of Duration. Those Animals, whose Circle of living is limited to three or four Hours, as the Naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived, and possess as wide a Scene of Action as Men, if we consider hin with a View to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what Plot, what Atchievements a Mite may perform in his kingdom

dom of a Grain of Duft, within his Life of some Minutes? And of how much less Consideration than even this, is the Life of Man in the Sight of God, who is for ever, and for ever.

Who that thinks in this Strain but must fee the World and its contemptible Grandeurs lessen before him at every Thought? Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd in a Poise of Inaction, void of all De-

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But we must return (thro' our very Condition of Being) to our narrow selves, and those Things that affect ourselves: Our Passions, our Interests, slow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere! Mortals? For my Part, I never return so much into myself as when I think of you, whose Friendship is one of the best Companions I have for the Insignificancy of myself.

LETTER XXV.

The following Letter was written by a Gentlewoman to ber Husband, who was condemned to Juffer Death. The unfortunate Catastrophe happened at Exerci, in the Time of Oliver's Usurpation. A Gentleman whose Name was Penruddock, to whom the Letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least Appearance of Justice. He afferted the Illegality of his Enemies Proceeding, with a Spirit worthy his Innocence; and the Night before his Death, his Lady wrote to him this Letter, which is so much admired, and it as follows.

Mrs. Penruddock's last Letter to ber Husband

My dear Heart, was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself lince, but wholly upon you. Those dear Embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful Testimonies of an indulgent Husband, have charm'd my Soul to such a Reverence of your Remembrance, that were it possible, I would, with my own Blood, cement your dear Limbs to Life again; and (with Reverence)

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hink rit no Sin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a Martyr. O, my Dear! you must now pardon my Passion, this being my last (O fatal Word!) that ever you well receive from me, and know, that until the last Minute that I can imagine you alive, I will sacrifice the Prayers of a Chriffian, and the Groans of an afflicted Wife. And when you are not, (which fuce by Sympathy I shall know) I shall wish my own Dissolution with you, that so we may go Hand in Hand to Heaven. Tis too late to tell you what I have or rather have not done for you; how turn'd out of Doors because I came to beg Mercy; the Lord lay not your Blood to their Charge. I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; Passion begins to drown my Reason, and will rob me of my Devoir, which is all I have left to ferve you. Adieu, therefore, ten Thousand Times, my dearest Dear; and since I must never see you more, take this Prayer: May your Faith be fo strengthened, that your Constancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither Grief and Love will, in a short Time, (I hope) translate,

My dear, your fad, but constant Wife, Even to love your Ashes when dead, ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

May the 3d, 1665, 11 o'Clock at Night,

P. S. Your Children beg your Bleffing, and present their Duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any Thing so affectionate as that Line, Those dear Embraces, which I wet feel!

Mr. Penruddock's Answer has an equal Tenderness, which I shall recite also, that you may see whether the Man or the Woman expressed themselves the more kindly, and strive to imitate them in less Circumstances of Distress, for from all no Couple upon Earth are exempt.

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LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Penruddock's last Letter to bis Lady.

The AD taken Leave of the World when I received yours: It did at once recal my Fondness for Life and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my Resolution to part from you; so when I restect I am going to a Place where there is none but such as you, I recover my Courage. But Fondness breaks in upon me; and I would not have my Tears slow To morrow, when your Hushand and the Father of our dear Babes, is a public Spectacle: Do not think meanly of me, that I give Way to Grief now in private, when I see my Sand run so fast, I within a sew Hours am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciles and insolent, that have wrongfully put me to a shameful Death, and will object that Shame to my poor Children. I thank you for all your Goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die, as to do nothing unworthy that Virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other Things, afford me, with Chearfulness, the Precedence in this.

I defire your Prayers in the Article of Death, for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

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mid on L E T T E R XXVII.

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From a Person in Town, to his Brother in the Country, describing a public Execution at Tyburn.

Dear Brother,

I H A V E this Day been fatisfying a Curiofity, I believe, natural to most Beople; by feeing an Execution at Tyburn: This Sight has had an extraordinary Effect upon me, which is more owing to the unexpected Oddness of the Scene, than the affecting Concern which is unavoidable in a thinking Person at a Specia-

cle so awful and so interesting, to all who consider themselves of the same Species with the unhappy Sufferers.

That I might the better view the Prisoners, and escape the Pressure of the Mob, which is prodigious, nay almost incredible, if we consider the Frequency of these Executions in London, which is once a Month, I mounted my Horse, and accompanied the melancholy Cavalcade from Newgate to the fatal Tree. The Criminals were five in Number. I was much disappointed at the Unconcern and Carelessiness that appeared in the Faces of three of the unhappy Wretches: The Countenances of the other two were spread with that Horror and Despair, which is not to be wondered at in Men whose Period is so near, with the terrible Aggravation of its being hastened by their own voluntary Indiscretion and Misseeds. The Exhortation spoken by the Bell-Man, from the Wall of St Sepulchre's Church-Yard, is well intended; but the Noise of the Officers, and the Mob, was so great and the filly Curiosity of People climbing into the Cart to take Leave of the Criminals, made such a consused Noise, that I could not hear the Words of the Exhortation when spoken, though they are as sollow:

All good People pray heartily to God for these poor

whom this great Bell doth toll.

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lamertable Tears. Ask Mercy of the Lord for the "Salvation of your own Souls, through the Merit, Death and Passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-Hand of God, to make Intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him.

" Lord have Mercy upon you! Christ bave Mercy upon

et you ! "

Which last Words the Bell-Man repeats three

Times.

All the Way up Holbourn the Crowd was so great, as at every twenty or thirty Yards, to obstruct the Passage; and Wine, notwithstanding a late good Order against that Practice, was brought the Malesastors, who drank greedily of it, which I think did not suit well with their

deplorable Circumstances: After this, the three thoughtless young Men, who at first seemed not enough concerned, grew more shamefully daring and wanton; behaving themselves in a Manner that would have been ridiculous in Men in any Circumstance whatever: They swore, laugh'd, and talk'd obscenely; and wish'd their wicked Companions good Lluck, with as much Affurance as if their Employment had been the most lawful.

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At the Place of Execution, the Scene grew still more shocking; and the Clergyman who attended was more the Subject of Ridicule, than their ferious Attention. The Pfalm was fung amidst the Curses and Quarrelling of Hundreds of the most abandoned and Profligate of Mankind: Upon whom (fo flupid are they to any Sense of Decency) all the Preparations of the unhappy Wretches feemed to ferve only for the Subject of a barbarous Kind of Mirth, altogether inconsistent with Humanity. And as foon as the poor Creatures were halfdead, I was much furprifed, before fuch a Number of Peace-Officers, to fee the Populace fall to pulling and hauling the Carcales with fo much Earnestness as to occafion feveral warm Rencounters, and broken Heads. Thefee I was told, were the Friends of the Perfons executed, or fuch as, for the Sake of Tumult, chose to appear fo, and fome Persons sent by private Surgeons to obtain Bodies for Diffection. The Contacts between these were fierce and bloody, and frightful to look at : fo that I made the best of my Way out of the Crowd. and, with fome Difficulty, rode back among a large Number of People, who had been upon the fame Er rand with myfelf. The Face of every one spoke a Kind of Mirth, as if the Spectacle they beheld had afforded Pleasure instead of Pain, which I am wholly unable to account for

In other Nations, common criminal Executions are faid to be little attended by any befide the necessary Officers, and the mounful Friends; but here all was Huny and Confusion, Racket and Noise, Praying and Oaths, Swearing and Singing of Plalms. I am unwilling to impute this Difference in our own from the Practice of other Nations, to the Cruelty of our Natures;

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which Foreigners, however, to our Dishonour, as cribe it. In most Instances, let them say what they will, we are humane beyond what other Nations can boast; but in this, the Behaviour of my Countrymen is past my accounting for; every Street and Lane I passed through, bearing rather the Face of a Holiday, than of that Sorrow which I expected to see, for the untimely Deaths of five Members of the Community.

One of their Bodies was carried to the Lodging of his Wife, who not being in the Way to receive it, they immediately hawked it about to every Surgeon they could think of; and when none would buy it, they rubb'd Tar all over it, and left it in a Field hardly.

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This is the best Description I can give you of a Scene that was no Way entertaining to me, and which I shall not again take so much Pains to behold. I am

Dear Brother, yours affectionately.

DETTER XXVIII

Miss Paget to Miss Charlotte Vokes, Bartlett-Grove, Sunday Evening.

AM a Thouland Years in writing to my dear Mile Vokes, but my extreme Inconfequence and the little lican fay worthy her Perufal, is an unanswerable Apology. News, the Life of Correspondence, has no Existence here. We have not even the common paultry Scandal of a Market-Town to entertain us, but a perpetual unalterable Sameness takes Place of dear Variety ... Mr. and Mrs Bartlett, my Dear, think it Variety to fee Half a Dozen Cows loitering about a ereen Field; and if, by Chance, a few Sheep, or an equal Number of grunting Pigs embellish the Profpett, it is charming I Variety, Charlotte, is another-Word for Happinels, even in fuch a low Species of itas this. I had not been there two Days before these mistaken, good People talked of the infinite Variety of the Place with Rapture. And how, my Dear, do you think we came, at the Sight of it? Why, up Mr. Bartlett drove us five Pair of Stairs breathless, and out upon a feorching Balcony; and there we were to strain. our Eyes till they were ready to come out of our Heads

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the fee a few Spires of old Churches, and now and then the Glimpie of an undistinguishable Gentleman's House or two; Mr. Bartlett for ever hauling up one's Hand to be looked through for the Advantage of the

Perspective (he fays).

s I f

So down we came again, wifer undoubtedly than we went up, like a World of People that never think they have feen London fine Town till their dizzy wife Heads. have turned round upon the Tip-Top of the Monument. If you'll believe me, my dear Charlotte, I am fatigued to Death and worried to Distraction with feeing no Body, and having nothing to do. Existence (you know) is insupportable in such a total Obscurity. There is not a human Creature to be feen, Male or Female, but the Servants of the Family, except the Letter-Woman with the No-News, (and the No Letters, I may fay from dear Vokes, and now and then a Man with a Keg of Newcastle Salmon, and a Basket of Lemons; and yet Mrs. Bartlett, poor Dear, (moping as this is) will fit and smile, and read you such a Lecture (like the Curate of the Parish, by the Hour) about the Country Air, and the Country Health and Exercise, and the Country Amusements; and says. how rational a Thing a Country Life is, and what an Enlargement it gives to the Faculties of the Mind; and, in short, such a Canterbury Tale of its Advantages, as if the really believed that Towns and Cities. and all populous Assemblies, were a Sort of Disgrace to the Creation. Dear, fays I, Mrs. Bartlett, amufe yourself and welcome with the pleasing Melancholy of the fhady Grove, and the Verdure of the Lawn, and the Mormurs of the crystal Rill, and the Varieties of the Wilderness and the Garden Scene, from the Rising of the Sun to the Moon-Light, but give me the dear Relish of Society for the Object of my tasteless Intellects! For I declare to you, that I do not find in myfelf Penetration enough to discover, why good Sense, and Parts, and Genips, and all human Accomplishments, are not quite as improveable at Places of public Refort, as in a Field, an Orchard, a Park, a Wilderness, or a. the the Sun riter red as bearlet. haroff I tud ; food W a to am TDest

Dear Charlotte, if you pity my Confinement, and my Solitude, reflore to me the Sight of what is dearer than Conversation and Liberty, the Favour of your agreeable Correspondence, with

Your affectionate

by not absolute and SUKEY PAGET.

LETTER XXIX.

Miss Vokes to Miss Paget.

London, Tuesday Night TT gives me Pain to inform my dear Mis Paget that I have no Comfort for her Diffresses. Yesterday, Ma'am, Mis Moxon, and I, and Lady Sufan Lawfon, and Mr. Hartley, and Mr. Dymer, and Mis Popple, and Mrs. Beddingfield, made a Party to Ranelagh. The Weather was immentely hot and tirefome, and parched was I, God knows, like a roufted Cheffut. Mrs. Dimidal and Mrs. Bradbury were under the same Operation of the Dog Star, with a little Difference only to their Complexions; one of them looking like a Role, and the other the express Image of a Rather of Bacon. Mile Bennet had apparelled her Nob in a frightful Fanny Murray Cap, and looked five and forty; the Girl's mistaken if she thinks she may take the fame Liberty with her tapeftry Set of Peatures, which the beautiful Dutchess of - may venture to magine ornamental. Mrs. Adcock was in a pale blue and Silver Night Gown: the was expected in Bombazeen and it would have become her The dear Colonel Lovelace departed this transitory Life no longer ago than Saturday There is no fuch Thing as Grief if Mrs. Adoock has a Smile at Heart But I. would not improve the Horrors of your Selitude with fuelt a doleful Ditty of Reflexions as crowd themselves this Moment into my Imagination After we had failed about five hundred Times round and round that dear Round of Music, Love, and Pleasure away we eranimography'd ourselves to Vauxhall; and there, my Dean you may tell Mrs. Bartlett, we had the Felicity to fee the Sun rife, red as Scarlet, and round asthe Figure of a Wheel; but, I protest to you, dear

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Mrs. Bartlett, that the paler Blaze of Moon-light is to me the more agreeable Object, which People that go to Sleep, Sukey, by Sunshine, are altogether Strangers to. About Two o'Clock, Ma'am, the Crowd of Go-to beds had taken themselves away. Lady V. Confonant was in the next Box to us, and fung like a Nightingale; and Mr. Beverly played upon the German Flute to that vocal Angel. Every Creature faid he played delightfully; but he is my Aversion, and all he does indifferent. If the wooden Fool of a Flute could have given a Tune of its own Accord, I might, no Doubt have been in Raptures—But the Atom is fo fatisfied with his own Applause, that he defires no Body's else So, my Dear, I think he is even with me for my Contempt-There was nothing else worth recommending to your Notice, nor any Thing, I believe, of the Wonderful and Uncommon, except that Shrimp, Beau Randal, with two of his aukward Sisters, and Mrs. Partingdon with her Husband --- Do, dear Creature, continue to me the agreeable History of your present Life and Adventuves; for I read it with fuch a Sort of Delight and Admiration, as my Good Grandmamma does the Bible.

Adieu, dear Miss Paget, and remember
Your fincere and faithful
CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXX. serged series of

Mifs Paget to Mifs Vokes, of dollaring

The Description of the dear Ball. A full and true Account of the Birth, Parentage, and Execution, Life, Character, and Behaviour of the Dancers.

THIS whole Day do I dedicate (for my Eyes are fcarcely quite open) to the Pleasure it always gives me to write to my dear Charlotte. Your two kind Letters deserve all Acknowledgment— Tis all over now! and I think a Ball when 'tis over, only serves to torment one——and yet, whip it, there is a Satisfaction in reflecting on past Happiness——for what has been, you know, Charlotte, may be again.——So, Vokes, you must know, that Mrs. Islip's Coach (but

no Mile Rumzey, thank Heaven in it) called upon Mrs. Bartlett, in order to go in Company to Edgerton-Green. Mrs. Barriett was dreffed in a white Lutefiring Gown and Perticoat, and looked charminglyand Sukey Paget had on her Yellow and Silver, (never was but once at Leicester-House, and my Silver Tiffue Shoes, and Diamond Buckles. Mamma, indeed, lent me all her Jewels the Birth Night, and has never fince offered to take them again: A dear Creature! But the hoped, the faid, I would not be disabliged if the borrowed them of me one Day or other for herself. So, I suppose, she has not altogether reduced Mr. Ashburnham to Despair, though the tells me again and again, and Time after Time, that she'll never part with her Liberty any more-Liberty, my dear Vokes, only think of that; for what is Liberty you know, but the Indulgence of one's Choice. My good Mother, I believe, is more afraid of my Liberty than her own. But that you and I will take an Opportunity to talk of a minimos

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Violent was the Crowd of Coaches at Edgerton; it was all another Ranelagh. The Bride was in a white Luteftring Sack, pink'd and full trimm'd, and had four very neat Diamond Buckles to her Jumps, white Silk Mittens, and Sattin Shoes, braided with Silver Cord; but the neither became the Drefs, nor the Drefs her: She was the Image of a genteel Doll, and had about the same Degree of Motion; seeming, to Use Mamma's Expression, to have lost her Liberty. The Bridegroom had on a frightful Purple, laced with Gold, the express Figure of the Pulpit Cloth which my Mamma gave Dr. Bargrove, and opened the Ball with Lady Sufan Lawson, who is actually a fine Woman, and if the had less Affectation, would be more admired for her Beauty. Her Ladyship declining a second Dance, Mr. Lawfon twirled the Bride into a Minuet, who moved as if absolutely she had no Joints, and in Imitation of Sufan, calling no other Partner, Mr. Lawfon fingled out red Lucy Benson, with a dark Pair of new Eyebrows, but nothing else remarkable. Her second aukward Partner was a Foreigner, and was as foreign from the Dance as to the Nation, hopping about like

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a Water-wag-tail; I forget his Name, but it is some thing like the Sieur Hugglebatch, or Gubblebatch, and of an uncouch harsh Buliness, as rough as a Nutmeggrater. Mr. Gubblebatch shewed he had some Tafte by taking out Mrs. Bartlett. The dear Creature began once more to look like herfelf, danced fo easy, fo true to the Music, so politely graceful and serene, whilst two Parts in three of the Company were ready to burft with laughing at her inimitable Confrast, the Gentleman with the hard Name. Sweet Nancy Bartlett, (resolving not to make her Husband jealous of her Choice) picked out a frightful Figure, Mr. Selkirk, in Saxon Blue; the Man, Charlotte, was really tipfey, though indeed every Body faid, he was never otherwise, and that was his Excuse. Out the insensible Creature fingled, who but Jenny Rowland's nipped thort Waift like a Honey Pot, or Half-penny Milk-Maid. If the Gentleman had been really fober, he might have feen other Objects without Spectacles, a little her Superiors, I can't but fay, I could have told him a little Tale of Pedigree, that might have contributed to his Discernment of who and what. What do you think the Object chose next to give her Lilly Hand to! Mr. Appleby of all People upon Earth. Hoop Owl, hoop, hoop, to thy Brother, thought I; for nothing was ever better matched fince Dancing was created: But Hob fitted me for my Contempt, by feizing upon me of all the Birds in the Air, and all the Fishes in the Sea, to be his lawful Prey. But I was fecretly not displeased at it --- for I was fenfible that I should appear to no Disadvantage after his former Maux, and was under forme very disagreeable Apprehensions, that Miss Edu ly's Tapeftry Garment would have swept the Ground before me. Indeed, Charlotte, I entirely forgive him his Choice, for I had now an Opportunity of commanding the Hand of the invincible proud Ardelio. Mr. Bart lett had determined not to dance a Minuet and begged me not to think of him. Indeed I shall, fays I, Mr. Bartlett but faith I never intended it for I hate, of all Things, Charlotte, to dance with a married Man: 1Go with 'um to a Play, or an Opera, or let 'um wai on one to Vauxhall, or Ranelagh, or fo.

fo, but never chuse 'um for a Partner. One has no Hopes of a married Man, my Dear, unless 'tis of getting rid of him ____ Sally Leefon and Miss Finch eyed me most deliciously; for I love dearly to fee Folks burfting with Envy .- They were in Hopes of sharing the handsome Fop-But he is the most incomparable Dancer, and yet, Charlotte, he knows it so perfectly well, but how can any Body be so accomplished without perceiving it themselves? ---- and yet I hate him fo irreconcileably, because he danced Country Dances with Sally Leefon. Her Charms, though, Charlotte, what Mortal could refift, elegantly attired as the was, in a large Pattern embroidered Gown and Petticoat, the Embler of a worked Bed, and a frightful Pair of Shoes of the same, which, without Prejudice or Partiality, was unfashionable and bunting, and of was to the

But the Bell rings, dear Charlotte, and I must rundown to Dinner—You and I write like Clariffa Harlowe and Miss Howe, only not totally in the same Strain—but in this, I believe, we all four agree, that next to the Conversation of a Friend is her Correspon-

dence, nor ob- said what whos one are the second

the fol both wild rad evic of sa Sunday Evening. Though it should tire my dear Mils Vokes (as I am but too confcious that it must) to read any famber Description of the merry Dancers A-la mode de Francoile, yet I cannot for the Life of me forbear. But first of all, Ma'am, I must acquaint you, that Miss Binch, because she could not have Ardello, mortified berielf fo charmingly as not to dance a Minuet, (and you know, her Pride is a Minuet) which gave me no small Pleasure to be sure. She all the while affecting not to look disappointed, fat smiling from! Ear to Ear, with much the fame Senfation at the Heart as Children have, who are forbid to receive Sweetinears out of good Manners --- Omit not; dear Charlotte, to be told, that Mrs. Langford, with her Cole's Tooth at Threescore, puddled herself into a Minuet and fourmed round and round the Room like Madam Cathering: I thought her Clock-Work never would have food still: But it would have been a Cruelty not to have given the Eyes of the Assembly their full Swing

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of gazing on an Object so calculated to attract them. The next Female Figure was a Stranger, who came with Sally Leefon, the principal Original of a Group in Tafte A-la-mode, immoderately short and clumsy, but so bedizened out with such a Rainbow of Ribband, that the absolutely looked like a Map of my Grandfather's Estate, distinguishing Woods, and Lawns, and Rivers, and Parks, and Gardens, with a confused Interchange of Yellows, Reds, and Greens, with here a Patch and there a Patch, by Way of Coat of Arms and Dedication. After her was handed about the Room, by Way of Contrast, the squeezy Mrs. Ellen Rilborough, contracting her Minutenels to a Shadow, with Stays about big enough for Mrs. Bartlett's Nancy, a Child of five Years old, pinching her like Pair of Nutcrackers. The Lady's well chosen Sweeting of a Partner was Ned Saunderson's Uncle, with a little tiny thort Wig upon the Confines of a violent broad-brimmed Face, as round, and as fat and frowzy as a Stilton Cheefe. - Then, Ma'am, according to the Laws of Motion, stood up the incomparably erect Figure of Sukey Beverly, determined to shew the good Company, that though she was not altogether as sharp, she was as strait as an Arrow; for which reason she fancied herself under a Necessity of looking all the while she danced, like a Walking Stick. Her Powder Monkey was Dick Commings, ogling and winking, and nodding his empty Pate, as if he would infinuate a Be-lief, that he's perfectly familiar with his Partner; and when he gives you his disagreeable Hand, reaches it out towards you with an aukward Grin, as if you was his Wife. But my Name(ake happening to dance with her Eyes shut, all his odious Smiles and Glimmerings (thank Heaven!) were thrown away upon her. But he fucceeded better in a fecond, who watched him most deliciously. Mr. Patrick's humoured Family-Hopes of Ilchester, whose real Name is Affectation, I thought if her Sidling and Swaddling, and foolish unalterable Simper, did not provoke the Country Dances to begin, nothing could. I waited with bleffed Impatience for fuch a Turn of Affairs; for you know, my Dear, how

tiresome Minuets are when one has no farther Chance for a Share in 'em.

Don't expect me to describe this Part of the Scene Don't expect me to describe this rait of the both former in a group, and avoid to paint a Variety of Figures in a Group, and avoid Confusion, though one may venture with some Profpest of Success upon now and then a fingle Portrait, especially, my Dear, you know when the Features are pretty coarse and indelicate, as one may say. ____In thort, Child, you have already feen the grand Figures' in the Show, the others are only Puppets of little or no Consequence farther than to make up the Number, which is an Effential to the Confiderable and the Magnifique in fuch Sorts of Assemblies, I apprehend. My Punch (to use a Puppetical Expression) was a good, a bad, and an indifferent Sort of a Partner, well-made and handsome enough, but with a Wart upon his Chin about the Diameter of a Pea: Lifeless though, Charlotte, and over punctual, sprawling confusedly about at right Hand and Left, and so afraid he should be out at the beginning of a Dance, and so exact to do the Figure, and so sure to turn himself and me quite round, that I had really not so much Comfort of him as I thought my Yellow and Silver entitled me to; and yet, to do him Justice, he was elegantly dressed, and Gentleman-like; but not the Gentleman I like, my dear Charlotte.———Sally Leeson had got away my Ardelio, and when one has not the right Partner, one has not the right any Thing. I was out of all Temper' with every Body, but really no-body more than Miss Finch and Miss Rowland; for, Ma'am, they had taken it into their Heads to give hardly any Body the Honour of their Hand at right Hand and Left, for Fear, I suppose, they should not meet with a Hand of Quality in Return. I believe actually that Jenny thinks, because her Sifter married a Lord, that she's a Woman of Diftinction herself; but thank my Stars, I stood two Coup'e above her, and I am determined to take Place of her wherever I meet her, unless the People we visit are as ill-bred as Mrs. Hartfield, that knows no more about Precedence than an Inn Keeper's Wife; with her, first come first serve; I detest such Vulgarness.

Miss Leeson too was not over and above guilty of Politeness: What, because she has an agreeable Partner, the is to give herfelf an Air when the has bounced down twenty Couple to leave the rest of the Company till another Dance is called? That the did, Vokes, perpetually, and her vexatious Example was followed by five or fix at once; the that makes fuch an overparading Rout about Behaviour: But fuch Sort of knowing Ladies are sometimes chargeable with downright Ill-manners, acting a little differently from Rules of their own making. Oh! now I think of that, Charlotte, be so good as to understand, that Mrs. Compton, danced with the Rev. Mr. Audley, in a Perriwig as big as Judge Burnet's; that Lady, my Dear, told us one Day, at Paget Bury, that the was ashamed that Parfons could think themselves Company for Gentlemen; To 'tis to be hoped she thinks them at least Company for the Ladies, Lady Sufan Lawfon and Mrs. Bartlett were incomparably the greatest Beauties there; and Mrs. Lawfon (who did not dance for Fear, I suppose, of incommoding her Finery) was the most brilliant in Dress and Diamonds, even to a Degree of Profusion. Charlotte; but I'll tell you how she had managed it, my Dear. She had crowded in all poor Lady Louisa's Jewels, (her Son's late Wife) which are most elegantly set, with her own old-fastioned Breast-Plate, in the Taste of the last Century; but they were full as distinguishable as Powder from grey Hairs, or Mrs. Pembroke's French Plate Tea-Kettle and Lamp from a Silver one. Not to lead you a longer Dance, Charlotte, for I think I have pretty well fatisfied you, the Ball continued its Brifkness and Vivacity tolerably well till about Eleven, when it began to dwindle from little to less, (like Jenny Widemansol, that every Body fays grows shorter and shorter) and departed this tran-sitory Life as the Clock struck Twelve. It was succeeded in Estate and Honours by a prodigious cold Collation, which made but a very indifferent Figure, at an immoderate Expence.

So, Charlotte, bave I feen (excuse The Pertness of a Female Muse)

220 The Complete LETTER WRITER.

A Birth-Night stately Dume array'd

In authward Gold, and proud Brocade:

Whilft near her plac'd an humble Fuir,

Of easier, less affected Air,

Could with superior Lustre shine

In simple Lutestring or Tobine.

Which is all at present (according to the common Phrase of Writing) from,

Dear Miss Vokes,

Your truly affectionate and fincere

S. PAGET.

LETTER XXXI.

From Miss Vokes to Miss Paget, not quite in the usual Strain.

TT is an Age since I heard from dear Miss Paget, and I the melancholy Situation we are in, requires all the Affistance of a present Friend, and the Correspondence of an absent one. My poor dear Aunt Wallingford hastens daily to her Grave. The Remembrance of the good Life which the has lived, begins now to be a Comfort to her: Such Extremeties refuse Consolation from any temporal Advantages. The dear Creature has long retired from Scenes of Vanity and Pleasure. We all read to her by Turns, and say Prayers confiantly twice every Day.——I hope, dear Sukey, that you have the Continuance of your Health, the greatest of Blessings, next to that of a contented Mind. How do you like Tanbridge Wells this Season? But your Party is so perfectly agreeable, that it is impossible not to like the Place for the Sake of the Company. I hope poor dear Mrs. Morton finds Benefit from the Waters. Her Absence from Evelyn-Hall, (Miss Anderson told Mrs. Coldham) is so much the more to be envied. I hear perpetually of Miss Evelyn's Praises at the Long-Room, where I go, and at Church every Sunday. Mrs. Coldham and Mils Peters, are forever telling me of her Accomplishments, and wish that Tunbridge Wells may

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be as agreeable to her, as the Place whilst she continues there, must be to every Body else.

I beg, dear Sukey, you will make my Compliments acceptable to these dear Ladies, and believe me with all Sincerity,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,
CHARLOTTE VOKES.

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Evelyn to Lady Evelyn.

Of Mrs. Macnamara's Grandeur.

Tunbridge Wells, August 8. NVY, Madam, has taken the upper Hand of Cenfure and Compassion. Mrs. Macnamara is all that Heart can wish, the Joy and Admiration of the Pantiles. Sunday, Mamma, the Bride and Bridegroom, I told you, returned to the Wells .- Monday Evening appeared at the Rooms in Splendor. Mrs. Macnamara, in all the Innocence of a White and Silver fulltrimm'd French Sack, her Hair so dressed and powdered, with Jewels to the last Degree of Taste; but being deprived of that beautiful dark Shade, which she, when Sukey Paget, took great Delight to preserve the original Complexion of, I verily believe her Mo-ther could not have known her — Tuefday Mrs. Macnamara was at the Concert, full of Rapture, (the formerly a Concert was her Aversion) her Opinion was asked of every Song and Tune, till she fancied herself so professed an Admirer of Music, that she sat beating Time with her Fan like Handel at an Orotorio. - Wednesday, Mamma, a Breakfast was given by Mr. Macnamara, and the Company treated (O magnifique et galant !) with Morning Salvers of Champaigne At Night'a Ball was opened by Mrs. Macnamara in the Extremes of Dress and Fancy-and, Yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Machamara gave an elegant Entertainment at the Rocks. The Report of their Magnificence exceeds vulgar Imaginations. Accept of it in the Piece, and do not, Mauma, expect me to retail it like Ells of Muslin, for it would require a Vo-

lume to describe minutely the extraordinary Confequence and Figure. The grand Equipage, a beautiful and exquisirely carved and gilt Chariot of Paper Mathe, fined with a pale blue Sattin, blue and Silver Lace. Attendants in Saxon-blue Cloth, trimmed and faced with white like Sir Joseph Wenman's, with the Addition only of Silver Shoulder Knots, and Point d'Espagne Hats. Mrs. Macnamara's Person, entirely à la Pompadour, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot. Her Air, Manners, Tafte, Converfation, and Deportment, elaborately finished after the fame fashionable Model — Nothing in her whole Behaviour, Mamma, of a perfectly English Complexion, but a Forgetfulness of her Friends-and of herself. To me indeed she does youchsafe the Compliment of general good Manners, especially if she sees me in Company with the Dutchess, or Lady Mary; but dear Mrs. Morton cannot obtain that Honour from her upon any Confideration whatfoever. Sukey was always one of the fashionable World, and could tell when it would be polite to know, and when not to know her most intimate Acquaintance, But a Mrs. Morton ought always to be known. One Thing, Mamma, I had like to have forgot to tell you, which may possibly be of Service to you if you should design to write to Sukey. Mrs. Finch the Millener, waited on her with a fine French Gauze Suit, which she had ordered her to bring. But Sukey not being at her Lodgings, Mrs. Finch directed her Ban-box to Mrs. Macnamera. Mrs. Macnamara ordered the Woman to bid the Wench take her Pacquet to those that fent it, for that there was somebody else of a Mrs. Machanista at the Place, and perhaps it might belong to bet. So, Mamma, if you do write, please to direct to the Honourable Mrs. Macnamara Do not, dear Madam, believe me capable of purfuing poor Sukey with such unkind Remarks in public Scenes of Converfation, even though I do extend Refentment fo far as to communicate these Intelligences to you. But Mrs. Morton tells me I need be in no Pain about the Matter, if all the World was to know it, for the is very fure Mrs. Macaamara will never look upon that as Obloquy or Reproach, which may contribute to set forth her Magnificence; and if she should, I may satisfy, said she, my Scruples; the severest Censure being much easier to be borne, than the Slight and Ingratisude of a Friend. My Cousin Morton's Reasonings have always their due Weight with me, and I (like all the World) am most inclined to think them agreeable, when they flatter my Vanities, and cover my Imperfections. A little Censure, en passant, is in one's own Eye an easy pardonable Fault, but elaborate Detraction (I am asraid) will always be looked upon as an evident Breach of Charity. However, dear Manma, as I have no Design (after Sukey's Death) of making my Letters public, I flatter myself, that I am as candid an Observer of her Life, and a much sincerer Friend to her Memory, than one of her superiors has lately met with in one of mine.

I am, with Duty and Love to my honoured Pappa and Sifters.

Your most dutiful Daughter,

ELIZABETH EVELYN.

Dear Morton falutes you.

* Dr. Swift

LETTER XXXIII.

The celebrated Mifs Rowe, to the Countefs of Hertford.

Madam,

W H B N I begin a Friendship 'tis for Immertality.

W This Confession, I own, is enough to put you in some Terror that you are never like to drop my Conversation in this World, nor the next; but I hope I shall improve in the Realms of Light, and get a new Set of Thoughts to entertain you with at your Arrival there, which for the public Interest I wish may be long after I'm sleeping in the Dust: But perhaps mine will be the first joyful Spirit that will welcome you to the immortal Coasts, and entertain you with one of the sofiest Songs of Paradise at your Arrival——Mr. Rollie would think these all gay Chimeras and gay Visions, but how much more so are all the charming Scenes on Earth?

As the fantaftic Images of Night, Before the opening Morning take their Flight; So vanish all the Hopes of Men; their Pride, And wain Designs the laughing Skies deride.

You'll think, Madam, I'm resolved you shall re-member your latter End whoever forgets it. I suppose you'll expect the next Picture I send you will be Time with a Scythe and an Hour-glass; but really these Mementos of Mortality are necessary to People like you in the Height of Greatness, and the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty-If I go on you'll think me in the Height of the Vapours, and the Perfection of the Spleen, but in all the Variety of my Temper,

I am your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

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I admire the Verses you inclosed, and am surprised at the Author

LETTER XXXIV.

To Clitander, a melancholy Valetudinarian.

O convince you that I am incapable of forgetting you at a Time when Dislipation will scarcely fuffer me to remember any Thing besides, I have

embraced the Hour when

"Midnight liftens to the flumb'ring Earth" to thank you for your obliging Favour. If I did not write to you whilft others slept, your kind Letter must remain unanswered; for Bellario, whose Sincerity and Good-nature rife up in Arms against me, whenever I presume to think that he whisks me about too much, has been my Visitor ever since I saw you last. It was my Intention when I took up the Pen, to have raised your drooping Thoughts by playing the Buffoon; but the melancholy Parts of your Epistle, have made me as mournful as yourself, and if your Virtues were as infectious as your low Spirits are, I should be one of the two best, and gloomiest Men alive. I hope, and would believe, that many of your Fears are but the Phantoms of the Imagination; not the frightful Creatures of Reality. Pray throw these sad, perplexing Sentiments aside. Per-

haps they may be all ill grounded. Let us suppose they are. Indeed I will abuse you greatly, if you do not tell me in your next Letter that you are determined to seek for Entertainment from the Gay, and find some Pleasures more than those which must arise from the Consciousness of Integrity. I have been looking at a short Hymn to Health, which is amongst the Fragments of the Greek Poets. To borrow the Sentiments of a favourite Writer, who had perufed this fine Address to that fictitious Deity of the Heathens, I must tell you that her Power of exalting the Happinels of Life, of heightening the Gifts of Fortune, and adding Enjoyment to Possession, is inculcated with so much Force and Beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the Discomforts, and Infirmities of a lingering Disease, can read it without feeling the Images dance in his Heart, and adding from his own Experience new Vigour to the Wifh, and from his own Imagination new Colours to the Picture. The particular Occasion of this little Composition is not known; but it is probable that the Author had been fick, and in the first Raptures of returning Strength, addressed Health, in a Manner as like the following, as one Alteration, which I have taken the Liberty to make in the Confiruation of it, will permit it to be:

Health! most venerable of the Powers of Heaven! With thee may the Remainder of Clitander's Life be blest! Nor do thou refuse to chear him with thy Residence! For whatever is of Beauty, or of Pleasure in Wealth, in Descendants, or in sovereign Command, the highest Summit of human Enjoyment; or in those Objects of Desire which we endeavour to chace into the Toils of Love; whatever Delight, or whatever Solace is gramed by the Celestials to soften our Fatigue, in thy Presence thou Parent of Happines! All those Joys spread out, and flourish; in thy Presence blooms the Spring of

Pleasure, and without thee no Man is happy.

As I can give you nothing of my own that can appear with this, I will stop short, and with all Sincerity, Affection, and Esteem, bid you Adieu.

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LETTER XXXV.

To Aristodemus.

Have heard you, my inestimable Parent! observe that it I is a common Excuse with many that they should have written oftner to their Friends, if they had gotten any Thing particular enough to write about. How much am I indebted to you for teaching me to differ from the Multitude in this Repect | When in your last endeading Letter, you gave a Loose to all the Innocence of Levity, I was at once convinced that Trifles may become Matters of agreeable Importance, when they are told by those we value and esteem. I, now, remember to have found Harmony in a Voice which has observed that the Morning began to lighten, or the Evening to grow dark, for no other Reason but because I had been accustomed to enjoy a Pleasure from the Sound of it. I have locked a Letter in my Desk, with more Anxiety to fave it for future, fond Perusals than if every Syllable of its Contents had breathed more than the Fire of a Milton, or the Elegance of a Pope. Perhaps the favourite Epistle had no where mentioned ought but what I knew before, and yet it was dear to me, because its Writer was beloved. Were he that should receive these Lines, to fay no more than that they reached his Hands, his Words would entertain me most. I hope I am not fingular in this Opinion; and should retain more Sons and Daughters on my Side, had they to whom they owe their Birth, but mixed, like you, the Parent, and the Friend fo charmingly together that the one could never be distinguished from the other. Much less than I have written would have convinced you that my Affection, and your Merit must make your Letter welcome to me; the same Tenderness in my Father will prove a Surety for the Fate of this: But if only an equal Set of Virtues could fecure me your Esteem, I should tremble for the Confequences that must befall,

Your dutiful, and affectionate,

Livide !

To the Editor of the Complete Letter-Writer.

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Though Matrimony is out of Fashion, I cannot help fending the inclosed Epistle, 'till Wedding-Rings shall come in Vogue again. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

WELL then—as you will have it so, I will tell you, my dear, sweet Niece, what I think will be your Fate with my Friend Heartsree, as you are fixed upon marrying him:—You love him, and in Truth he will deserve your Love, and if it is not your own Fault,

you will be very happy with him.

As he is nearer Forty than Thirty, you must expect fome Ingredients of the old Batchelor in him, but not a Grain of the Ill-nature;—though not a Rake, you know he has been no Joseph, 'till your sweet Self made him fo; -now all Women are indifferent to him but you; from his Experience in the Sex, he well knows you would not always be the Angel he calls you at prefent, if your good Heart, amiable Temper, and fine Sense, were not to continue you fo. I am fure he is fo fensible of it, that he will almost confess to any Body but you, that by the End of the Honey-Moon, you will hear no more of your roly Lips, love darting Eyes, Vermillion Cheeks, Lilly Hands, and fnowy Breast; and it is ten to one but you are taken down in your Wedding Shoes; -nay, and strange as you think it now, take my Word for it, you will not be entitled to the Flitch of Bacon;—flill you have no Caufe to complain; -you will enjoy his conftant Love; -you will find him ever happy in you, and ever watchful to make you fo in him. - If you cease to be his Angel, you will please your Thoughts that you are his beloved Belinda;and if you do not find what you young Lovers expect - that

Extatic blis shall every Hour employ, And every Sense be lost in endless Joy-

you will not, believe me, have any Reason to repent your engaging with Heartfree.

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How then am I to keep his Love; I fear the Experience of the old Batchelor.—Fear not, my Belinda, though Time has riveted some Peculiarities, you will take more Pleasure in conforming to them, than some, I hope not many of your Sex, would to oppose them. If you find him fond of Cleanliness, you will not call him nice and finical. If he loves Punctuality at Meal-Times, you will not teach your Servants to think him peevish and impatient; should he say this Chicken is too much roasted, you will not fay it is done to a Turn; if he condemns the Sauce of that Fricassee, you will not infift, it is the same he admired a few Days before; you will not make a Point to contradict him in every Complaint he shall make at Table, as if you thought his cenfuring the Cook was an Affront to the Mistres; -- if you see he loves Order and Regularity among the Servants, you will not encourage them to fay he is so particular, that no-body can live with him; --- if you fee him grave, upon the fettling his annual Accounts, you will not perfuade your Physicians or your Midwife to fend you to Bath in the Winter, or to Scarborough in the Summer, by which you will run out again the next Year; when you travel with him, you will not stuff your Carriage like the York Machine; and when you are going together on a Party of Pleasure, and he asks if you are ready, as the Chariot is come and it is Time to go, you will not call him as punctual as one of the wooden Figures at St. Dunftan's, and keep him in waiting as if you was willing to try when ther he is not as patient too.

You will remember the Life that he has been used to, and will not therefore expect that when he altered his State he was to change also his Nature. You will not let him fay, now the Management of my Comforts is in the Hands of her whose Happiness it is to see me happy, there is more Confusion in my House, and Disorder among my Servants. I used to eat better at a Tavern than now at my own Table: A Party of Pleasure with her I love best in the World, is tiresome and disagreeable; and, though our Income is more than fufficient, with the least Economy, for all our Necessaries,

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Comforts, Luxuries, and even Pleasures, I have less Poc-

ket Money than when I was a School-Boy.

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This you will never give him Occasion to fay. You will therefore hear inftead, No Family is fo well managed as Belinda's; Nobody lives better than Heartfree; and tho' he enjoys all the Luxuries of Life, he cannot spend his Income. No Party of Pleasure is agreeable to him of which Belinda is not one. You will find in every Thing he does, thinks or fays, Belinda gives the Relish. If he is pleased, it is chiefly that Belinda is the Cause. You will find him industrious to be happy at every Thing, because he fees his Belinda is industrious to make every Thing agreeable to him: And, I will add, my dear Niece, you can never quarrel, though you have heard it is inseparable from Matrimony. You will be so constantly employed in contending which shall contribute most to the Happiness of the other, that you will not have one Moment to spare for contending about any Thing else. Thus fays the prophetic Soul of

BENEDICT.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mr. Pope to Dean Swift.

May 17, 1739. Dearest Sir. VERY Time I fee your Hand, it is the greatest Satis. faction that any Writing can give me; and I am in Proportion grieved to find, that several of my Letters to teftify it to you, milcarry, and you ask me the same Questions again; which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, enquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who in a Paragraph in my last, under his own Hand, gave you an Account of himself; and I employed almost a whole Letter upon his Affairs afterwards. He has fold Dawley for twentyfix Thousand Pounds, much to his own Satisfaction. His Plan of Life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest Country of France, divided between Study and Exercife; for he still reads or writes five or fix Hours a Day. and hunts generally twice a Week. He has the whole Forest of Fontainbleau at his Command, with the King's Stables and Dogs, &c. his Lady's Son-in-Law being

Governor of that Place. She relides most Part of the Year with my Lord at a large House they have bired, and the rest with her Daughter, who is Abbess of a Royal Convent in the Neighbourhood. I never faw him in ftronger Health, or in a better Humour with his Priends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his Enemies. We very often commemorated you during the five Months we lived together at Twickenham. At which Place could I fee you again, as I may hope to fee him, I should envy no Country in the World; and I think not Dublin only, but France and Italy not worth the vifiting once in my Life. The Mention of travelling introduces your old Acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in Search of Health. An Ashma has reduced his Body, but his Spirit retains all its Vigour; and he is returned declaring Life itself not worth a Day's Journey, at the Expence of parting with one's Friends. Mr. Lewis every Day remembers you. I lie at his House in Town. Dr. Arbuthnot's Daughter does not degenerate from the Humour and Goodness of her Father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful Women in the World towards others; the least fo with regard to herfelf. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more Women worth naming to you; the rest are Ladies, run after Music and play at Cards .---I always make your Compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom ; but always find him proud of fome Letter from you. I did my best with him in Behalf of one of your Friends, and spoke to Mr. Lyttleton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give Fire, and flew to the Prince that Instant, who was as pleased to please you. You ask me how I am at Court. I keep my old Walk, and de-viate from it to no Court. The Prince + thews me Diffinction beyond any Merit or Pretence on my Part; and I have received a Present from him of some Marble Heads of Poets for my Library, and fome Urns for my Garden. The ministerial Writers rail at me, yet I have no Quarrel with their Masters, nor think it of Weight enough to complain + The late Frederick Prince of Wales.

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of them. I am very well with all the Courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with, at least they are civil to me, which is all I ask from Courtiers, and all a wise Man will expect from them. The Dutchess of Maribosough makes great Court to me, but I am too old for her, Mind and Body; yet I cultivate some young People's Friendship, because they may be honest Men; whereas the old ones Experience shews too often not to be so. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with sewer in my Hand. There is a Lord Carnbury, a Lord Palworth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out

against all the Corruption of the World.

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Having nothing to tell you of my Poetry, I come to what is now my chief Care, my Health and Amulement; The first is better as to Head-Achs; worse as to Weakness and Nerves. The Changes of Weather affect me much, otherwise I want not Spirits, except when Indigestions prevail. The Mornings are my Life; in the Evenings I am not dead indeed, but alleep, and am stupid enough. I love Reading still better than Conversation; but my Eyes fail, and at the Hours when most People indulge in Company, I am tired, and find the Labour of the past Day fufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myfelf in Bed as a Bird in his Nest, much about the same Time, and rife and chirp the earlier the next Morning. I often vary the Scene (indeed at every Priend's Call) from London to Twickenham; or the Contrary to receive them or be received by them. Lord Bathurft is still my constant Prient and yours, but his Country Seat is now always in Glou-cestershire, not in this Neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no Country Seat, and in Town I see him seldom, but he always alks of you, In the Summer I generally ramble for a Month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those Rambles my Mind is full of the Images of you and poor Gay; with whom I travelled fo delightfully two Summers. Why cannot I cross the Sea? The unhappiest Malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest Accident of my whole Life, is that Weakness of the Breaft. which makes the Phylicians of Opinion that a strong Vol mit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural Motion that Way, in fifteen Years. I went some X 2 Years

Years ago with Lord Peterborow about ten Leagues at Sea, purely to try if I could fail without Sea Sickness, and with no other View than to make yourself and Lord Boling-broke a Visit before I died. But the Experiment, though almost all the Way near the Coast, had almost ended all my Views at once. Well, then I must submit to live at the Distance which Fortune has set us at; but my Memory, my Affection, my Esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear Friend, be for ever your's.

A. P.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Lord Treasurer Oxford, on the Death of his Daughter, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, by Dean Swift.

November 21, 1713. My Lord, YOUR Lordship is the Person in the World to whom every Boby ought to be filent upon fuch an Occafion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest Wildom and Strength of Mind; wherein, God knows, the wifest and best of us, who would presume to offer their Thoughts, are far your Inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great Misfortune is apt to weaken the Mind, and disturb the Understanding. This, indeed, might be tome Pretence to us to administer our Consolation, if we had been wholly Strangers to the Person gone. But, my Lord, whoever had the Honour to know her, wants a Comforter as much as your Lordship; because, though sheir Loss is not so great, yet they have not the same Firmness and Prudence, to support the Want of a Friend, a Patroness, a Benefactor, as you have to support that of a Daughter. My Lord, both Religion and Reason forbid me to have the least Concern for that Lady's Death, upon her own Account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect Stranger to her Virtues, who would not wish himself, with all Submission to God Almighty's Will, in her Condition. But your Lordship, who hath lost such a Daughter, and we, who have lost such a Friend, and the World, which hath loft fuch an Example; have, in our several Degrees, greater Cause to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private Person before. For, my Lord, I have fat down to think of every amiable Quality that could enter into the Composition of a Lady,

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and could not fingle out one, which fhe did not posses in as high a Perfection as Human Nature is capable of. But as to your Lordship's own Particular, as it is an inconceiveable Misfortune to have lost fuch a Daughter, fo it is a Possession which few can boast of, to have had fuch a Daughter. I have often faid to your Lordship, that I never knew any one, by many Degrees, so happy in their Domestics as you; and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many Degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your Lordfaip (hould reflect upon what

you have left, and not upon what you have loft.

To fay the Truth, my Lord, you began to be too happy. for a Mortal; much more happy than is usual with the Dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had: been the great Infrument of preserving your Country, from foreign and domestic Ruin. You have had the Felicity of establishing your Family in the greatest. Lustre, without any Obligation to the Bounty of your Prince or any Industry of your own: You have triumphed over the Violence and Treachery of your Enemies, by your Courage and Abilities; and by the. Steadiness of your Temper, over the Inconstancy and Caprice of your Friends. Perhaps your Lordship has felt too much Complacency within yourself, upon this. univerfal Success: And God Almighty, who would not disappoint your Endeavours for the Public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic Loss, where he knew your. Heart was most exposed; and at the same time, has fulfilled his own wife Purpoles, by rewarding, in a better Life, that excellent Creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my Lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am fore it is not from any Compliance with Form; it is not from thinking that I can. give your Lordship any Ease. I think it was an Impule upon me that I should say something: And when ther I shall send you what I have written, I am yet in

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LETTER XXXVIII,

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, on the Death of his Father, to bis Friend Euphronius.

Hands than mine you must impute it to the Dejection Hands than mine, you must impute it to the Dejection of Mind into which that Accident threw me. The Blow, indeed, fell with too much Severity, to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater Shock to a Break of any Senfibility, than to fee its earliest and most valuable Connections irreparably broken; than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared Object of its highest Veneration. At least, the Affection and Esteem I bore to that excellent Parent, were founded upon fo many and fuch uncommon Motives, that his Death has given me Occasion to lament not only a most tender Father, but a most valuable Friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the Benefit of his animating Example, is one among the many aggravating Circumstances of my Affliction; and I often apply to myielf, what an excellent Antient has faid upon a similar Occasion, Vereor-ne nunc Negligentius vivam. There is nothing, in Truth, puts us so much upon our Guard, as to act under the constant Inspection of one, whose Virtues, as well as Years, have rendered him venerable. Never indeed, did the Dignity of Goodness appear more irresistable in any Man: Yet there was something at the same Time so gentle. in his Manners, fuch an Innocency and Chearfulness in his Conversation, that he was as sure to gain Affection as:

to inspire Reverence.

It has been observed (and I think by Cowley) "That a Man in much Business must either make himself a Knave, or the World will make him a Fool." If there is any Truth in this Observation, it is not, however, without an Exception. My Father was early engaged in the great Scenes of Bufiness, where he continued almost to his very last Hour; yet he preserved his Integrity firm and unbroken, through all those powerful Asiaults he must necessarily have encountered in so long a Course of Action.

If it were Justice, indeed, to his other Virtues, to single out any particular one as shining with superior Lustre to the rest; I should point to his Probity as the brightest Part of his Character. But the Truth is, the whole Tenor of his Conduct was one uniform Exercise of every moral Quality, that can adorn and exalt human Nature. To defend the Injured, to relieve the Indigent, to protect the Distressed, was the chief End and Aim of all his Endeavours; and his principal Motive for engaging and persevering in his Profession was, to enable himself more

abundantly to gratify fo glorious an Ambition.

No Man had a higher Relish of the Pleasures of retired and contemplative Life; as none was more qualified to enter into those calm Scenes with greater Ease and Dignity. He had nothing to make him defirous of flying from the Reflections of his own Mind; nor any Passions which his moderate Patrimony would not have been more than sufficient to have gratified. But to live for himself only, was not confiftent with his generous and enlarged Sentiments. It was a Spirit of Benevolence that led him into the active Scenes of the World; which upon any other Principle he would either never have entered, or foon have renounced. And it was that godlike Spirit, which conducted and supported him through his useful Progress, to the Honour and Interest of his Family and Friends, and to the Benefit of every Creature, that could possibly be comprehended within the extensive Circle of his Beneficence.

I well know, my dear Euphronius, the high Regard you pay to every Character of Merit in general, and the Esteem in which you held this most valuable Man in particular. I am sure, therefore, you would not forgive me were I to make an Apology for leaving with you this private Monument of my Veneration for a Parent, whose least and lowest Claim to my Gratitude and Esteem is, that I am

indebted to him for my Birth. I am, &c.

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LETTER XXXIX.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, to Philotes, on the Loss of a Friend.

Dec. 7, 1747. HB Visits of a Friend, like those of the Sun at this Scalon, are extremely enlivening. I am fure at leaft: they would both be particularly acceptable to me at prefent, when my Mind is as much overcast as the Heavens. I hope therefore, you will not drop the Defign your Letter intimates, of spending a few Days with me in your Way to ***. Your Company will greatly contribute to disperse those Clouds of Melancholy which the Loss of a very valuable Friend has hung over me. There is fomething, indeed, in the first Moments of Separation from those, whom a daily Commerce and long Habitude of Friendship. has grafted upon the Heart, that disorders our whole Brame of Thought, and discolours all one's Enjoyments. Let Philosophy affift with the utmost of her vaunted: Strength, the Mind cannot immediately recover the Firmness of its Posture, when those amicable Props upon which it used to rest, are totally removed. Even the most indifferent Objects with which we have long been familiar. take some Kind of Root in our Hearts; and "I should: hardly care" (as a celebrated Author has, with great Goodnature, observed) " to have an old Post pulled up, which "I remembered ever fince I was a Child."

To know how to receive the full Satisfaction of a pre-Cent Enjoyment, with a Disposition prepared at the same Time to yield it up without Reluctance, is hardly, I doubt, reconcileable to Humanity: Pain in being disunited from those we love, is a Tax we must be contented to pay, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the social Affections. One would not wish, indeed, to be wholly inscalible to Disquietudes of this Kind: And we must renounce the most refined Relish of our Being, if we would upon all Occa-

sions possess our Souls in a stoical Tranquility.

That antient Philosopher whose Precept it was, to conwith our Friends as if they might one Day prove Enemies, has been justly censured as advancing a very

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ungenerous Maxim. To remember, however, that we must one Day most certainly be divided from them, is a Ressection, methinks, that should enter with us into our tender Connections of every Kind. From the present Discomposure, therefore, of my own Breast, and from that Share which I take in whatever may affect the Repose of your's, I cannot bid you adieu, without reminding you at the same Time of the useful Caution of one of your Poetical Acquaintance.

Quicquid amas cupias non placuisse nimis.

I am, &c.

LETTER XL.

From Sir Thomas Fitzosborne to Palamedes, against Visitors by Profession.

HAVE had Occasion a thousand Times since I saw you, to wish myself in the Land where all Things are forgotten; at least, that I did not live in the Memory of certain restless Mortals of your Acquaintance, who are Visitors by Profession. The Misfortune is, no Retirement is so remote, nor Sanctuary so sacred, as to afford a Protection from their Impertinence; and though one were to By to the Defart, and take Refuge in the Cells of Saints and Hermits, one should be alarmed with their unmeaning Voice, crying even in the Wilderness. They spread themselves, in Truth, over the whole Face of the Land, and lay waste the fairest Hours of Conversation, For my own Part (to speak of them in a Style suitable to their Taste and Talents) I look upon them, not as paying Vifits, but Visitations; and am never obliged to give Audience to one of this Species, that I do not confider myfelf as under a Judgment for those numberless Hours which I have spent in vain. If these Sons and Daughters of Idleness and Folly would be persuaded to enter into an exclusive Society among themselves, the rest of the World might possess their Moments unmolested: But nothing less will fatisfy them than opening a general Commerce, and failing into every Port where Choice or Chance may drive Were we to live, indeed, to the Years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to refign some Part of

one's own Time, in charitable Relief of the unsufferable Weight of theirs; but fince the Days of Man are fhrunk into a few hafty Revolutions of the Sun, whole Afternoons are much too confiderable a Sacrifice to be offered up to tame Civility. What heightens the Contempt of this Character, is, that they who have so much of the Form, have always least of the Power of Friendship: and though they will craze their Chariot Wheels (as Milton expresses it) to destroy your Repose; they would not drive Half the Length of a Street to affift your Diftrefs.

It was owing to an Interruption from one of these obseguious Intruders, that I was prevented keeping my Engagement with you Yesterday; and you must indulge me in this Discharge of my Invective against the ridiculous Occasion of so mortifying a Disappointment. Adieu.

LETTER XLI.

Lady Jane Douglas to Lady Mary Menzies t.

EW Things could have been more agreeable than my dear Lady Mary's Letter, which I had the Honour to receive last Week. It belongs to me, Madam, to make Apology for the Fault of not writing fooner, which you to obligingly charge yourself with; and I did indeed, immediately on my Arrival in Scotland, intend to have wrote to your Ladyship; but various Things came in the Way. (not mighty delightful) which prevented my having that agreeable Employment. The warm Expressions you honour me with of your continued Friendship, give me a Satisfaction more easy to be imagined than expressed; only be affured I prize the Favour much, and value myself upon it,

It gives me great Pleasure to think how happy my dear Lady Mary has been these few Months past in the Company of her Brother, and fuch a Brother as Mr. Macken-

+ Lady Mary Menzies, Sifter to the Earl of Bute, and Lady of Sir Robert Menzies, Baronet, zie

zie* is I loved when a Child, I admire him now, and I pay him no Compliment (Worth can't be complimented) when I say he's the agreeablest and finest young Gentleman our Country can boast of at present. Amiable Lady Betty I likewise esteem much; and, to shew that I am not unacquainted with her Merit, I think she deserves Mr. Mackenzie, which is to say a great deal. Your Lady-ship has been so happy Part of last, and beginning of this new-stilled Year, in their Society, that I can only wish you many, very many such Years of Satisfaction, with every other Joy your Heart can surther desire.

The Town is mighty gay, I'm told. But I can give no Account of its Entertainments, going to none of them, fave to one Assembly several Weeks ago, appointed to solemnize King George's Birth-day; I thought it my Duty to appear on that Occasion to testify my Regard and Gratitude to my Royal Benefactor, who is the only crowned Head I ever was personally under any Obligation to.

The Account your Ladyship gives of my dear young Mr. Stewart, and his Family, gives me great Pleasure. I have from all Hands heard the best of Character of them, and of Bellachin his Lady, and their whole Family; and your Ladyship's good Opinion of them, convinces me, that all I hear to their Advantage is true. I saw Mr. Jacky several Times six Years ago, and I did think him a very fine and handsome Youth; my little Archy is reckoned by several People to resemble him much, which I take as a Compliment to my little Man. Mr. Stewart, whose Affairs did not permit him to come to Scotland along with me, has the Honour to be, I do assure my dear Lady Mary, her devoted humble Servant, and her great Admirer, as well as a sincere Friend and Servant to Sir Robert.

^{*} Mr. Mackenzie, the Hon James Stuart Mackenzie, Esq; Lord Privy Seal for Scotland.

[†] Lady Betty Mackenzie, Daughter of the illustrious John Duke of Argyll. and Greenwich, and Lady of the Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, Esq;

Mr. Stewart, Son to the late Sir John Stewart, by a tormer Marriage, and now Sir John Stewart.

Lady Grace Campbell's + late lying-in, and my perplexed Affairs, has prevented my waiting upon her Ladyship as yet; but I intend to do myself that Honour

If I could expect to see my dearest Lady Mary in Edinburgh while I remain here, it would give me inexpressible Satisfaction; but it is a Happiness I dare not flatter myself with. My Stay here is uncertain, having Thoughts of going to the North of England; but before I leave these Parts I shall certainly give your Ladyship Notice. Adieu, my dear Madam. Favour me always with your Friendship which I deserve, for this one Reason, that I have the Honeur to be, with the most perfect Esteem and Regard, your Ladyship's most obedient humble Servant, and most affectionate Cousin,

Hope-Park, near Edinburgh, JANE DOUGLAS STEWART.

23d Jan, 1753.

I offer my best Compliments to Sir Robert Menzies; I beg your Ladyship will likewise make them acceptable to Mr. Mackenzie and Lady Betty. Your old Friend Mrs. Hewit is just as much your Ladyship's devoted Servant as ever, and begs to be most kindly remembered to you, Madam, and her good Friend Sir Robert. Likewise, she begs Leave to offer her Compliments to her charming Favourite Mr. Mackenzie, whom she loves most tenderly.

+ Lady Grace Campbell, Sifter to the Earl of Bute. and Lady of John Campbell, Efq; Judge in the Court of Session, by the Title of Lord Stonefield.

LETTER XLII.

Miss Paget to Miss Vokes.

Her Counsel to ber Friend upon the Subject of unequal Matrimony.

Tunbridge-Wells, Monday-Morning.

I AVE Ilchefter, Charlotte, at all Events,—L honour your good Understanding — you are semble, my Dear, that one small Fortune is more Plague to any body, than ten old Husbands.—And, besides, my Dear, if he's rich he must be worth having, and if he's old, he can't live for ever.

She's an Idiot, if then foe Jays No.

As to what People talk about strange Matches, (such Prate) and Ladies married to their Grandfathers, (fuch Nonsense,) and I don't know what Absurdity, Charlotte, about Difference of Inclinations, it is the verieft Jest in the Universe. For if I can agree to put up with Inconveniencies for Reasons which I have of my own, the Reafons it is to be supposed, are as good as the Inconveniencies are bad, and so we are even. And as to what the World takes upon itself to conjecture, who have no Sort of Bufiness in the Affair, their impertinent Censures I have the Consequence to tread on with the Heel of my Shoe. O Vokes! consider, and consider, and consider, how many beautiful Ideas flow in the Mind from that dear Word High-Life! Consequence, Charlotte, Figure, personal Accomplishment of every Sort, Routs, Drums, Parties, Tafte, Divertions exquisite and A-la-mode. Precedence, my Dear, above one hundred and fifty Animals of Fashion whom one has the Merit to despise, and the Comfort to let 'em see that one does, without even the Breach of common Politeness: And in short, my dear Charlotte, such a Number of Advantages as no body canreckon up but what has studied Arithmetic for twenty Years. - No Woman, my Dear, can have all the wishes, let her marry who she will. Resolve to pursue the Scheme against all human Opposition, and determine to be Mrs. Hebefter. Ve y

Very few, Charlotte, have the Opportunity to have Fortune run bawling after them for their Company, and they are very simple Folks indeed, who can effect to be deaf at such a Juncture. A Lover, my Dear, comes to great Advantage in a Coach of his own.

If Cupid in Sport
Shou'd to me make his Court,
In a Form, my dear Vokes, most obedient,
Like a Slave at my Gate
The young Vagrant might wait
Till I thought the bold Visit expedient.

But when Hymen, good lack!
From out of his Pack
Can rummage a Jointer or fo;
May I die but I'd take,
My farewell of a Rake,
And make shift with an old-fashion'd Beau.

S. PAGET.

LETTER XLIII.

Miss Vokes to Miss Paget.

Park-Place, Friday.—

Off you have not feen my Scrawl of two Posts ago,
Miss Pager, I hope you never will. My old-fashioned
Beau is old-fashioned indeed.—The Man is deaf to all the
Dictates of Mode and common Sense. He an humble
Servant! He a Lover! so is my little Monkey! a provoking sly Creature! Oh, my Dear, I might have been
decoyed into a fine Trap; but I have kept my Eyes open,
Thanks be praised, to some Purpose. My Dear, you must
be kept in Suspence a Moment or two, or else my Story
will begin at the wrong End.

Come read on now Sukey, and don't turn over the new Leaf before you get to the Bottom of the old, like Nancy Bennington, who never looks upon any Thing bur Indexes,

and pretends the reads all the new Books that come out: But I cannot bear to tell you the Progress of the History; fo, in short, my Dear, take the Conclusion of it - Ilchefter has packed up his Alis, and is gone to the World's End, for ought I care about the Journey. No Affrontno Coldness upon Earth drove him away from the Charmer of his Heart; but it was all his own Act and Deed Sukey, I declare to you. His Modesty, my Dear, is so very great, that I'm afraid it will reduce him to Despair.-What do you think, Sukey? When all comes to all, fo smoothly as every Thing seemed to go on, this smitten Admirer of mine refused to make me any Settlement. A fmall Fortune he faid would content him, but a Jointure was his Aversion .- It was the surest Receipt, he said, to make good Wives bad, -and fuch a Mess of Reasons he gave belides, in support of such an infamous Doctrine, that I am as fick of him, as if I had eaten an Ounce of Strafbourg and Hawannah. This noble Discovery was made to Papa-not me, thank my Marriage-Stars .- But all our Leaves are taken-and there's an End of my Smithfield Bargain .- A nasty unreasonable, cunning, illconditioned, arbitrary old Miser. He's likelier behalf to make Tinder than Matches. No Woman upon Barth will ever have him but a Gipfy.-Now if you'll believe me, my Dear, I am as merry as a Grig; it fo diverts me to think, the Hog, or the Dog, has made its Appearance so soon; for you know, one might have been dangled after for a Twelvemonth, and no such Discovery made as this; and then when Marters have been carried to fo great a Length, and the Affair goes off, it immediately becomes the Talk of all the Market-Towns and Villages in the Kingdom.—Mr. Hubson, Papa's Attorney, found out this Charm of a Secret first, and Ilchester, my Dear. had the Face to justify his wicked Design. - No Jointure! -dear Miss Paget, only say the Words softly over to yourfelf; there is such Horror in the Sound, that it stops the very Circulation of the Blood! one wou'd think it impossible, that a human Creature shou'd utter such a Quantity of agreeable Nonfense as the Men do; and have tyrannical Schemes in their Heads at the very fame Moment, prejudicial to our Liberties, and all the Comfort of our Lives. But Nature has tirtlered it sometimes, that we

shall have as much Artifice as they.—The Plague's Face gave me a Diamond Ring, tho' Sukey, (in order I suppose, to sun me out of common Sense) Mamma insists upon my returning it; but hang me if I do, so long, at least, as my Name happens to consist of its own five Letters.—One Advantage, my Dear, I must acknowledge there is when an humble Servant is pretty far advanced: If the Match happens to go off, one loses you know, but a very little of one's Heart.

Success attend my dear Miss Paget in all her Undertakings, but especially that which I will leave her to guess at from the sour Lines which Dr. Massey wrote

upon Miss Egerton's Fan.

Oft on my Knees at Church I've been, One Prayer my first and last: A Husband is the Thing I mean, Good Lord! I am in haste.

C. V.

POETICAL EPISTLES.

Epifile to Philander, an eminent Tutor in the Capital.

RIEND of my Bosom! Dear Acquaintance! Say!
Canst thou forgive an humble Poet's Lay!
Tho' rough the Line, tho' dull the Strain appear,
More honest Notes did never greet the Ear.
Pure from their Parent's Heart to thine they flow,
Nor fear to find Philander is their Foe.

From flow'ry Meads, from Daily-coated Plains, In Thrones of Violet where Nature reigns, To Steams of Smoke, to Pestilence of Air, This rustic Letter must at Morn repair. For thee she quits the Cowslip-scented Vale, The smiling Field, and sweetly-breathing Dale.

As, here, she wander'd on the mossy Beds, Where conscious Roses dropp'd their blushing Heads,

By

By guilty me the Virgin was beguil'd. And all her snowy Form with Ink defil'd.

How varying from this calm, this lov'd Retreat; Is thine, and Learning's hard, laborious Seat! Herculean Task! to form the Blockhead's Mind, And make the Brute grow polish'd, and refin'd, Bright Wisdom's Lamp its glorious Light denies, To the dull Idiot's dark, benighted Eyes. Some few there are (and fuch shalt thou prepare !) Whom Knowledge makes her own peculiar Care: By thee defigned to grace a future Age, They now dive deep into the classic Page, Th' enlighten'd Heights of Science they explore, Find out her Hoards, and rifle all her Store, Philosophy's luxuriant Mount ascend, Her Beauties fearch, her Mysteries attend, Till bleft with Talents, and with Arts to shine, Like precious Gems, they glitter at her Shrine.

Such are thy Toils! Hereafter shalt thou see The Sons of Learning rais'd to Fame by thee.

Then be thy Fortunes, like thy Genius bleft! Thy Pains forgotten, and thine Heart at reft! Thy little Bark shall land on Comfort's Shore, And the keen adverse Storm shall rage no more. From Schools expell'd, it shall be thine to roam, Contented Exile! to thy rural Home. There Larks fweet-warbling o'er thy humble Shed, Shall charm thee to forfake thy peaceful Bed; Whilst fragrant Morn shall breath her Incense round, And pearly-colour'd Dews bedeck the Ground, For thee the Grove shall spread her cool Retreat, And yield thee Shelter from the Noon-Tide Heat, Then when mild Eve draws out her dufky Veil, And Philomela chaunts her plaintive Tale, To Jess'min-cover'd Cot must thou repair, Tend the sweet Babes, and guard th' expeding Fair.

O Joys of Innocence! nor these alone,
Whilst Names there are which Merit calls her own;
Y 3

They in the twining honey Suckles Bow'r,
Shall in soft Converse spend the social Hour:
Whilst honest Damon, and his Mate exist,
Pure Friendship's Footsteps never shall be mist,
And tho' small Excellence to me belong,
I sure may form the meanest of the Throng.
I sure may bring my dear Maria there,
My Balm of Life! my Anticote to Care.
A Heart like her's, susceptible of Love,
Will bless this Union, and this Band approve.

Ere the Soul fickens, ere the parting Breath, Shall feebly struggle with the Pains of Death, Ere the cold Sod shall raise its humble Heap, Form my last Bed, and guard my peaceful Sleep, Thou! Pow'r benevolent. O! deign to send, Whate'er the Poet fancied for his Friend.

Regard, not Pride, spreads out her welcome Fare, And hospitable Hands the Feast prepare. Let ev'ry Nymph, and ev'ry Shepherd meet, In rustic Scenes, gay Nature's green Retreat.

When the first Bird shall warble in the Air,
To my poor Cot, lov'd Intimates! repair!
And when the last shall Tune his mellow Throat,
Perhaps —— I'll mind the warning of his Note.
Perhaps —— I'll hide the feelings of my Heart,
And say, not think, 'tis Time for us to part.

Epiffle from Arthur Grey, the Footman, to the Object of his Defires, after his Condemnation for attempting a Rupe.

R EAD, lovely Nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wish, nor you to dread;
I ask not Life, for Life to me were vain,
And Death a Refuge from severer Pain.
My only Hope, in these last Lines, I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.
Long had I liv'd as fordid as my Fate,
Nor curs'd the Destiny that made me wait

А

A fervile Slave; content with homely Food. The gross Instinct of Appetite pursu'd: Youth gave me Sleep at Night and Warmth of Blood. Ambition yet had never touch'd my Breaft; My Lordly Mafter knew no founder Rest: With Labour healthy, in Obedience bleft. But when I saw O! had I never seen That wounding Softness, that engaging Mien! The Mist of wretched Education slies, Shame, Fear, Desire, Despair and Love arise, The new Creation of those beauteous Eyes. But yet that Love purfued no guilty Aim, Deep in my Heart I hid the secret Flame. I never hop'd my fond Defire to tell, And all my Wishes were to serve you well. Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your Command, And kiss'd the Letters given me by your Hand. How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait, Present the sparkling Wine, or change the Plate! How when you fung my Soul devour'd the Sound, And every Sense was in the Rapture drown'd! Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move; -You knew not that Stupidity was Love! But oh! the Torment, not to be express'd, The Grief, the Rage, the Hell that fir'd this Breaft, When my great Rivals, in Embroid'ry gay, Sate by your Side, or led you from the Play. I still contriv'd near as I could to stand. (The Flambeau trembling in my shaking Hand) I faw, or thought I faw, those Fingers press'd, For thus their Passion by my own I guess'd, And jealous Fury all my Soul posses'd. Like Torrents, Love and Indignation meets And Madness would have thrown me at your Feet.

Turn, lovely Nymph, (for fo I would have faid)
Turn from these Trissers, who make Love a Trade;
This is true Passion in my Eyes you see;
They cannot, no———they cannot love like me.
Frequent Debauch has pall'd their sickly Taste,
Faint their Desire, and in a Moment past:
They sigh not from the Heart, but from the Brain:
Vapours of Varity, and strong Champaigne.

Too

Too dull to feel what Forms, like yours, inspire, After long talking of their painted Fire. To some lewd Brothel they at Night retire; and second There pleas'd with fancy'd Quality and Charms, Enjoy your Beauties in a Strumpet's Arms. Such are the Joys those Toasters have in View. And fuch the Wit and Pleafure they purfue: And is this Love that ought to merit you? Each Opera-Night a new Address begun, They swear to Thousands what they swear to one. Not thus I figh-but all my Sighs are vain-Die wretched Arthur and conceal thy Pain 'Tis Impudence to wish, and Madness to complain. Fix'd on this View, my only Hope and Eafe, I waited not the Aid of flow Disease: The keenest Instrument of Death I sought, And Death alone employ'd my lab'ring Thought. Thus all the Night, when I remember well The charming Tinkle of your Morning Bell! Fir'd with the Sound, I haften'd with your Tea, With one last Look to smooth the darksome Way. But. oh! how dear that fatal Look has cost! In that fond Moment my Resolves were loft. Hence all my Guilt, and all your Sorrows rife-I faw the languid Softness of your Eyes; I faw the dear Diforder of your Bed, Your Cheek all glowing with a tempting Red; Your Night-Cloaths tumbled with refiftless Grace: Your flowing Hair play'd careless round your Face; Your Night-Gown fasten'd with a fingle Ping Fancy improv'd the wond'rous Charms within ! I fix'd my Byes upon that heaving Break, And hardly, hardly I forbore the reft; Eager to gaze, unfacisfy'd with Sight, My Head grew giddy with the dear Delight, with For well you know the fatal following Night! Th' extreamest Proof of my Defire I give, And fince you will not love, I will not live. Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous Doom, Careless and fearless of the Woes to come. But when you fee me waver in the Wind, My guilty Flame extinct, my Soul refign'd,

Sare

Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel Consequence of furious Love.
Think the bold Wretch that could so greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere;
Think when I held the Pistol to your Breast,
Had I been of the World's large Rule posses'd,
The World had then been yours, and I been blest!
Think that my Life was quite below my Care,
Nor fear'd I any Hell beyond Despair.—

Give some Compassion for your Arthur's Fate: Enough you give, nor ought I to complain; You pay my Pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

A few short and intelligible Forms of MESSAGES for Cards or Billets, which may be varied at Pleafure, so as to serve all Occasions.

MESSAGE I.

R. and Mrs. Cecil's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and defire the Favour of their Company Wednesday next, to drink Tea, and spend the Evening.

Monday Morn.

II. Mr. and Mrs. Howard return their Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, and will certainly do themselves the Pleasure to wait on them.

Monday Noon.

and are forry it happens that a Pre-engagement will not permit them the Pleasure of waiting on Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, which they would otherwise have readily done.

Monday Morn.

IV. Mr. and Mrs. Compton's Compliments to Mr. and Mrs Stanley; and if they are disengaged this Afternoon, will take the Pleasure of waiting on them.

Tuelday Morn.

V. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are perfectly disengaged, beg their Compliments, and will be extreamly glad of Mr. and Mrs. Compton's agreeable Company,

Tuelday Noon.

VI. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are very forry it so happens that they are engaged this Afternoon and Evening; but beg their Compliments, and at any other Time that shall be agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Compton, will be proud of the Pleasure of their Company.

Tuesday Noon, slast agus ablowed to need I be

VII. Mils Willis fends her Compliments to Mils Byron, and defires to know how she does; and if well enough to see Company, and it be agreable, will wait on her this Afternoon in the Coach, and give her an Airing for an Hour before Tea,

Wednesday Mornes of 1 ideas and party moved

VIII. Miss Byron, without a Compliment, is very agreeably obliged to Miss Willis, whom she would be extremely glad to see, and accepts of her kind salutary Offer of an Airing in the Coach, at the Time proposed.

3 Wednesday Morn.

IX. Miss Byton, instead of Compliments, begs Leave to return Miss Willis her best Thanks for her very obliging Card, and is extremely forry she is not well enough to have the Pleasure of her Company; which however the hopes very soon for a full Enjoyment of, and to be able to accept of her kind Offer of an Airing in the Coach.

Wednelday Noon, and not up. The alexand years and it

X. Mrs. Wyndham presents her Compliments to Mrs. Pemberton, hopes she is well, and to have the Favour of her Company To-morrow Evening, with a small but agreeable Party at friendly Whist.

Thursday Afternoon.

Mrs. Pemberton is not fo well as the could wish, but much at Mrs. Wyndham's Service, and will endea-

Thursday Evens aread and talke bloom your dain't glis

XII. Mr. Lambert's Compliments wait on Miss Norris, to beg the very great Favour of being her Partner To-morrow Evening at the Assembly.

Friday Morn.

XIII. Miss Norris's Compliments to Mr. Lambert, and she is engaged.

Priday.

XIV. Miss Norris's Compliments; the is not certain of being at the Assembly, and undetermined about Dancing;

happens ng; but hat shall proud of

ER.

to Miss well ewait on an Ais

is very be exy Offer

Wat A

s Leave ry oblienough nowever o be a-Coach.

Mrs. Favour all but

d wish, endea-

Nor-

mbert,

certain Daneing; cing; fo Mr. Lambert must not absolutely depend on her for a Partner.

Friday Morn.

XV. Miss Wansey is forry to trouble Miss Cooper on so trifling an Occasion, as how to direct to her Aunt) Waterland, begs her Compliments, and a Line of Information by the Bearer.

Sunday Evening.

XVI. Mrs, Chedworth's Respects (Compliments she has done with) to Miss Charlton, and if not engaged, her Company, as it will be extremely agreeable, is defired this Evening at a Party of Quadrille, about four Tables in the Whole.

Monday Morn.

XVII. Miss Charlton's best Services; she has the Pleafure of Mrs. Chedworth's respectful Message, and 'tis much against her Inclination, that she is obliged to say she can't possibly wait on her, having this Evening a previous Engagement that can't be dispens'd with.

Tuesday Morn.

XVIII. If Miss Romney be well enough, Lady Bathurst's Compliments, and she proposes a Visit this Afternoon to Miss Arran, and will be very glad of her Company; the Coach is ordered exactly at Four, and an Airing will not be amis.

Wednesday, Eleven o'Clock.

XIX. Miss Romney has the Honour of Lady Bathurst's Card; she begs Leave to return her Compliments, and is very much at her Ladyship's Service, and will certainly wait on her.

Wednelday.

XX, Mrs. Legg has a Party at Cards next Wednesday fe'ennight of eight Tables; she presents her Compliments to Mr. Strong, and desires the Favour of his Company.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

XXI. Mr. Strong has the Honour of Mrs. Legg's Card, thinks himself extremely obliged in being of the Party, and will certainly do himself the Pleasure of waiting on her.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

XXII. Mr.

XXII. Mr. Bedford, after the Honour of dancing last Night with Miss Hammond, is concerned that he is prevented waiting on her this Morning by a sudden Call to Town; begs his Compliments may be acceptable, hopes this Message will find her in perfect Health, and that she took no Cold.

L. Willes St. Vol. 175

Friday Morn, Eight o'Clock.

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